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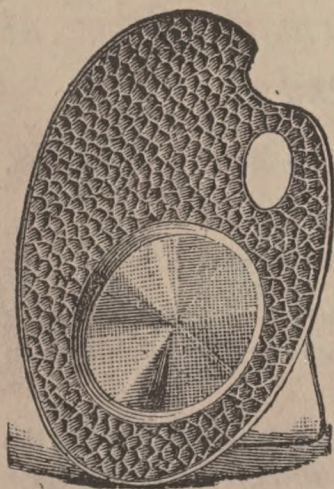
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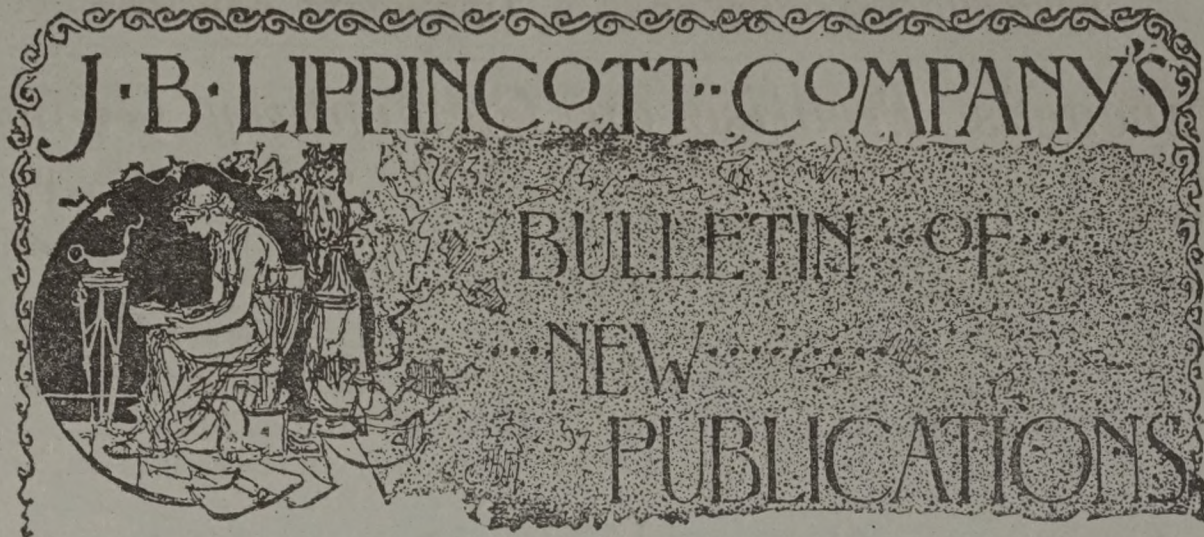
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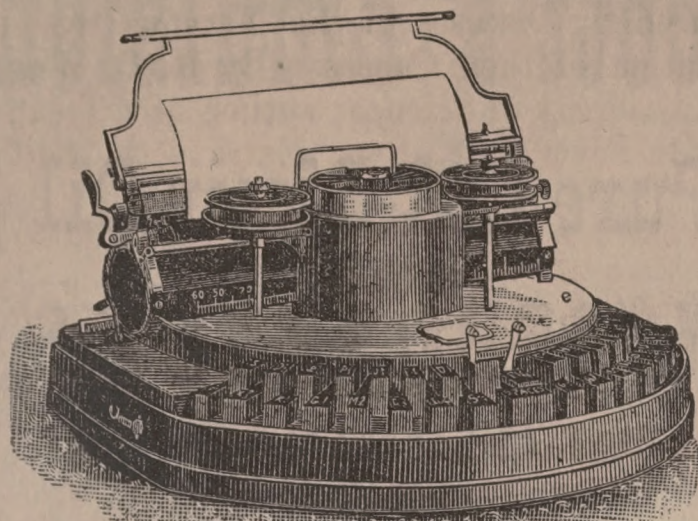
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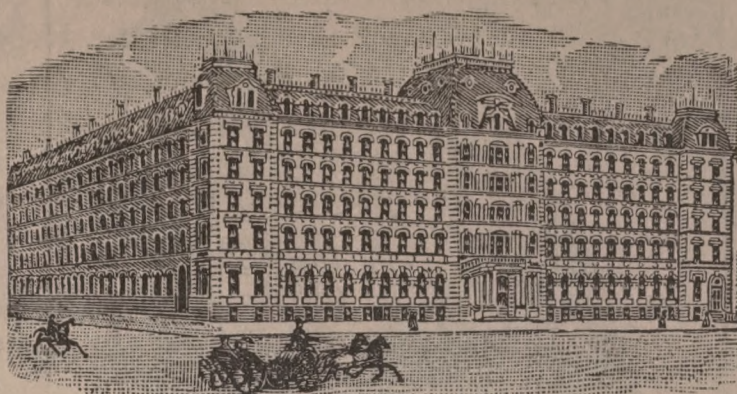
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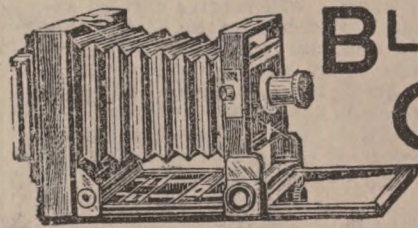
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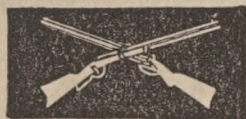
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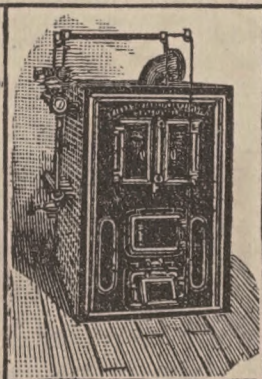
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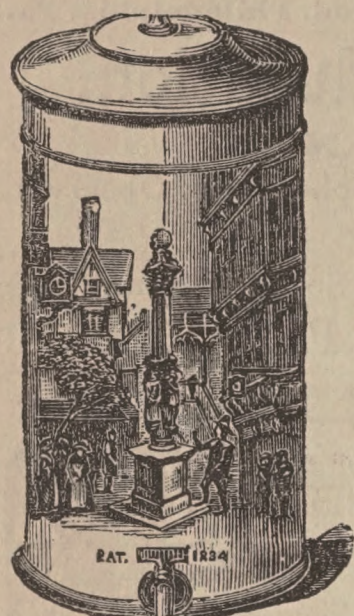




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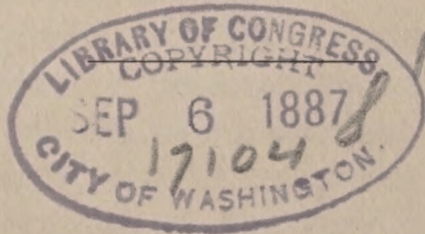
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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

THE RED MOUNTAIN MINES.

I.

THE most interesting and startling event in the life of Mrs. John Stanley was that she was born in Boston,—a fact she always dilated upon, and always with increasing warmth, whenever she could make mentioning it possible. And, since Mrs. Stanley was a woman most fertile of resources, no one ever came within the radius of her brisk sharp voice without being, at least once, informed of this remarkable circumstance.

Mrs. John Stanley's husband was only a common farmer; comfortably situated, it was true, but very much inferior to Mrs. Stanley, because he had never been outside of Arlington, the little Vermont town where the unkind Fates—unkind, at least, in the estimation of his wife—sent him into the world.

A certain spiteful gossip, who had no regard for the delicate sensibilities of Mrs. John Stanley, declared that that estimable woman owed being born in Boston wholly to an accident; that Mrs. John Stanley's parents and grandparents, and their parents and grandparents, were born and reared in Vermont, on the very farm which belonged to the husband of the present Mrs. Stanley. These statements, of course, occasionally reached the ears of Mrs. Stanley, and on such occasions she would smile sweetly and sigh softly. To the still more relentless slander that her Boston nativity was due to the fact that it had taken place because her mother had at that especial time accompanied her husband on a trip which he made to Boston for the disposal of his hogs, the present Mrs. Stanley always elevated her nose with unmitigated scorn. Furthermore, she continued talking of "Boston, where I was born," as if that was the sole reason for according distinction to Boston, until, despite all slanderous statements and insinuations, it

was the fashion of all Arlington to speak of Mrs. John Stanley as a "Bosting" woman.

The second important event in the life of Mrs. John Stanley—an event which did not take place in Boston—was the birth of her son, about five years after her marriage. Mrs. Stanley, among her numerous other accomplishments and tastes, had dabbled somewhat in the classics, and she was, too, according to her iterations and reiterations, an enthusiastic admirer of ancient heroes. So it was in no sense strange that she named her son Marcus Antonius, in the firm belief that if he wore the name he would also acquire the qualities and virtues of this once eminent Roman.

The nerves of Mrs. Stanley, in consequence of her selecting so distinguished a name for her son, received two considerable shocks. The first was from the clergyman who christened the youthful object of Mrs. Stanley's hopes and aspirations. This ancient but excellent man knew more about religion than he did about Latin, and the youngster's name, as it fell from the clerical lips, was a study in pronunciation which, in spelling, would baffle even the excessively wide latitude of the laws of phonetics. The second jar upon the nerves of Mrs. Stanley was when her husband, a few days after the christening, asserted his authority, for the first time since he had assumed the honored position of husband to Mrs. Stanley, and flatly declared that "We'll jest call this 'ere young un Mark, an' nothin' else, an' leave off that air darned heathen nonsense."

Mrs. Stanley made vociferous remonstrance, but all in vain. Failing, she consoled herself by the thought that her husband was not born in Boston, and so could not accept matters after the manner of people of true enlightenment.

While her tears were drying, the stature of the boy gradually increased; and in this was new sorrow for the lacerated heart and tortured soul of Mrs. Stanley. She was, at last, convinced of the sound judgment of her husband in insisting, years before, upon the simplification of the name of their son. It was now plainly apparent that Marcus Antonius would scarcely have fitted him: the plainer Mark was very much better. In spite of herself, the barometer of Mrs. Stanley's appreciation of her son had, little by little, been lowering ever since she first cradled him upon her delighted and hopeful bosom. At first she had entertained for him aspirations toward the Presidency. Later developments made her more modest, and she thought he might do better, owing to certain peculiarities she saw in him, as United States Senator. That hope, too, the unfoldings of his mind forced her to relinquish; but she comforted herself, for nearly three years, by persistently maintaining that he would yet honor his native State as its governor. But after the hard-handed Fates wrung this cherished dream from her, she let slip, one after another, the long line of golden possibilities she had once deemed his to select from, and she was finally confronted by the incontrovertible fact that Mark, taking him for all that he was worth, and making generous allowance at that, would, at most, be only a pronouncedly indifferent farmer.

"He dunno 'nough ter make a stun fence," said his father, when

Mark was twenty years old. "Better sen' 'im down ter Bosting, ole woman; he mought 'mount ter somethin' there."

There was, however, one thing which gratified Mrs. Stanley exceedingly. If he was nothing else, Mark Stanley was pious. This was in part because of a faint dash of Puritanism which he inherited from one of his mother's Connecticut ancestors; in part because of the excessively religious character of the musty and limited family library; and in part because with his peculiar quality of intellect he could comprehend religion better than anything else.

It was his interest in religion which, indirectly, changed the whole course of Mark Stanley's life.

Just before he attained majority, there was a religious revival at Bennington, which, if rumor might be relied upon, was likely to extend throughout New England. So extensive a movement could not fail to call out all of Mark Stanley's enthusiasm, and all through that winter he made regular trips to Bennington, once a week, to attend the "protracted meeting." He found it agreeable and convenient, on each of these trips, to stay in Bennington over-night, and in this way he soon made extensive additions to his circle of acquaintances.

In Arlington, his own town, his father's estimate of him was pretty generally accepted, as a father's estimate usually is when it happens to be derogatory, and he was altogether ignored by the girls, who called him "Stanley's calf." In Bennington the case was very different. Female society was his not only for the taking, but it was thrust upon him, vigorously and vehemently, whether he wanted it or not. This was especially pleasing to him, and he was nothing dismayed by the fact that the most of the young women were "factory-girls." They were attentive to him, and that, since it was so entirely a new experience, was quite sufficient.

The immediate result of all this was Mark's announcement to his parents, the following spring, that he intended marrying a Bennington girl at once. Surprise, the first emotion which this admission engendered, was swiftly merged into consternation when the further disclosure was made that the object of Mark's adoration was a factory-girl.

Subsequent investigation concerning this young woman led to discoveries which wrenched the bosom of Mrs. John Stanley as nothing else ever had.

Mary Harris, whom Mark proposed marrying, was possessed of uncommon beauty, and but little else. She was the daughter of a farmer, who, dying intestate, left his children to take care of themselves. Mary had three brothers, all of whom were older than herself. Her mother had died when she was two years old, and so she had grown up with no very definite principles. She was not quite fifteen when her father died, a few weeks after which event she and her brothers had moved to Bennington, to work in the factories. The transition from the quiet, isolated farm, where, free and unrestrained, she had lived so entirely with her father and brothers, to the lively, bustling town, was a dangerous one for her, in every sense. It was a loose, lax life, without limit or outline, and, though it was new,

strange, and almost incomprehensible to her at first, she soon accepted it as a settled and definite whole, and that, too, without criticism or analysis. Her brothers loved her, and did everything in their power for her comfort; but beyond that they gave her no thought. She was still free and unrestrained. Back on the farm, this freedom had done her no especial injury. Now, because of it, she was overshadowed with every variety of danger and calamity. Worst of all, it was all unintelligible to her. The very hopelessness and helplessness of her position were increased—doubled, almost—because she was so painfully unconscious of its true significance.

She escaped much which seemed almost predestined to befall her, but wholly because of the thorough ignorance which, in direct opposition to what is usual under such circumstances, was her strongest safeguard.

These five years in Bennington did most harm to Mary Harris because in them the heedlessness and carelessness which, by force of circumstances, were her earliest traits, were not only increased, but fastened upon her beyond shaking off. Her sins were of omission rather than of commission. She had done nothing for which she need blush, but her utter failure to grasp and understand the things of life, as they really are, deprived her of so much which is, in the best and truest sense, womanly, that she was practically unfitted for wife-hood. Living in the house with a woman who was a religious fanatic had warped and twisted her out of proportion in this way; while the frequent and indiscriminate praising which her beauty had won for her had developed her vanity a long way in advance of nearly everything else.

This was the woman whom Mark Stanley presented to his mother as his intended wife.

Ever since his infancy, her son had been a succession of shocks, or, rather, one continuous shock, to Mrs. John Stanley. He had disappointed all her hopes,—fondest as well as slightest,—and now he was about inflicting upon her the severest shock and disappointment of all. After talking an hour with Mary Harris, Mrs. Stanley walked out of the girl's presence with set lips and a pale face.

"Mark," she said to her son, "what can you see in this Harris woman to love?"

"She is very pretty and very pious; and——"

But Mrs. Stanley turned away. Marcus Antonius indeed! How could she have been fool enough to select such a name? But the fault lay with her philosophy. She had expected more than was reasonable, and so was bound to meet with disappointment.

A few weeks later Mark Stanley and Mary Harris were married. They went at once to New York, where, in accordance with a plan of Mrs. John Stanley's, they were to stay for a couple of months, so that Mary would have something else than Bennington gossip to talk of.

Mark Stanley and his wife reached New York just as the California gold craze was at its height. He listened to the fabulous stories of the Western wonderland until he was wild with excitement and eager to join the vast army of gold-hunters.

He wrote to his father for money, and received it with a promptness

which startled him. To John Stanley it was the best way out of the difficulty. He looked upon Mark as a thorough failure. His wife, all along, had led him to expect great things from their son. And when Mark, after all, turned out like the general run of young men—perhaps a little below the general run—he felt as if he had been imposed upon, and regarded his wife with contempt, and despised their son. Mrs. Stanley objected to her son's wife because all of that which she counted womanly was lacking in the Bennington factory-girl. Her husband, less generous, hated "that Harris gal" because, but for her, "Mark mought hev got hitched ter somebody what had shekels." If the young husband and wife were sent to California, something might come of it "what 'ould set things straight ag'in."

That was why the money for which Mark asked came so quickly.

There was a constant stream of emigrants pouring westward out of New York, and Mark Stanley and his pretty wife soon plunged into the midst of this enthusiastic tide. These two were happy and contented with each other, and it made but little difference to them whether any third person, no matter who, regarded them kindly or harshly.

The swift railway-trains soon hurried them to the limits of civilization, and the rest of their journey was more prolonged and fatiguing, as they went across the prairies, and up the great plains, with a wagon-train. One night, just as they had reached the very foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, a storm of such remarkable violence that none of the would-be miners had ever experienced anything like it before suddenly swept down upon them. Their guides, hilarious because they had reached the mountains without molestation from the Indians, began pouring undue quantities of whiskey into their throats that morning, and before noon, even, they were helplessly drunk. At nightfall they were wholly incapacitated for making camp ready. Had they been sober, the calamity which followed might easily have been averted. As it was, when the storm was at its height, a war-party of Ute Indians suddenly swooped down upon the emigrants, and, with three exceptions, murdered every man, woman, and child in the party. The exceptions were Mrs. Stanley, who was spared for her unusual beauty, Mark Stanley, and John Dubb, a youthful Maine wood-chopper of about seventeen years. The two men were saved because they were looked upon as good subjects for the torture-stake.

As soon as the work of slaughter and thievery was over, the Utes pushed forward into the mountains, moving as rapidly as possible until daylight, when, for a couple of hours, they went into temporary camp.

When they resumed their wanderings, the party divided. Half a dozen of the hideously-painted warriors took the unfortunate Mary Stanley, and went directly south, and the others, with Mark Stanley and Dubb, moved northward for a day and a night, and then came out of the mountains upon the plains again.

Mary Stanley was not allowed a single word of parting with her husband, and the two were crazed with grief at their cruel separation. He was glad of one thing: convinced that he was only saved for tor-

ture, he felt that he could meet death easier if she was not forced to witness it. He understood, perfectly well, that she would be forced to accept some chief for a husband,—very likely the one who captured them; and he could only hope that death would speedily end her misery and suffering.

At sunset, three nights after the massacre, an Indian scout came in, and the party who held Mark Stanley and John Dubb prisoners was immediately thrown into a turmoil by the news he brought. The fires were put out at once, and the whole camp was made ready for an apparently expected attack. The two prisoners were made to understand that any noise from them would result in their instant annihilation.

All through the night Stanley lay sleepless, and almost breathless, wondering if those whom his captors awaited were soldiers, or only savages, like themselves. About two hours before daylight, when the Utes were sleeping, there was a sudden rush and a series of fiendish yells, which seemed to turn all of Stanley's blood to ice. The Utes sprang up, with answering yells, but altogether too late. In spite of their vigilance, their enemies, one of the marauding plains tribes, had, by superior cunning, stolen in upon them; and now, by force of superior numbers, the Utes were overcome. The murder of the emigrants, three nights before, was now avenged, but Mark Stanley and John Dubb were prisoners to new captors.

The Indians in whose hands the two survivors of the ill-fated party had now fallen started northward, skirting the edge of the mountains, at a slow pace. A week later they went into camp, where the main tributary of the North Platte leaves the mountains. A few days afterwards, Stanley and Dubb succeeded in making their escape. Dubb volunteered to help Stanley search for his wife, and the two men set out along the back track. It is needless to give the details of that long, weary search. Sometimes a small party of soldiers would help Stanley, but most of the time he and Dubb, assisted always by a competent guide, scoured the mountains alone. At the end of two years, which made a radical change in the character of Mark Stanley, the search for his wife was abandoned.

II.

To John Dubb the two years following his escape from the Indians were like the threading of an intricate and puzzling labyrinth, they were in such direct contrast to the kind of life he had known in the pine forests of Maine, where it was customary to take whatever happened as a matter of course, and to make the most of it. In the wild, reckless, uncivilized West, and in the unqualified change in the character of Mark Stanley, Dubb saw a vast deal which he could not reconcile to the tenets of Maine woods philosophy. Dubb's mental processes were somewhat peculiar. It can scarcely be said that he reasoned things out, for he lacked a logical mind; but there were a few stolid principles, or fundamental laws, which, like all other Maine lumbermen, he applied to everything. Whatever came without the scope of this schedule of measurement he regarded gravely, sometimes

suspiciously, and on extraordinary occasions—when circumstances were in an uncommon degree remarkable—with something as closely akin to horror as was in consonance with a man of Dubb's disposition. According to his system of ethics, ill fortune should, whenever it was possible and practicable, be remedied: this, however, being sometimes out of the question, the unavoidable evil should then be uncomplainingly accepted as the best thing possible, under the circumstances, and, consequently, as exactly the right thing. To his calm, serene mind, the only actual, out-and-out evils were resistance of the inevitable, and complaint against the irresistible. Of course he never put this into words, and, in fact, it never even passed through his mind in the form of definite and tangible thought; yet, in substance, he always felt it, and always acted upon it.

Dubb never seemed surprised,—never startled; but there were some things in this new and undreamed-of Western life which resisted encompassment within the limits of his principles of moral harmony; and chief among these was the transition which the character of Mark Stanley underwent between the time when Dubb first saw him, and the giving up of the search for Mrs. Stanley, two years afterwards.

When the Stanleys were coming across the prairies, and up the plains, there were two things about Mark which made strong impressions upon Dubb. One of these was the young husband's piety, and the other was his openly manifested affection for his wife. Consequently, when the Indians snatched Mrs. Stanley away, Dubb confidently expected that Mark would bear his affliction with Christian fortitude, and, furthermore, that nothing short of death would ever dissuade him from his pursuit for his abducted wife.

In both of these more or less warrantable conclusions Dubb was disappointed. Mark Stanley did not bear the interruption of his domestic bliss with anything which bore the slightest resemblance to Christian fortitude; and he would have given up the search for Mrs. Stanley in less than six months after the Utes took her from him, but for the intervention of Dubb. At first, Mark had taken the abduction of his wife with the extremest bitterness, and had declared that he would never rest until every one connected with the outrage had suffered vengeance at his hands. In a few weeks, however, he seemed profoundly indifferent as to her fate, and ceased to evince any further interest in the punishment of the Utes. In fact, he merely seemed bent on the hatching of excuses for omitting even further mention of his wife.

On leaving the East, Mark Stanley had possessed himself of a comfortable sum of money. The journey westward, and the first six months of the search, had deprived him of about half of this, whereupon he declared that prolonging the search for his wife any further would be silly, useless, and that he could not afford it.

Dubb took him so severely to task for this that, as a result, the suspended search was resumed and continued for another six months, which entirely emptied Stanley's purse, and took the most of Dubb's money besides. At this time Mark Stanley was most persistent in his affirmations that it was foolish to make further expenditure of money and time in his wife's behalf. But he finally yielded to Dubb's influ-

ence, and wrote back to his parents, in Vermont, for more money. Half of the amount he asked for came, but it came very reluctantly; and Mark's bitterness was about doubled in consequence.

It must be admitted that the incidents of the search were very disheartening. Almost constant clues to the whereabouts of Mrs. Stanley were obtained, and, in each instance, following them yielded only disappointment. These rumors, which, at first, excited and exhilarated him with the most eager hopefulness, soon began having an opposite effect. In less than a year after the search for the missing woman was undertaken, any fresh bit of alleged news concerning her would only exasperate him into rage and fury. And so the brunt of the second year of the search fell upon Dubb. Before his eyes was ever the image of Mary Stanley, as he last saw her, when the Indians dragged her away, grief-stricken and terrified. To leave her to the cruel fate which unquestionably had overtaken her, while there was the slightest hope of finding her, was, to Dubb, the blackest crime conceivable.

In answer to one of the guides, who called him a fool for chasing up and down the mountains after a woman whose husband was perfectly indifferent as to what befell her, he said,—

"Fool enough, maybe, but that don't make no matter. That poor woman, if she am alive, she be looking, all the while, for somebody for to come and git her out o' these here mountings. And if he don't care, that don't count for nothing with us. She is white, and we am white, but we'd be a mighty sight redder nor these here Indian devils if we didn't go and do all as we can do for her. And what be more, I don't see as how as it's any of your business. You am a guide. You am a man what works for money. You works for us, and you gits your money for all what you does. But we don't pay you nothing for any talking, only about saving of her. And so you haven't got no call for doing no other kind of talk."

Toward the close of the second year of the search, when Mark's money was all gone, and Dubb's money was rapidly dwindling, the former flatly refused to take another step in his wife's behalf. Dubb let Mark rant and rail for a long time before he attempted curbing him; but, as usual, Mark gave in, though with very bad grace.

"If, as you say," he muttered, "all this is the doings of Providence, you can't deny that Providence has made a bad mess of it. What you call the 'higher power' has taken the matter out of my hands altogether, and I don't see why I should concern myself about it any further."

But he did concern himself enough about it to write home for more money, making a strong point of the obligations he was under to Dubb. In fact, but for his desire to pay back the money he had borrowed of Dubb, he would not have written home at all.

The answer to Mark's letter was a very thick package, which led him to think that it contained the money he had asked for. Eagerly tearing the envelope open, he found that it owed its bulkiness to several closely-written sheets of paper, and to nothing else. The much-needed money was denied him, but this part of the letter was very brief. The most it of was devoted to telling Mark Stanley what a bitter disap-

pointment he had always been to his parents. The calligraphy was his mother's, but the substance of the letter seemed to have been dictated by his father. It closed with the following sententious paragraph :

"About your wife, your father entertains a slight doubt, which you cannot say is altogether groundless. In the first place, he thinks it almost incredible that she should have escaped the general fate of your party ; but, granting that, he doubts that the Indians abducted her, as you say. He believes that you are living together, and that you are using her pretended abduction as a means of extorting money from us. While we have this unpleasant feeling about the matter, you certainly cannot blame us for deferring further remittances. Furthermore, you certainly cannot blame us for so reasonable a doubt. This man Dubb, being, as you say, under twenty, is far too young to be intrusted with so large a sum of money as the one named by you. If you will tell us how to find his parents, or guardian, we will arrange what he has loaned in that way, which you cannot deny is very much better than sending it to you for him. If your wife is really gone, it may be the manifestation of a rebuke from on high, to you, for making a wife of so undesirable a person. Your father further suggests that, since such glowing accounts are daily reaching us of the fortunes which are being made in the California mines, you might proceed on there and obtain money for the relief of your wife—if she is lost—by some more reputable means than by borrowing and begging. Trusting that something may arouse you to a proper sense of duty, that you will yet do credit to your family name, and that you will be reawakened to a sense of appreciation of your Christian training, we are, as ever,

"Your loving parents,

"JOHN AND MRS. JOHN STANLEY."

After a few moments of sullen silence, in which his face grew very cold and hard, Mark Stanley read the letter from his parents to Dubb.

"It isn't just quite exactly what you expected," said Dubb, quietly.

"Damn them ! no !" cried Stanley, tearing the letter in fragments, and stamping them into the ground. "It is a long way from what I expected, though it is exactly what I ought to have expected. Isn't it sweet ? Isn't it truly parental ? Remember my Christian training ! Do honor to my family name ! I wish to God they were here now ! I'd——"

And then, in an uncontrollable paroxysm of rage, he vented out his emotions in a jargon of sounds which bore no resemblance to words. Dubb regarded him silently and complacently until the first violence of Mark's tantrum was somewhat subsided, and then he said,—

"I don't seem to be able to see what good you am to git out of taking on."

"No good, sure enough ; but what am I to do ? This upsets the last stone in the heap. I——"

"It don't upset these here mountings, as I can see," interposed Dubb, glancing at the great snowy peaks which surrounded them.

"And what if it did ?" snarled Mark, half guessing Dubb's meaning. "What then ?"

"Maybe something, and maybe nothing; we am not just quite exactly able to tell. It might help us for to find your wife."

"Find hell!" replied Mark. "That's about all we'll ever find here; and we are apt to find it mighty soon, if we don't get out of it."

"Likely as not," assented Dubb, serenely; "just as likely as not, if that am the way it am meant to be. This isn't so awfully a nice place, Marky, that I be wanting to stay here; but we am staying here to find her, and that be what we must do before we git out."

It might have been Dubb's lack of grammatical directness, or it might have been something in his manner, which subdued Mark; anyway, he suddenly became calm, almost to passiveness, in his outward demeanor. Yet the pain-lines at the corners of his mouth were tightly drawn, and there was a pathetic bitterness in his tones, when he answered Dubb:

"You do not understand me, my friend, any more than my parents understand me. I would sacrifice what the preachers would call my immortal soul, if, by so doing, I could put my poor wife back where she was two years ago. But that is impossible. I never shall see her again. She is lost, forever, from me. I was sure of it within three months after they stole her away, and everything which has since happened only the more fully convinces me that my idea was right. All through this long search, I have known how utterly useless it was. And so——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Dubb. "Wait just a little minute, and tell me if it am not because you was all the while a-thinking that what we was doing wasn't no use, that it has come out in just this here way? Don't you think it all went bad just because you had it in your mind that it would go bad?"

"Sophistry,—downright sophistry," said Mark, snapping his fingers, and frowning.

"It may be, it may very easily be," replied Dubb, "seeing that I don't know what that thing am what you just said."

Mark resumed the thread of what he had begun saying, without explaining to Dubb the word which puzzled him.

"You see, Dubb," he said, "losing her and not being allowed to find her is all perfectly natural. It could not be any other way. Life, at best, is a thing that is all mixed up. Nobody ever finds it as they expect to. The trouble is all in the start. You are taught to believe a whole lot of things, and, when that is all firmly settled, all at once you begin finding out that these things you have been believing in are all wrong,—all lies. Then you set about hunting out things for yourself, and you only go over the same race-course on another horse: you put your faith in a lot of new things, only to find out that they, too, are false. Your lights all go out, and you stand all alone in the dark. You don't dare move, because you can't see what direction to go in. You can't call out for help, because no one would hear you but those who have already deceived you. If you asked new advice of them, they would only tell you new lies. Falsehood and deception are the pap and pabulum on which we are all suckled and fed. We get the wrong start, because we are given the wrong idea of life. All through

childhood we are taught things which we have to spend all our lives as men and women in unlearning. There is where the great wrong comes in. Our parents start us out with the same false views which their parents started them out with. They were deceived. Their lives were lives of misery and disappointment, because they had false and impossible inducements held out. They expected the unattainable, missed, necessarily, the fulfilment of their hopes, and so put on, like so many garments, maturity and misery at the same time. And what then? They simply keep their lips tight shut on all this, and go on and tell their children the same lies that were told them, and plunge their children into the same wretchedness which their false training forced them into. So it has always been; so it will always be. No one is honest enough to tell the truth. Oh, God! why does not some race breed men and women strong to speak out and end all this lying?"

Mark had spoken very rapidly,—some of the time almost breathlessly; and, though Dubb heard him, his slower methods of thought made it impossible for him to gather in the full force of what Mark had said, without a brief moment of reflection.

"Back in Maine," he said, after a moment, "I used to git lost in the woods, sometimes, because the needle in my compass used to git out of fix and point the wrong way. Are you sure there be nothing the matter with your compass?"

"You want to know if I am quite sure I am speaking whereof I know," Mark suggested.

"Well, not just quite exactly that, but something pretty near like it, maybe."

"Listen," said Mark, with a slight show of impatience, "and judge for yourself. My parents were not only disappointed in each other, but in life as they found it. And they were, too, what the world calls Christian people. When I came into their home, I disappointed them, too. They set great hopes on me, but two entirely different sets of hopes, with no harmony between them. In a general way, they were agreed as to what they wished for me. Individually, they were wider apart than the two poles, on this. Had I been what my father wished, my mother would have hated me; had I been what my mother wished, my father would have hated me; as it turned out, there were so many cross-purposes in my early training, so much spoiling of broth by too many cooks, that I missed everything that they both wanted, and so they both hate me. Still worse, instead of trying to prepare me for life as it really is,—as they found it,—they tried to prepare me for life as their parents had told them that it was. Instead of fitting me to the world, they sought to fit the world to me. As a consequence, they made fresh bitterness for themselves, they spoiled my life, and they did both by trying to displace actual life with fictitious life. All this had its inception and its fostering out of falsehood and unreality, and it could not, possibly, have brought forth any less damnable fruit."

Dubb's comprehension was quicker this time, and it kept exact pace with Mark Stanley's spiteful, hastily articulated words.

"All this may be just as you say it am," he answered, deliberately and calmly; "and I make no doubt that you be telling things as you know they am. But you can't never go and change what am not to be changed. Maybe I be wrong; just as likely as not I be; but what I call being a man am standing what can't be cured, and not making sore shoulders by chafing against the hame-sticks. Anyhow, I can't seem to just exactly see what all this am to have to do with the finding of your wife."

For a moment, Mark was a little disturbed by what, to him, seemed the extraordinary stupidity of Dubb. But his answer was not long in coming, and it was delivered in a manner uncommonly cynical, even for Mark Stanley.

"Dubb," he said, "we may as well tear the rags off, and get down to the bare facts. I kept up this search for Mary more than three times as long as I wanted to, on your account. It only ends up in our both getting cleaned out of money, and in my parents calling me a thief,—or worse. Mary, if she is alive, is still with the Indians. We could never find her if we hunted for her all the rest of our days. And—and—I may as well say it, I don't want to find her. The Indians have put all her happiness and mine at an end. We would only be wretched if we met, now. Life, henceforth, is hell for us both. We may as well spend the rest of our days in the conditions that what you call 'Providence' has sent upon us. I have spent the last day and dollar I shall ever spend on her account. She has gone to the devil, and so have I. To-night I shall start for California. As soon as I can, I will pay you what I owe you. In the mean while, I shall endeavor to carry out the suggestions in the last part of my mother's last letter. I will do honor to the family name, turn to account my Christian training, and keep constantly in mind the fact that my parents, John and Mrs. John Stanley, still love me devotedly! Dubb, old fellow, will you quit this God-forsaken country, and push on with me to California?"

Dubb shook his head.

"No," he answered, with even more than his customary deliberation; "my money am not quite all gone,—there be a little of it left yet; and while there am any of it, at all, I be going to stay here and keep on hunting for Mary Stanley. When my money am all gone, then I be going on to the mines to earn some more. I be just always going to keep right on looking for her, till I find her."

While Dubb was saying this, Stanley's face underwent a dozen changes. It was to him so unaccountable, so remarkable, something so entirely beyond his grasp and comprehension,—this persistency, this wholly unexpected attitude which Dubb had assumed. Finally, with a deeply-drawn breath, Stanley recovered himself. With seemingly perfect composure, he gave Dubb his hand, bade him good-by, and walked slowly away, with his head inclined slightly forward, in the direction where his horse was tied.

Dubb watched him very calmly, as he walked along up the side of the ravine, where they had been sitting on a boulder.

"He will come back; Marky will come back," he said, two or three times, to himself.

Once and once only did Mark Stanley hesitate. When he was but a few paces from his horse, he suddenly came to a stand-still, and moved his arms as though he was fighting something out with himself. Then, putting his hands over his ears, as if to shut out voices which he feared to hear, Mark Stanley started forward on a dead run, untied his horse, sprang on it, and rode rapidly away, without once looking back at the expectant Dubb.

III.

While Stanley and Dubb were searching for the missing wife of the former, things in general, and especially mining-affairs, in California, had resolved themselves out of chaos into definite and tangible working order. Business was brisk and earnest; its boundaries and limits were being extended daily, and all of the towns and camps in the new El Dorado were instinct with brisk and enthusiastic life. Rules, laws, and regulations governed everything, and any swerving or deviating from what was now looked upon as the "proper thing" brought down rigorous condemnation upon whoever so offended. Two years before, at the time of the disaster to the emigrants with whom Dubb and Stanley crossed the plains, all California was rough, wild, and disorganized; ruffians and adventurers had poured in, a considerable degree in advance of decent people, and as a consequence there was general lawlessness, and personal safety could only be wrenched from the Fates by power of efficient arms.

This thing grew worse, first gradually, and then rapidly, until some five or six months before the search for Mrs. Stanley was abandoned, when outraged California underwent what its best citizens called a "revulsion of feeling." The line between right and wrong was most pronouncedly drawn, and this important distinction was not only made, but the unconditional observance of it was smartly insisted upon. Crimes were gravely considered and duly classified, and severe penalties were solemnly affixed as the righteous accompaniment of each. For the time being, there was a premium on morality; and villany, so long in the ascendancy, was at a discount. This high, just, and lofty sense of public duty, dignity, and necessity prevailed, rigidly and vigorously, for something over three years, without the slightest lessening or relaxing of the relentless general tension. Even then the modifications were insignificant, changes being rung in only to make the matter of government more practical: in fact, the fires which were kindled by that one general and tremendous outburst of popular indignation have never wholly subsided.

It was when this intense feeling against law-breakers was at its height, that Mark Stanley, reckless and desperate, arrived in California.

Two months had elapsed since he left Dubb and turned his face toward the land of gold. Several times, during his journeyings over and among the Sierras, was Mark strongly moved to go back, join Dubb, and once more enter into the search for Mary, never relinquishing it again until she was either found or her exact fate was determined. One night, when he was very much nearer to the California mines than he was to the spot where he last saw Mary, his mind was so full of this

better feeling that she came to him in his sleep, and moved and figured in all of his dreams. He was so impressed by this that the next morning, on mounting his horse, he actually set out along the back track. His face now lost much of the hardness which, of late, it had taken on, and soon it fairly beamed with the enthusiasm his new resolutions had awakened in him. He sang a bit of an old love-song, talked cheerily to his horse, and was much nearer happiness than he had been before in many months.

"Dear old Dubb, faithful old fellow, how glad he will be to see me coming back!" he said to himself, as he rode straight on, toward the east, in the full rays of the rising sun. "Maybe he has already found her. If he has, how awfully it will make her feel to know that I gave up the search and left Dubb, alone, to look for her, or forsake her, as he pleases! And it will be all the worse on account of the hard things I said to Dubb when I came away; but then—he would never tell her that! Why shouldn't he, though? I deserted her—I deserted him—I—— Go on, old horse; go faster! You cannot, if you do your best, keep pace with——"

There was a rumble, a crash, the earth trembled, and Mark's horse stood prancing in his tracks, refusing to go either forward or backward. Something caused Mark to look up at the rocky heights above him, and one glance sufficed to explain the trembling and rumbling of the earth, and the terror of the horse. A gigantic boulder, or fragment of rock, had, in some way, been set in motion, near the summit, and now it was bearing down upon him with resistless force. A moment more, and it would crush Mark Stanley and his unmanageable horse out of existence. With a wild cry of terror, the frightened man flung himself backward off his horse, and the same instant the great rocky mass whizzed within ten feet of the horse's very head, and went crashing and thundering down the steep mountain-side, on its way to the bottom of the cañon, half a mile below.

Mark was safe from the boulder, but that was not his only danger. His horse, completely terrified by so unexpected a proceeding, suddenly wheeled around and plunged madly away toward the west. But, in so doing, the half-crazed brute, with his first plunge, planted both his fore-feet squarely upon the breast of his prostrate master, crushing out his consciousness.

It was nearly noon when Mark Stanley came to. For fully ten minutes he could not understand what had happened and why he was lying there; but a full realization of it all suddenly swept over him like a flash, and with it all of his old bitterness came back. This was about doubly intensified when he found that he could not rise, because of his injuries. The heat of the noonday sun, and a strong pull at his whiskey-flask, soon relaxed some of the stiffness of his bruised frame, but he found it impossible to walk, beyond a few steps, and there was no sign of his truant horse anywhere.

He was certainly in a bad predicament. In his pouch was enough food for one meal, and he had his rifle and a few rounds of ammunition; but, bruised and wounded as he was, it would have been an impossibility for him to use his rifle, either in his defence, if that became neces-

sary, or in the obtainment of more food. So far as he knew, there was no other living soul within a hundred miles of him. When the fragment of food he had left was gone, he must, unless Providence intervened, starve; and his faith in Providence was now among the things that were dead.

There was no doubt of one thing, in his mind: the end had come. He might live there a day or two, and then, if his injuries did not wind up the brief period of his mortal career, starvation would. But he would not starve; he still had his rifle; he would hasten the hapless termination of his miseries in that way. Then he looked down over the brink of shelf-like rock along which the trail wound at that point, and stared hard into the far depths below him,—almost beneath him, the face of the mountain was so precipitous at that point. He could, when hunger and pain made their final attack upon his endurance, fling himself over the rocky shelf and go on down in the straight, swift pathway of the boulder which had caused all of his present misery. It would be better, he thought, than standing there sullenly and shooting himself. At once, and without arguing the matter further within himself, he decided upon meeting death in that way. It was so much less repugnant than deliberately sending a bullet through his own heart or brain; and, besides, it might not mutilate him; and he had suddenly conceived a strong horror of self-mutilation. He could, too, carry out his purpose after nightfall, and so, to his mind, somewhat mitigate the significance of it by reason of shrouding it in darkness.

Working his way, by slow and painful stages, to the extreme verge of the shelving rock, he looked, coolly and critically, straight down the face of the cliff upon whose brink he was lying. Exactly at that point the cliff was so straight, so wholly perpendicular, that a stone, which he dropped, fell fully a hundred feet before it struck the strange rocky wall; and then it glanced and made another leap, downward, to so great a distance that it was knocked into small particles when it struck the straight-faced cliff the second time.

Mark watched the success of his experiment with grim satisfaction, his rigid features relaxing into a sort of grotesque smile. He calculated his chances and probabilities with a complacency which was terrible. He knew that the rush consequent upon hurling himself a hundred feet through the air would rob him of consciousness before that swift, unnatural journey was accomplished, and that, if by any peculiarity of chance it did not, his first contact with the rock would award to him instant death. His dead body would then, in all probability, glance off the straight surface of the cliff, just as the stone did. It would then, also like the stone, be knocked out of all possibility of identification with its former—or, to be more exact, its present—condition.

He had now worked himself up to such a pitch that he really enjoyed considering the various details and results of his plan.

When he had fully settled it in his mind that he would make the fatal plunge, he set about reasoning out the best time for the enactment of his solitary little tragedy. It was to be done at night. He had food enough for one meal. He would save the food until the next

morning, when he would make of it not only his last breakfast, but his last meal. Then a second thought struck him. Why should he wait till the next night? why not eat what food he had then, and fling himself over the cliff that very night? The sooner his physical and mental tortures were over, the better.

It should be that night.

From the brink of the shelf-topped cliff, he lay and watched the sun. It was about midway down its afternoon course, and he would never see it set again. That thought, too, afforded him grim pleasure. Then the pain in his chest made him faint with that peculiar kind of faintness which hunger best appeases. So he opened his pouch and began eating. It seemed to him that food never had tasted so good to him before. Perhaps it was because it was his last meal.

His last meal.

The thought enveloped him in a degree of dismal melancholy which, under the circumstances, was almost ludicrous. Really, it was the only association with life which he felt unwilling to sever. Mark Stanley set great store by his stomach. Even this, however, was insufficient to deter him from his purpose. In fact, when he gave it more thought, and duly considered the uncertainty of his ever having anything else to eat, it stiffened, rather than affected otherwise, the fixity of his intent.

When he had devoured his food, even to the last crumb, he looked at the sun, and estimated that, since there were yet three hours of sunlight, he had about five hours more of life before him. It would take two hours, after the sun was down, before the landscape would be enwrapped in perfect darkness,—under the cover of which he intended leaping down the cliff into death.

Just then his reflections were disturbed by the sound of approaching hoofs, along the trail, in the direction whence he had come. The air was so pure and clear, and the general silence so perfect, that sounds were distinctly audible the origin of which was a long distance off. Mark Stanley heard the noise of hoofs at least two minutes before he saw what was approaching him.

His first thought was of Dubb. Had that singular, and to him incomprehensible, being, given up the search for Mary and decided to follow the husband of the lost and unfortunate wife? Impossible; for had Dubb bent his mind upon any such unlikely purpose, he would come from the east, and not from the west. Mark next thought of his runaway horse. Perhaps the cowardly beast had forgotten the fright which had visited such direful consequences upon its master, and now, again remembering that master, was coming back in search of him. Very likely. Indeed, most likely; so Stanley thought. And almost at the instant he reached that conclusion, he crawled slowly back to where his rifle was lying; and then, prostrating himself flat upon his stomach, he levelled his rifle over a horn of rock, pointing its muzzle so that it commanded the western approach of the trail. Whether he was moved to do this by a malicious feeling of vengeance against his horse, or whether he was afraid that the presence of the living beast would eventually weaken him in his suicidal resolution, it is impossible

to say. That he was bent upon shooting the horse the instant it appeared, there can be no doubt.

But when the horse for which Mark Stanley was watching finally did appear, the rifle was hastily uncocked and quietly deposited by its owner's side. It was not Mark Stanley's horse, and it was ridden by a man who looked as if he had reduced shooting to a fine art. Either of these reasons might have acted as an incentive against any experimenting with his rifle on the part of Mark; the two combined certainly made apathy in him a foregone conclusion.

The stranger rode a magnificent horse, and across his arm was a fine rifle; but his dress was rough, soiled, and ragged, like that of the frontiersman in general; and Mark had not yet sufficiently overcome his Eastern prejudices to regard whoever wore such a uniform without some feeling of suspicion. In this case the distrust was further warranted by the stranger's deeply-grooved and sinister face. There were lines up and down his forehead, and also across it, in nearly every conceivable direction. His cheeks, or as much of them as his heavy brown beard exposed, were marked in the same erratic fashion. He was dark, almost to swarthiness, with sun-burn and tan; and the queerest part of his remarkable physiognomy was the fact that his skin, in these singular lines, grooves, and creases, was about ten shades darker than it was at any other visible point. The effect was much as if he had had these depressions painted with a marking-brush. His eyes, too, had a droop which at first seemed sleepiness, but which at a second glance appeared more like craftiness. It gave one the impression that this uncanny droop was something which he had cultivated for the purpose of concealing, for some important reason of his own, the upper part of his eyes. This impression was materially heightened by the broad, shaggy brows which overhung his eyes, and also by the still more shaggy mass of tangled brown hair which straggled down, in wild, uncombed profusion, from his great square head.

He was riding along with the utmost deliberation, and was seen by Mark several seconds before he saw Mark. In truth, he had such an effect upon the disordered nerves of Mark that that worthy earnestly hoped that the unknown horseman would pass by without seeing him. But he did not.

"Hullo, stranger," said the horseman, suddenly reining his beast up. "What seems to be the row?"

"The row is that my horse walked all over me and then ran away and left me here to die," answered Mark, rather feebly.

"Wa'al, that's too bad," rejoined the man of the hair and rags, dismounting. "Where does yer seem ter be hurtet wust?"

Mark explained the circumstances, as briefly as he could, and allowed the stranger to open his clothes and examine him.

"Guess yer breathin' appyrattus is kinder knocked outer tune, but they don't 'pear to be no bones broken. I'll jest put ye on my hoss an' tote ye back to camp. 'Tain't very fur from here, an' it'll be a dum sight more comfortable than lyin' here."

"To camp!—why, are you a miner? Am I in California, then?" exclaimed Stanley.

"You bet, stranger. This is Californy. Look jest as fur as ye can, an' ye can't see nothin' but Californy. An', stranger, these 'ere mountings is jest chuck full o' gold. Some on 'em, like enough, is the solid yaller stuff itself."

By this time the brawny fellow had picked Stanley up and set him on the horse. Then, climbing up behind Mark, he spoke to the horse, which, out of seeming deference to Mark's injuries, moved cautiously along the trail toward the point where Mark had encamped the night before.

"Stop a moment, my friend," said Mark, suddenly.

"What's the matter? Does ridin' hurt ye? Is yer pains an' sich gittin' wuss? 'Cause if they am, I'll jest put yer down here, an' hustle quick inter camp, an' git some o' the boys ter come an' help me tote yer the rest o' the way in a rag. I'd 'a' done it in the fust place, on'y I thought this 'ould be quicker." And he dismounted as he finished speaking.

"No, no; not that," answered Mark: "I am comfortable enough, thanks to your kindness. But what is the use of your putting yourself to all this trouble? I have no money—and——"

"Let up, let up," said the man, climbing back on his horse again. "Who in thunder axed yer fur money? Do yer think we fellers runs a nussery, or a hosspittle, an' that I was out huntin' up subjecks when I seen you? No, sir. This is Californy; an' Californy is a white man's country. Lots o' things is free here, even ter preachin'. I'll tote ye inter camp, an' we'll feed ye an' fix ye up. When ye gits over bein' danced on by yer hoss, ye can stake out yer little claim, an' dig all the money ye wants, outen the rocks. Er, ef ye don't like that, I'll let yer work some in my claim. I'll grub-stake ye, anyhow, an', 'casionally, I'll chuck in some yaller dust."

"What part of California are we in?" asked Mark, an hour afterwards, when, just as the sun was setting, the two men rode into the first mining-camp that Mark Stanley ever saw.

"This here is Red Mounting, an' these is the Red Mounting mines," was the answer. "By the way, stranger, fur convenience, let me tell yer that they calls me Droopy in this country. 'Tain't my real name, in course; that is, I mean, it ain't my christenin'-name; but the boys calls me Droopy 'cause my eyes is kinder cut on a bias. 'Tain't allus healthy ter ax a man his name, in this country, an', in course, I don't ax yer what yours is; but yer can do as yer like 'bout tellin' me what yer wants the boys ter call ye, though more likely 'n not they'll hitch some new name to yer what yer mother wouldn't know yer by."

Mark answered by telling Droopy his real name, but it was plain to see that Droopy did not believe him.

The Red Mountain miners gave Mark Stanley a cordial greeting. In a few weeks he was entirely recovered from his injuries, and able to work. He soon decided that mining was not the avenue along which he would pass to fortune. It was hard work, and its profits were a matter of vast uncertainty. He reached Red Mountain in the early part of June, and the last of August he left it for San Francisco. Before going, he took Droopy into his confidence, telling every bit of his

history from first to last, and ending it with the following summary and deductions :

" You see, Droopy, all my troubles have come out of my believing in the religious rubbish which my parents taught me, and out of the sneaking, soulless way in which they used me. As a result, I married a woman whom, but for my parents and the false training which they gave me, I never would have even seen. Then they let me come West and lose my wife by a worse means than death. Why did they let me come? Clearly, since they are rich, was it not their duty to keep me and my wife near them, instead of sending us out here, like so much baggage? They made me exactly what I was, at that time, and the job didn't suit them: so, to get rid of me, I was allowed to come West, without their ever having given me, as a defence and safeguard against mistakes and errors, the least practical knowledge of life."

" Maybe," interposed Droopy, " they didn't give it because they didn't have it ter give. Ye can't get no blood outen a stun."

" Nonsense," continued Mark: " their desire was to make me as artificial as the kind of life for which they designed me. Because I was born with natural impulses, and could not, for lack of genius, change them for unnatural ones, they hated me. Now my life is a wreck. It is worse than useless, so far as my ever doing any good is concerned. You might better have let me go over the cliff. It would have saved you trouble,—and disaster too, if I stayed here much longer. You see, I have only to get fond of a person to have some calamity befall them. It robbed my wife of what she held dearest; it deprived Dubb of his money; it would bring some similar thing on you, if I was not going away. As it is, half of the camp looks on you as a fool for doing so much for me. If I go, you may regain caste again."

" I ain't got no idee what yer means by caste, but don't yer go ter gettin' yer vittals riled up with any notion 'bout me an' the boys. If yer goin', I'm right smart sorry, 'cause I likes yer, an' I'll miss yer, a heap. Ye've got a kinder pizen way o' talkin,' sometimes, but I s'pose yer can't help it. I'm powerful sorry ye ain't had better luck a-minin', but I hopes ye'll jest strike it rich in Frisky. Like's not ye'll be guv'nor o' Californy yet."

" If I am, it will come to me from the devil," said Mark, savagely: " nothing like success ever comes to me from any other source. Whatever I try to do right, only goes wrong and gets me in trouble. It was so when I got married; when I came West; when I tried to find my lost wife; when, after giving up the search, I decided to go back and try it again; and, also, when I tried to earn a competence, honestly, here. Every other man in camp was making money, by the fistful, at my very side, every day; I, as you well know, couldn't earn my salt. But for your charity I would have starved. Now I am going to make money, by no matter what means. As to that, henceforth, I shall be indifferent. If riches come to me honestly, all right; if dishonestly, all right; but come they shall."

" Oh, pard, pard," exclaimed Droopy, " that's ag'in' all sense and reason. I ain't eddicated, an' can't rattle off things glib, like you;

but I knows jest a little bit better'n that. I don't want ter hurt yer feelin's by sayin' onything onkind when yer goin' away ; but I mus' tell yer that yer makin' a powerful mistake. Ye knows a dum sight better'n to go an' say yer goin' ter git money onyway. It'll git ye behind stun walls an' iron bars, or hitched on the eend of a rope, er shot so full o' bullet-holes ye'll look like a kullindur. If yer bent on devullin', ye'd better skip back East. The road ter hell in this country is a mighty short one. Californy law is shorter and smarter nor a hornet's tail. They is one thing in the Bible I allus foun' true, an' that is, honesty is the bes' polursy ! It ain't in the Bible ? Oh, well, 'scuse my ignerrunce. It's jest as true as if it was in the Bible. Now lis'en ter me, pard ; I'll make a propersition to yer. Jest stay here, an' work with me. Startin' with ter-morrow, half o' my claim, an' so on, is yourn. We both 'll jest pitch in an' do all we can. Five year frum now, ef ye foller out my idees, ye'll be a millinery—well, millionaire, then, if that's what it is. What ye have ye'll come by honestly, an' then ye'll feel all right about it. What d'ye say, pard ?”

“That you have the softest heart and head in the world,” said Mark, warmly. “You are so generous that you take my breath. But I can't accept what you offer. It would, to me, be lowering my manhood.”

“The hell it would !” answered Droopy, losing a little of his temper. “Ef yer goes on in the wild way yer jest was dilatin' in, a minute ago, yer manhood 'll git lowered in 'bout six feet o' groun', in a pine box. A man what says he's goin' ter have money onyhow, an' then snuffs up his nose at an honest chance what's gin him by a man what likes him, I can't make out. Looky' here : ef yer stays with me, an' works the claim with me, an' we makes it pay, an' we on'y divides up what we makes arter this, it's nothin' more nor less nor a straight business transaction. The groun' belongs ter nobody in pertickler, an' is as much yourn as it is mine. Comin' down ter the finest p'int, the law on'y makes it mine 'cause I got here fust ; an' you, 'cordin' ter what yer jest said, don't set no great stakes by law, so that needn't gin ye any sleepless nights. Now, then, ef yer am the man I took yer fur, ye'll jest gin up goin' to Frisky, ter make yerself a hull lot o' trouble, an' stay here an' salt down somethin' yaller ag'in' yer old age.”

“I am sorry, very sorry,” said Mark, “that I can't see it as you do, but it would not leave me either my self-respect or my independence——”

“Come, now,” growled Droopy, thoroughly disgusted with Mark's quibbling, and the lack of sincerity in his tone and manner ; “why don't yer come out squar' an' flat-footed an' say what yer means, jest like a man ? Why don't yer say that yer am too damned lazy to work, an' that yer wants ter git inter stealin', er gamblin', er somethin' else what's easier ? What yer says don't hang at all together. Ef yer folks gin ye the wrong start, an' I reckon they did, ye naturally had 'nough sense ter set yerself straight at the same time when yer had 'nough sense ter see as how it was wrong. That was the time ter start out swingin' on yer own gate. If ye likes yer tea clear, an' somebody puts in sugar, yer ain't 'bleeged ter dump out the sugar an' chuck in

wormwood. If yer folks did make things bad for ye, yer didn't need ter make 'em wuss. They on'y gin ye a bad start. They aint bizzy with yer now. If ye stan' on a hill what's got a frog-pond at the bottom, an' somebody gives ye a boost an' tries ter send yer down inter the mud, yer ain't 'bleeged ter go no further nor the speedin' what they gin ye sends yer. Yer ain't got ter brace fur it, an' run on, as hard as ye can, an' jump in the frog-spawnin', on yer own account. That 'ould be actin' like a dum fool, an' that's jest what yer doin' ! Life ain't a bowlin'-alley, an' ye ain't a ball what has been flung an' can't git outen the track. Ye've had a bad start, but many a man has had a wuss one. Yourn can't even hold a candle to mine. But I don't go broodin' over hard luck. I jest spits on my han's, an' rolls up my sleeves, an' sails in, an' makes one thing work, ef another won't. Yer young an' smart ; an' now jest stay here, an' gin up this nonsense, forgit all this talk, an' we'll make a fortin outen this old mounting. Say, now, pard, will yer stay ? Put 'er there an' say yes."

Stanley took Droopy's outstretched hand, and winced at the grip which the miner gave it.

"Ye'll stay—hallerluyer !" yelled Droopy.

But Mark shook his head.

"I cannot," he said, shamefacedly.

Droopy let the other's hand fall.

"I'm diserp'inted," he said ; and then he walked slowly away.

IV.

About two weeks after the departure of Mark Stanley from Red Mountain, the California newspapers were all filled with one theme. Floyd Maydew, an important Eastern capitalist, was coming to San Francisco to interest himself in a stupendous mining-scheme. He would bring with him, besides an enormous amount of ready cash, an enormously beautiful daughter. Miss Maydew was young and talented, and, because of the delicate health of her father, she had made herself a thorough-going business-woman. She attended to the most of her father's banking-affairs, and was even a much shrewder adept in general financiering than Mr. Maydew himself,—which was saying a great deal. Indeed, such was his confidence in her ability and judgment that it was stated, on good authority, that none of the Maydew funds would be invested in California unless, after careful consideration, Miss Maydew was convinced that such an investment would be judicious.

That being the case, all San Francisco was burning with eagerness to please and conciliate the pretty little lady.

Among those most interested in bringing about a result so happy for California was Judge Desborough, one of the principal mine-owners and a noted dabbler in mining stocks. His anxiety was so openly expressed that it soon became almost as common a topic of conversation as the Maydews themselves.

One evening, three or four days before the arrival of the Maydews, Judge Desborough had a caller, who did not give the servant who answered his ring either his name or his card. This was not at all

remarkable, in the judge's experience: so the unknown caller was admitted.

He was a man with sandy hair, complexion, and beard, and he had large brown eyes; which struck the judge as an unusual combination.

"Are you Judge Desborough?" asked the stranger, before seating himself in the chair to which the judge courteously pointed.

"I am," was the answer, and then the stranger sat down.

"Before I tell you my name," he said, "I must ask if you have any particular interest in having the Maydews invest in a certain California mining-scheme?"

"That, sir," answered the judge, "is a most extraordinary question."

"Exactly," agreed the stranger. "It is more than that,—it is an impertinent question,—or it would be if it were not an outcome of more than ordinary circumstances. I have a reason for asking the question, which, if I am rightly informed, is even of more importance to you than it is to me. You are a lawyer, so you will respect me for not wishing to 'give my case away.' If you are anxious to have the Maydew funds remain in California, I can be of incalculable service to you; if you have no such interest, I will bid you good-evening, and go."

The judge regarded his visitor with amazement, leaning toward him to scan him the more closely.

"Who the devil are you, and what kind of a trap are you trying to lead me into?" he at length blurted out, scowling savagely.

"You seem to see occasion for the use of violent language," observed the stranger: "*I do not.*"

"I beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed the judge, quickly; "but you clean surprised me out of my wits. You see, I don't quite understand. Yes—I—I have the strongest reasons for wishing that the Maydews might stay here, or at least make the proposed investments."

"Thank you," returned the stranger, coolly; "now we will get to business. You are aware, of course, that there are no Maydew investments which are not advised or approved by Miss Maydew. If she says so, the intended business here will be consummated: if she says otherwise, it will not. I suppose that you already understand that?"

"Perfectly, sir; perfectly."

"Very good. Well, Judge Desborough, if Miss Maydew likes the prospects here, of her own accord, you will have no occasion for my services; if she does not, however, take kindly to things, I can help you out."

"You?"

"I."

"How?"

"All in good time, my dear sir: if your checkers are jumped off the board so fast, you won't get any in the king-row."

"Don't fire analogy and hyperbole at me in that fashion, young man," snarled the judge.

"The Maydews," resumed the other, "by reason of influence which I can bring to bear if I choose, will invest here in the much-talked-of mining-scheme. If, though, I use my influence the other way, they will

take their money back East again, and stay there with it. I will be either a stepping-stone or a stumbling-block, as you will. If my services are enlisted, my fee will be fifty thousand dollars, payable, in gold, when it is proven to you that their investment is made by reason of my influence. Is there any analogy or hyperbole in that?"

The judge sat back in his chair, too much astonished to speak. For fully two minutes the two men sat and looked at each other in dead silence.

"What may I call you?" asked the judge, finally, trying to overcome his embarrassment.

"You may call me by my name,—Mark Stanley, or, to be more precise about it, Marcus Antonius Stanley."

"How much time, Mr. Stanley, will you give me to consider your remarkable proposition?" inquired the judge, in tones which showed him to be wavering.

"Fifteen minutes," said Mark, promptly.

"Isn't that rather narrowing things down?"

"It's more time than you would allow me for a speech, if I was condemned for murder, in your court," said Mark, frigidly.

The judge's face reddened a little.

"I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Stanley," he said, after a brief pause. "If you can bring about what you say, I will hand you, as soon as the important result is reached, one-half of what I expect to make out of the transaction, which will be twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Desborough, Desborough," said Mark, reflectively. "It don't sound like a Jewish name, but——"

"Damn you, sir," cried the judge, springing up out of his chair, "you are the most exasperating man I ever met."

"Which, I suppose," said Mark, rising, "is equivalent to telling me to go to the devil."

"Not in the least, sir," expostulated the judge, regaining his good humor; "not in the least, sir. This Maydew matter is one of such vast importance to me that I am forced to accept your terms, monstrous and extravagant as they are. We will have the agreement drawn up and signed to-night, and we will then deposit it, for safe-keeping, in whatever bank you please."

"Why not make two copies of the agreement, and you keep one, and I the other?" suggested Mark.

"Oh, no," said the judge: "I could not think of arming you with such a document. You might, for all I know, be a sharper, and use it against me in some blackmailing scheme. It would ruin me, if my friends and acquaintances saw my name to such a paper."

"It would ruin me, also," said Mark, "if my friends the Maydews saw *my* name to such a document. You seem to forget that I, also, have a reputation at stake."

"In the East, maybe, but not here, Mr. Stanley: you are a total stranger here, even to me. I have an established local reputation at stake. It is as dear to me as a woman's honor; as dear as a woman's honor, sir. Can't you see the difference in our positions? It is very

manifest, Mr. Stanley ; very manifest. Why, sir, I don't even know that a word that you have said to me is true ; you haven't shown me that it is. Your whole purpose may be to get my name to a document that you can use to my detriment. You see, sir, you have given me only a stranger's unsupported word for all of this extraordinary stuff. You have given me no proof, even, that your name is Stanley ; your name may not be Stanley——"

"No," interrupted Mark, sarcastically ; "my name may not be Stanley ; it may be Smith. Very likely it is Smith. I'd call it Smith, anyhow, just to please you, if it wasn't such a damned ordinary name. But we won't argue the point further. Draw the agreement, and we will sign it, as you say. Its disposition can be arranged upon afterwards."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," assented the judge. "Let me see ; our agreement is that you are to have, from me, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, if the Maydews, by reason of your influence, make such investments here as the newspapers say that they contemplate making. If they fail to do this, or if I am not shown that the money which they may expend here would not have been so expended but for you, then, sir, then, Mr. Stanley, our contract is null, void, and dead. Is that satisfactory, sir ? Will such a written instrument make you feel that you are duly protected ?"

"Yes. Draw it and sign it," said Mark, "and I will sign it also. To-morrow morning I will come here and accompany you to some bank, where we will leave this document, securely sealed, with the understanding that neither of us can remove it without the full consent of the other."

The judge smiled blandly.

"Mr. Stanley, I admire your thoroughness," he said ; "I most heartily admire your thoroughness."

When the agreement was drawn, Judge Desborough asked if he should read it aloud.

"I prefer reading it to myself," replied Mark. "My eyes, I have no doubt, will serve me quite as well as my ears."

Again the judge complimented what he called Mark Stanley's unerring sagacity.

After the agreement was signed, the judge asked if Mark was willing to disclose the nature of his influence over the Maydews.

"When you see her, ask Miss Maydew if she ever heard of me," answered Mark, as he picked up his hat and left the room.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, Mark Stanley again rung Judge Desborough's bell.

"Let me see, let me see,—oh, ah, it is Mr. Stanley," said the judge, a little affectedly.

"Mr. Smith, you mean," said Mark.

The judge laughed, a nervous, cackling little laugh, without any mirth in it.

"Mr. Stanley, you are inclined to be a bit facetious ; and it is becoming in you, too, sir,—quite as becoming as your remarkable sagacity."

"Have you got the paper?" asked Mark.

"The—the morning paper? Would you like to see it? I will find it for you."

"I mean the paper which we drew up and signed here in this room, last night. I would like to see that. You may find that for me, if you will be so kind."

"That? Oh, yes; that is in my pocket; securely buttoned in, sir; all ready to be deposited in the bank. The carriage is waiting for us at the door, now; pardon my suggesting it, but suppose we set out for the bank at once."

"In a moment," said Mark. "One thing at a time. I wish——"

"You wish some wine, sir," interrupted the judge. "Certainly, sir. How heedless of me not to have thought of it! I will ring for it this instant, sir."

"Spare yourself the exertion, judge. Hand me the agreement, if you please."

"You wish to——"

"I wish to see how it looks by daylight."

"But, sir, it's all securely sealed and endorsed, ready for deposit in the bank, sir. And, besides, it is getting late."

"All securely sealed, is it? All right, judge, we will break the seals, then, and seal them over again. You can take the value of the extra sealing-wax and time out of the fifty thousand, when you pay me."

Very reluctantly, and with a very red face, the judge produced the package from his pocket, and suffered Mark to take it.

The seals were broken, but, instead of the agreement between Mark Stanley and Judge Desborough, the package contained some mining notes and memoranda, which had nothing to do with Mark.

"You have made a slight mistake," said Mark, coolly, tossing the document to the judge.

By this time Judge Desborough's face was purple, but he glanced at the paper with well-feigned surprise, though he looked as if he had been caught stealing a horse.

"How singular!" he exclaimed; "how very, very singular! I can only account for it in one way, sir, and it is really a most shameful, I might almost say disgusting, way, too, sir. You see, Mr. Stanley, after you went away, last night, some of my friends came in. We had a few games, a few very innocent games, sir, but we poured too frequent and perhaps too copious libations, sir. Yes, sir; we used a deal of wine, sir; and it was very fine old wine, too, sir. I never have any other kind in my cellars, Mr. Stanley. Well, sir, wine always affects my sight, and a most lamentable annoyance it sometimes is to me, too, sir. So it proved last night. After my friends went away, I happened to think that leaving such a document as the one we drew, unsealed, in a compartment in an ordinary desk, would be a very injudicious proceeding. So I went to my desk and got out *this* document, thinking, of course, that it was the one that you and I had drawn. Then I sealed it and put it in my coat-pocket. This morning, without discovering my mistake, I endorsed the envelope, exactly as you now see

it. It is with feelings of the most profound humiliation, Mr. Stanley, that I confess to allowing cards and wine to run me into so embarrassing a mistake."

"Under the circumstances," said Mark, "I think it a perfectly natural mistake."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Stanley; yes, indeed, sir. I earnestly hope that there will be no feeling in your mind that I did this thing intentionally?"

"Don't speak of it," smiled Mark: "a man of established reputation, like yourself, certainly would not act so contemptibly with an unknown stranger."

The judge's face beamed.

"You do us both, honor and credit," he said. "You add another to your list of admirable attributes,—generosity. Sagacity, facetiousness, generosity. A wonderful galaxy of virtues in so young a man, Mr. Stanley. Ah, my dear Mr. Stanley, we must know each other better. We must indeed."

A few days later the Maydews came, and to them were devoted the attentions of whoever was interested in California as a mining State. They were feasted, toasted, serenaded, flattered, worn out with pretty sayings and pretty doings.

"It's because of our social position in the East," said Mr. Maydew.

"It's because of our money," declared his fair daughter, with far more accurate foresight.

All of this time, Mark Stanley kept delightfully in the background, and never once presented himself, either to Judge Desborough or to the Maydews. His so doing made the judge believe that Mark Stanley was an impostor. He could not understand why a man who seemed to be playing for such high stakes should keep so abominably still. But Mark was deeper than his legal associate thought: he was waiting until Miss Maydew found the attentions she was receiving nauseous. He did not have long to wait. In less than two weeks after her arrival in San Francisco, Miss Maydew regretted ever leaving the East. Before another week elapsed, she had so emphatically and so openly expressed this feeling that all California despaired of interesting the Maydews in Western mining-affairs.

At this time, Mark and the judge met in the street, one day. The judge fairly bristled the moment he saw Mark.

"Well, sir," he said, "things have come to a fine pass, haven't they? The Maydews are going back East again. If you have any of your boasted influence with them, why in hell don't you exert it, sir?"

"Softly, old man," said Mark; "step softly and breathe low. Things are going just exactly as I knew they would,—just exactly as I wished them to. You people here have pitched in and made California intolerable to the Maydews. They are getting more and more sick of it, every day. When they can stand no more, and begin packing their trunks to go home again, as they very soon will, then my time comes; then I will have you just where I want you. Then you will squeal like a hog with his tail shut in a gate."

"Good God, sir," cried the judge, excitedly, "that is exactly the state of things now! They are getting ready to go East. The time for you to do something has come. I—I do squeal, sir; I do squeal. Do you hear me, sir? I do squeal. What is to be done, sir? I—I am yours to command."

"Now you are talking, old man," rejoined Mark, but with an air of listlessness and indifference which was entirely out of keeping with his words. "You must call on Miss Maydew to-night—are you listening?"

"Yes, yes; go on, Mr. Stanley; do go on, sir."

"Very good. You are to call on her to-night; you are to see her alone; you are to say to her that her old friend Mark Stanley is in this city, in distress. If your sight is not affected by wine, as it was the other night when you sealed up the wrong document, you are to note the effect of that disclosure upon her. You are also to make an appointment for me to meet her to-morrow afternoon."

"Why not make it to-morrow morning?" exclaimed the impatient judge. "What is the use of waiting until afternoon? It's clearly a waste of valuable, very valuable, time."

"Because," answered Mark, "to-morrow morning I have a little business to transact with you, at the bank."

"At the bank? Do—do you want some money?"

"Not quite yet. I want that document safely in my trousers-pocket before I stir a single step in this Maydew matter."

"The document you and I drew up that night, Mr. Stanley? Is that the one you mean?"

"Certainly," said Mark; "I am not at all interested in any other document which in any way concerns you."

"But, Mr. Stanley," expostulated the judge, "I thought we had arranged upon leaving that at the bank until matters were settled, either one way or the other. Why should the plan be changed now?"

"Because you are an infernal old scoundrel, and will cheat me out of my own skin unless I keep both eyes well on you," answered Mark.

"Really, Mr. Stanley," remonstrated the astonished judge, "you are putting it on too thick,—much too thick."

"That," was Mark's reply, "is because your little game is too thin,—much too thin. But now to open this keg of nails. If you surrender that document to me to-morrow morning, I will play out my hand and help you and the rest of California to scoop the Maydews in. If you don't give me possession of that now important piece of paper, the Maydews may go back East, or where else they please, for all me, and you may go to the devil. I'll even cheat you out of the price of that extra sealing-wax. No, no; don't say a word, now; talking won't do you a bit of good. Be at the bank at nine o'clock in the morning. Miss the appointment at your peril. What little there is to be said can be said then. Good-day, judge."

That night the judge called on Miss Maydew. She was bored by his call, and took no pains to conceal it. After about ten minutes she arose and asked to be excused. Then the judge asked if she knew Mark Stanley. At once she was all interest and animation.

"Know him? Yes. He saved my life, five years ago. What do you know about him? Is he here? Where can he be found, and what is he doing? Do answer me, will you?"

"I beg your pardon," said the judge, "but you crowded questions on me so fast, I had no chance to answer. He is here in San Francisco, and is in trouble,—out of money, I think. I can send him to you to-morrow afternoon."

"Do," commanded the girl; "or, if you fail, never let me see your face again. Mark Stanley, and here in California! How delightful! Here is at least one man who will talk to me of something else than mines, and investments, and business prospects. Be sure, Judge Desborough, that you send him to me to-morrow afternoon, and as early in the afternoon as possible, too. Now good-night; go away and leave me; but don't forget."

The judge went home, but he alternately blessed and cursed Mark Stanley, every step of the way.

"Saved her life, did he? She wants to see him, does she? He will get the fifty thousand of me; he will get the girl; he will get all of old Maydew's money, by and by. And I am the innocent means by which they are brought together. And he called me a scoundrel, too, damn him!"

And then the innocent means jumped up and down on the sidewalk, for very rage, and swore himself out of breath.

The next morning, Mark received the Maydew document, of the judge, at the bank; and that afternoon he called on Miss Maydew. She gave him a reception which would have set Judge Desborough frantic had he witnessed it. Mr. Maydew hated Mark Stanley, because, when he had known him in Vermont, Mark Stanley was considered abnormally pious. Consequently, Miss Maydew said nothing to her father about the presence of Mark in the West.

Every day, for the next two weeks, Miss Maydew and Mark Stanley went driving or sailing. She gave him the most of her time, and refused herself to nearly every one else. Mr. Maydew, a confirmed invalid, seldom went out of doors, and very rarely saw callers. No rumor of the relations between his daughter and Mark reached him. He intrusted everything to her, and supposed that business was the sole cause of her repeated absences from him. One day he asked if she had decided just what kind of investments they had best make, and she answered that she had, after due thought and investigation, made up her mind to carry out their original idea, which was to form a syndicate for the operation of a series of mines in various parts of the State.

"To do this," she further explained, "it will be necessary to make an investment of a million dollars, three days hence."

"Our money is still all in drafts, is it not?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, you had best notify the bank of your intention, in the morning, so that they will have the currency ready when you present your drafts for payment."

This suggestion was acted upon, and on the morning in question Miss Maydew armed herself with her drafts, kissed her father, and told

him that she would return in an hour. At the end of three hours she was still absent. Judge Desborough and one or two others were sitting in the room with Mr. Maydew, awaiting the return of his daughter. All at once there was a rush of tramping feet and a tumult of excited voices in the corridor; and, without knocking, Mr. Maydew's door was flung violently open, and then, closely followed by others, the proprietor of the hotel fairly leaped into the middle of the room, his face ghastly with horror.

"Good God, sir," he cried, "some awful work has been done! Your daughter has been murdered. She is stone dead. Her body is down-stairs. They found her in her carriage with her throat cut from ear to ear. Mark Stanley went away with her. The driver says that they went to the bank together. They came out of the bank, chatting and laughing, and carrying a big package between them. Stanley told the driver to stop at his hotel, which is near the bank. When they got there, the driver says that Stanley got out and took the package with him, told the driver to wait a few minutes for him, and then went into the hotel. The driver waited over an hour, but Stanley didn't come back. Then somebody saw blood dripping out of the carriage. They opened the door, and saw Miss Maydew lying there, as I said, with her throat cut. They are looking for Stanley everywhere, for of course they think he killed her."

"Of course he did," yelled Judge Desborough. "He killed her, and then got away with all that money. I always knew that fellow was a rascal."

"You'd better shut up," retorted the hotel-keeper: "they found a paper in that carriage with your name on it,—a paper that shows that you are mixed up in this affair with Stanley."

"The agreement!—that damned agreement!" groaned the judge; and he looked as if he was going to slide down into himself, like a collapsing drinking-cup.

The sheriff hurried him off, and had the greatest difficulty in saving him from mob-rule.

Mr. Maydew was completely overcome by the awful tragedy. His daughter had been his sole interest in life; and now she was dead. He was very calm until he heard the whole story and all the accompanying incidents, and then he turned his face to the wall, and lay on his bed, moaning softly.

"Mark Stanley, Mark Stanley," he said, occasionally. "I thought they loved each other, years ago. He saved her life, then, and now he has destroyed what he saved."

V.

Red Mountain is always at its best in September. From its lofty mines you see daylight come in long, shaking shafts of pink and gray, and you see it pass in clouds and mist-wreaths of amber and gold,—the latter as yellow and perfect as the bright metal which the pick and drill wrench from its rocky sides. There is everywhere the odor of spruce and redwood, and the wholesome atmosphere of healthfulness.

The miners used to say that the old mountain which they so dearly loved always outdid itself in September, because that was the month in which they pitched their first camp there; and no September, it was pretty generally agreed, was ever more delightful than this one, whose early days Mark Stanley made awful, in San Francisco, by the murder of Miss Maydew.

The anniversary of the founding of the Red Mountain mining-camp fell, this year, upon the second Monday in the month; and Droopy and several others had gone down to San Francisco for such essentials as were deemed indispensable to the proper celebration of the day,—such essentials being, principally, a better grade of whiskey than was in common use on Red Mountain. Droopy and his companions set out early enough on this important errand to enable them to get back the day before the eagerly-awaited anniversary; but the day on which they were expected came, and the day of the anniversary also, and still there was no sign of the whiskey commission. The Red Mountain miners were a good-natured, hilarious lot of men, not at all inclined to frown at trifles; but it seemed to them that Droopy and the others were imposing upon the honor of the camp by interfering with the celebration of festivities of so remarkable and interesting a character.

“In my opinion,” said Tom Morris, who formerly was one of the veriest dandies who operated in Wall Street, but who was now one of the grimest of the unkempt and the unwashed,—“in my opinion, they have opened the keg somewhere between here and Frisco, and are running a little celebration on their own hook.”

“Likely,” chimed in a stalwart Texan, in whom the mention of whiskey awakened such pleasant memories that he took a strong pull from his flask. “Some folks dunno when ter leave whiskey alone.” And then he proceeded to rinse the harsh sentiment out of his mouth and throat with another drink.

When it was dark, a great fire was built in the middle of the camp, and, though the whiskey they had was of a questionable character, it was better than none: so it was decided to make the most of it, in true Western fashion.

About an hour after the fire was built, when good spirits and bad spirits were about equally mixed, and every one was jolly, a solitary horseman rode into camp. There was something so irresistibly droll about this new-comer that everybody laughed when the great, glowing sheet of firelight illuminated his face and figure.

Apparently, he was six feet and three or four inches in height, and the most of this plenitude of physical material seemed to be disposed of in arms, legs, and feet. What trunk he had was broad, but it was very much abbreviated in length, as if it had been originally intended for a much shorter man. The first impression which he gave, all the way through, was that he had been put together of odds and ends and remnants, and that the architect who planned him had run short of material before his colossal design was more than half carried out. His joints were so loose and lax that when he got off of his horse there was a sudden hush in the merriment, as if everybody was afraid that

he was going to pieces. His eyes were large, and as blue as a California sky, but they were entirely devoid of lashes, and his brows were absolutely hairless. His nose was long and exceedingly crooked, and he had an unusually large mouth, with thick, pulpy-looking lips. His hair was of the color and fibre of that unknown substance of which gunny-sacks are made, and it grew so low down upon his narrow forehead that the effect was one which was decidedly original. His cheeks were broad, high, and flat, and his beard, which was the same color as his hair, looked as if it had been trimmed with dull shears for want of a razor. His sallow complexion indicated that he was a chronic sufferer from jaundice; and his large stiff ears set straight out from his head, as though they were meant to catch the wind and so increase his motive power. The horse he was on was several sizes too small for him; and he leaned so far forward on the insufficient beast, and drew his legs up so closely under it, that the combination would have furnished a comic artist an excellent model for a burlesque Centaur.

"Am I in Californy?" asked the stranger, when he had dismounted and straightened himself up.

"Did you see the back o' that hoss? It sprunged up nigh on ter six inches when he got off," said the Texan.

There was a general laugh, and the stranger's question was forgotten until he repeated it:

"Am I in Californy?"

"You bet," was the general chorus.

"My name is Dubb," said the stranger. "I just dropped in here for to see if I can't do something in these mines. I used to be a lumberman, up in Maine, and I have been a-living in the other side of these mountings, over among the Indians and soldiers, nigh on to three years. I ain't afraid o' work, and I'd like to stay here, and shift with the rest of you, and stand my share o' what am hard and wearisome."

It was the longest speech Dubb had ever made, and when it was done he suddenly stepped back a couple of paces, as if trying to get out of the sound of his own voice.

"Pard," said the Texan, "ye don't handsome very heavy, but they ain't many on us what can brag much on beauty an' sich; but ye talks pooty straight, an' so we'll take yer on trial for a while."

There was a hearty burst of laughter, which Dubb failed to understand.

"Let me be your dictionary," said Tom Morris. "You don't seem to have caught the drift of Western ways yet, if you have been in this country three years. It is somewhat unusual for a man to ask permission to join a mining-camp; and that is the way the boys took what you said. This is a free country, and people here do about as they please. Join us, if you like; go farther, if you like; but don't ask any one's permission. Strike out straight from your shoulder, and don't forget that California is a book without a preface. Do as you like, in all but three things: don't bring any soap or tracts into camp, and don't jump any other man's claim. That is our code, in a nutshell."

While he had been speaking, Droopy and his companions had entered camp; but Dubb was attracting so much attention that the arrival of Droopy was unnoticed until he stepped forward, inside of the circle surrounding Dubb and Tom Morris.

"Halloo, Droopy," exclaimed Morris: "here's a new man, just come among us. His name is Dubb, and he hails from down East."

"Dubb! Did yer say Dubb?" demanded the astonished Droopy, stepping forward until his face was scarcely a foot from Dubb's.

"Yes," answered Dubb and Morris, both in a breath.

"Why, ain't you the feller what was 'way over along the Platte, a-lookin' for Mark Stanley's wife?" asked Droopy.

Dubb fixed his big blue eyes squarely upon Droopy's face, but that was the only evidence of surprise which he manifested.

"I *was* a-looking for her," he answered; "but I got kinder short on for money; so I had to move on and leave a couple o' guides a-hunting for her while I be somewhere looking out for more money. But how am it you knows about Mark Stanley and his woman? Have he been here? Am he here now?"

"He lit inter these diggin's 'long about the fust o' the summer, an' he stayed here till las' month. Lordy! I wishes as how he'd stayed longer: then he wouldn't be in sich a pizen mess as he's in now," moaned Droopy, pathetically.

"What is it? What's the matter?" inquired Dubb.

"Oh, Jeroosullum!" bawled Droopy, "he's gone an' sot all Californy ag'in' 'im. He's killed that Maydew woman, what had so much money, an' he's run off with a million dollars, what belonged ter her an' her dad."

Instantly the whole camp was in an uproar. Some were excited because they had taken a liking to Mark during his brief stay with them; others, because it had been expected that Red Mountain would receive considerable benefit from the Maydew funds; and others, still, condemned it from a moral point of view. Dubb, alone, was quiet, apparently unconcerned, absolutely emotionless.

"Did Stanley get away?" queried Tom Morris, after the first outburst of excitement had somewhat subsided.

"He got clean span away," answered Droopy. "The officers as took holt on the case said they never seed sich a git-out afore. Nobody knowed whar ter look fur 'im, an' nobody ain't 'peared ter find out."

"And thereby," said Morris, "does Stanley evince greatness. The poor fool who commits a crime and gets caught is a scoundrel and villain: he deserves the full penalty of the law. But the man who commits a crime and escapes the law, he has genius; he is full of the elements of greatness. Mark Stanley will yet be acknowledged as a very great man."

"Maybe so in the East, but not in Californy," cried Droopy, warmly. "Murder is murder, here, an' we never calls it by any other name; an' when we writes it we puts it all in cappertul letters,—big, red ones, too, like them air letters what they puts on a circus-bill."

"I'll wager a pound of dust, Droopy, my dear old grammar-mangler, that you yourself will yet call Mark Stanley a great man, and

be as much in favor of him as you are against him now," said Morris, dryly.

"By gosh, I'll do it! But you look 'ere, Tom Morris, I ain't ag'in' 'im, an' I never was ag'in' 'im: I'm on'y ag'in' what he's done. An' ef I was ag'in' 'im, it's no more 'n you was, all the while he was here. Don't try ter pick me up, Tommy, when yer down yerself. An' let me tell yer somethin' more: they didn't have no grammars an' sich stuff when I was a boy. That was a heap o' years ago. Yer fergits I ain't sich a young, tender saplin' as you am. I'll jest take that bet 'bout the pound o' dust, though; an', ef I wins, I'll buy a grammar with it."

Droopy was angry when he began, but he said so much that he talked himself into good humor again. An hour later, he and Morris were sitting by themselves, engaged in a confidential chat. He told Morris all about the Maydew murder, from which subject the conversation very naturally shifted to Dubb.

"I never seen sich a durned critter afore in all my life," Droopy declared, vehemently. "I dunno what ter think on 'im. Why, when I tole 'im 'bout Mark's bein' here, an' what he said, an' how he went away, an' how he killed that air Maydew woman, who they says was more 'n half in love with Mark Stanley, why, that air Dubb jest took it all in, like as if it didn't 'meount ter nothin'. He never talked er acted as if he was s'prised, er sorry, er mad, er nothin'; an' when I says to him as how I s'poses he won't do no more dickerin' 'bout Mark Stanley's wife, he up an' says, all quiet like, 's if he'd been sayin' it was a nice day, as how he ain't goin' ter stop lookin' fur her till she's foun', livin' er dead. An' when I axes 'im what good it'll do, when her husband's next ter dead, he says that ain't no reason fur leavin' her among them air Injins. I axed him what he'd do with her ef she was foun' alive, an' he says as how that'll all be jest as she says. Ain't it funny? Mark Stanley, nor Mark Stanley's woman, ain't neither on 'em no kin ter Dubb, an' they never seen each other till they was j'ined in that wagon-train; an' yet Dubb spen's his money an' his time fur her, when her own husband gin her up long ago an' don't consarn hissself 'bout her in no way. Now, then, Tom Morris, what d'ye think o' sich a feller as that? What does yer call sich a critter?"

"Call him, Droopy? I call him one of the few men whom the word noble fitly describes. I tell you, my boy, he is made of much better stuff than any of us. We all pride ourselves on our California disinterestedness and generosity; but you and I both know that there isn't another man in this camp who would do what Dubb has done for the Stanleys. I doubt if there are ten such men in the universe."

"I b'lieves yer, Tom; I b'lieves yer," exclaimed Droopy: "they don't make many sich."

"It makes me ashamed when I think how the whole camp—I with the rest—laughed at the queer figure he cut when he struck camp to-night," confessed Morris. "Of course he is grotesque enough to furnish a sufficient excuse for our fun; but I didn't dream that there was so much man under that dull, homely face of his. What arms and legs, and what a name, and what a rig-out all the way through!"

"Don't yer think it 'ould be a pootty good mix if Mark Stanley's 'cuteness an' Dubb's idees o' right an' wrong could be rolled all up in one man?"

"The thought does you credit, Droopy. The combination would, indeed, be good. No woman, though, would ever love him, his person is so forbidding and uncouth."

"Well, mebbe that is somethin' what some other men might envy in 'im," said Droopy, bitterly.

Tom Morris laughed.

"Perhaps, Droopy, perhaps. There is one woman who ought to fall in love with him, if she ever finds out what he has done for her; and that, of course, is Mark Stanley's wife."

"'Twon't do her no good ef she does," muttered Droopy: "she never'll be nothin' but Mark Stanley's wife ter him. He says he wants ter take Mark Stanley's claim, here, an' work it, though Mark couldn't git nothin' outen it. I reckon it's 'cause he thinks Mark Stanley never gits deep enough in anything ter touch bottom."

"It's my belief," said Tom Morris, "that Dubb wants Mark Stanley's claim because Dubb is fond of Mark Stanley."

VI.

There was in Mark Stanley's belt, when he left the Red Mountain mines, enough dust to keep him in comfort for a year, provided that he exercised due economy. This permitted him to reflect upon his past life, lay plans for the future, and employ the present in making a thorough scrutiny into the new, free, and, to him, almost incomprehensible life which surrounded him. When he fell in with Miss Maydew, she, being informed by Judge Desborough that Mark was short of money, insisted upon his accepting as a present a liberal sum from her. He declined this as a gift, but expressed his willingness to receive it as a loan. As it amounted to several thousands of dollars, his future was now reasonably secure for a number of years.

Thus protected so far as actual necessities were concerned, he devoted himself to pondering upon what he considered the vagaries and the probabilities of life. Two of his mother's favorite aphorisms, "Virtue has its reward," and "Be sure your sin will find you out," had been constantly dinned into his ears through all his childhood and youth. These two sayings, more than anything else, had given form and complexion to his Vermont life. The promise and the threat about equally determined the course of his steps, and he had no doubt that both would be exemplified and illustrated in everything which he did. Consequently, when he aroused himself from the negative somnolence of his earlier days and decided to enter into matrimony and the rest of the serious business of life, he watched, naturally, on every hand, for the fulfilment of what he had accepted as the two great laws of life. By this means his lines of thought were not only narrowed, but he was, practically, prevented from thinking at all. He dared do nothing but keep his mind fixed upon these two principles and shrink from the awful consequences of going against them. But when he had

exchanged the depressing limits of his father's house and his mother's religion for the liberality and freedom of thought and action which he found in New York, his mind met with a severe shock. The first effect of the difference between what he found, and what he had been led to believe that he would find, in the great city, was bewildering and painful. By it he was nearly reduced to idiocy. His wife saw, but could neither understand nor appreciate, the strange condition of her husband's mind. At last, after they had left the city well behind them and had begun crossing the prairies, Mark Stanley's mind made its first buffet against the restricting bars which hitherto had hindered its independent exercise. But this first revolt against old beliefs was by no means final. He could not all at once rid himself of that which he had so long accepted as the sole method and conduct of life. Again and again would he end these constant tumults by casting off the old hampering fears and doubts; but it was not until the long journey over the prairies and up the plains was nearly accomplished that he felt that he had any right to exercise the functions of thought and judgment. But such a struggle—with a nature whose inherent boldness and stubbornness precept and maxim had always enslaved—could not fail to leave lasting scars. Mark Stanley rose above the puniness which had made his parents despise him, notwithstanding that it was a result of their teachings; but the change was so pronounced, so remarkable, that it germinated and fostered in him a tendency to doubt and suspect everything with which he came in contact. He forced himself to accept the conclusion that there was no truth anywhere, and that the only evil in the whole universe was weakness. His attempts to explain away old things, and to thrust upon his wife the harsh theories which he had evolved out of the ashes of his dead faith, so seriously grieved and hurt her that he found much difficulty in consoling her. He saw that she turned from the new principles, which he intended should govern the rest of his life, more because she could not comprehend them and him than because they were repugnant to her as the tenets of apostasy. It was plain that she would never be able to grasp the ideas with which his mind was now filled: in fact, unless he could reconcile himself to constant expressions of disapproval, he would have to keep those ideas wholly from her. Before he had put aside the overpowering restraints of form and habit which, in the past, had made independent and original thought impossible to him, he had regarded himself as her inferior. Now, when he was rising into what he felt was a higher, clearer, worthier atmosphere, he saw, to his consternation, that his was the superior mind, and that she could never depart from the ways she had always known. She comprehended love better than anything else, and that now to him was even of less than secondary importance. He considered that they were mismatched; and now, though he knew full well that it was wholly his fault, and that she had consented to marry him with genuine reluctance, he chafed against the bonds which held them together. It was his disposition to shirk responsibilities, and his disposition made no exception of this instance. He regarded uncongenial persons and conditions very much as a club-man regards an ill-fitting garment; and the comparison held good even so far as the matter

of riddance. His wife was very beautiful and sweet, and when his mind was not absorbed with vital topics she still held him by the power of the old influences which first brought Mark Stanley to her feet. How long he would have tolerated her, and what the final outcome would have been, can, of course, be only conjectured; but the Indians settled the question for him by carrying her off, soon after he discovered the change in his feelings toward her. With their separation, some portion of his former love for her returned; and had he found her at once he might have cherished her, the rest of their days, as tenderly as he did at first. But her continued absence, lessening, as it did, the influence of her magnificent personal charms, soon led him into thinking only of her intellectual qualities, and so, after a few months, he was glad of being relieved of her.

His failure to find her, the attitude taken by his parents, and his lack of success in the mines, only widened the difference between the principles of his former life and those of his present life. The interest which Dubb and Droopy had manifested in him only tended, by some strange law of contradiction, to make him the more thoroughly despise everything which his parents had taught him was honest, virtuous, and right. On his way from Red Mountain to San Francisco he had firmly resolved to go directly against every belief of his childhood and youth. Arriving in San Francisco, he soon saw that man's foremost interest and aim was the obtainment of place. This no sooner impressed him than he swore that he would lift himself into success by the very first means which presented itself. Almost instantly, as if in answer to his new aspirations and to facilitate him in carrying into effect the substance of his oath, he heard of the expected coming of the Maydews.

Here, then, was his chance.

Five years before, the Maydews had spent a summer in Arlington, in a cottage near the Stanley farm. Miss Maydew was then a girl of fifteen. She was both a romp and a rose-bud, and her head was crammed full of healthy, pretty romance, which she drew from the books she read. When Mark Stanley first saw her, she was such a revelation to him, in beauty, that he stopped and stood stock-still in the church door, staring at her. For this his mother had sharply reproved him, declaring that Miss Maydew was a temptation of the devil, sent to wean him from paths of right. After that, Mark shunned her as if she had been a plague. Late in the summer, when she was romping beside the Battenkill, a mishap sent her, with a great splash, into one of the deepest pools in the beautiful little river. But for the chance presence of Mark, who brought her out on dry land, Miss Maydew would have drowned; for her feet were entangled in some tough aquatic vines, which held her fast. For this, she regarded him as a very great hero; and her father had looked upon him with favor, until, in answer to Mr. Maydew's profuse thanks, Mark had said,—

“Don't thank me: thank the Lord. It was the Lord's doings, and I was only the miserable instrument in His hands.”

When Mark had said this, Mr. Maydew arose in disgust: piety in words was the one thing which he could not stand; and no one ever dared mention Mark Stanley's name to him again. Miss Maydew,

however, took another view of the case. To her, Mark Stanley was a sort of rural Galahad; and she assured him that he could depend upon her if he ever needed friendship. In fact, but for the dampening effect of his mother's remark, which so closely associated the devil with Miss Maydew and so made her ineligible to Mark, there is no doubt but that he would at once have fallen desperately in love with the beautiful girl. Had he done so, she, unquestionably, would have reciprocated the feeling, because of the high opinion she entertained of what she considered his courage and heroism. Twice did she write to him after leaving Arlington, and both of these letters were immediately returned to her by the mother of her Galahad; and with the second letter Mrs. John Stanley, over her mean, cramped little signature, declared that Miss Maydew was a "brazen hussy." After that, Mark Stanley never heard of Miss Maydew, until the California newspapers began discussing her imminent visit to San Francisco.

Mark at once set about scheming. He must turn her coming to practical account in some way; but how should he do it? By borrowing a large sum of money of her and then absconding? No; that would result in unpleasant consequences,—which would be weak; and weakness was now the sole thing which he considered evil. Then he decided to make the conditional compact with Judge Desborough, since he plainly foresaw that Miss Maydew would be certain to sicken of the importunings of the speculators and go home in disgust. This was the first definite plan which he formed concerning the Maydews, and it would have, likely, been the final one, had it not been for the unexpected warmth with which Miss Maydew received him. Perhaps he was mistaken, and perhaps he was right, but in less than three days he was of the opinion that Miss Maydew was in love with him, and that she had been in love with him ever since the old days in Arlington. The confidence she reposed in him, and the interest which she manifested in everything that he said and did, justified him, to a certain extent, in believing as he did. The idea delighted him; not because he in any sense returned the feeling, but because it might be of assistance to him in his ambition to acquire great wealth suddenly. Mark Stanley was now so occupied with his abominable self-love that he had no interest in any one, beyond their capacity for serving him.

Miss Maydew decided to make the investments which she and her father had contemplated making when they first came to San Francisco; and she came to this conclusion wholly and entirely because Mark Stanley had advised it, even after she, personally, had decided against so doing. When she told him that the money for the investment was to be drawn on a certain day, he at once made up his mind that that day should be the last one of her life.

The murder of Miss Maydew was deliberately planned. Mark Stanley knew perfectly well that he could not get the million dollars without killing her, and that he could not, under the circumstances, kill her without having her murder known. The thing to do, then, was to change his personality in ten minutes after leaving her dead body in the carriage. So he made all his arrangements beforehand, and made them so thoroughly, too, that none of them miscarried. He purchased

a regulation Spanish suit, a large valise,—the latter of a second-hand dealer, so that its newness might not betray him,—and some peculiar cosmetics and chemicals. These he concealed in his room in the hotel where he was living.

On leaving the bank, with Miss Maydew and the money, he ordered the driver to drive the carriage which they were in to his hotel. On the way he suddenly called her attention to some peculiar object in the street, and then, with the quickness of lightning, whipped out a knife with a razor-like edge and cut her throat, throwing her mantle over her at the same instant, to protect his person from her blood. So thoroughly had he rehearsed his devilish plan in his mind, beforehand, that he carried it out without the slightest deviation or excitement. The brutal deed was so dexterously done that the poor girl died almost instantly. He so disposed of Miss Maydew's body, on leaving the carriage, that had any one peered in through the window they would have thought her sleeping.

When the carriage halted before the hotel, Mark, on alighting, bade the driver wait a few minutes for him, and then entered the hotel. There was neither haste nor appearance of haste in anything which he did. Once in his room, he deliberately shaved off his heavy, sandy beard and mustaches, and then proceeded to darken his hair and skin, or as much of the latter as was exposed. Even now he would have been safe from recognition; but he quickly completed his disguise by exchanging the garments he had on for the Spanish dress with which he had provided himself the day before. He then hung the clothing which he had just discarded with the rest of his wardrobe, packed the great bundle of money, and a few papers which he wished to save, into the valise, and then, walking unconcernedly, he left his room and entered the hotel-office. To all practical purposes, Mark Stanley was now dead: he who had just left Mark Stanley's room, so strangely metamorphosed, was Don Hernando Altana, and as such he straightway scrawled his name in the hotel-register and was at once assigned a room adjoining the one which he had previously occupied. All this was accomplished in about half an hour, and the murder of Miss Maydew was still undiscovered.

Mark Stanley had been very poor: Don Altana was very rich; he was, also, very dark and very elegant, and not a soul would have suspected him of being anything else than he seemed. At the end of another hour, when he heard a mob of excited men rush into his former room, bent on the immediate destruction of Mark Stanley, the lips of the transformed man wreathed themselves into a triumphant smile. Later in the day he was one among the many who called to express sympathy for Mr. Maydew. He even carried his coolness and bravado so far as to go to the coroner's and inspect the lifeless remains of Miss Maydew.

"Any one else who could have done this thing would have done it," he said to himself, as he leaped into bed, that night. "Life and death are mere matters of chance: both are beyond human control. The Indians and I were common benefactors, for all I know. They relieved me of a silly wife, I relieved Maydew of a silly daughter. So

far as the general score goes, he and I are quits: only I get more out of it than the Indians did."

An hour later he was sleeping as calmly as a child; and so he slept throughout the night.

VII.

Dubb dropped into mining-ways as easily and naturally as if he had been a miner all his life. He asked but few questions, and made but few mistakes. Mark Stanley's abandoned claim, which everybody had regarded, since Mark's departure, as the unluckiest bit of dirt on Red Mountain, became, under the treatment which it received from Dubb, a valuable and tractable piece of mining-property. In less than a week after occupying it, Dubb struck rich "pay-dirt;" and before a month had elapsed he succeeded in following these "tailings" through a short, wavering patch of direct drift to an almost perpendicular vein which seemed practically inexhaustible.

He took his good fortune quietly, just as he took everything else, and did not seem in the least elated by it. Except in some matter of frolic or indignation, the California miners of those days were not a very demonstrative lot: still, they could not comprehend the changeless and unbroken complacency of Dubb. The presence of danger, the contemplation of death,—joy, sorrow, and all the rest of the varying and multiply phenomena of life,—utterly failed to break in in any way upon this man's unruffled serenity. He seemed, in every sense, impervious and unreachable. Nothing could move him or touch him. There was no visible evidence that he saw any element of fun in the frequent pranks and jokes of the miners; and the customary gravity, or earnestness, of his face was never in the slightest degree increased if any of his mining acquaintances chanced to be overtaken with misfortune. He never smiled, and he never frowned. No one ever heard a hasty or spirited word from him, and no one believed that it would be possible to make him angry. So far as any person could judge, there were two worlds for Dubb,—one internal and the other external; and there was not, apparently, the slightest connection between the two.

This, by the miners, was first attributed to a lack of intelligence; then to selfishness; then to piety. After that the classification of Dubb was given up as a hopeless impossibility, and he was taken as he was, and for what he was worth.

"He never gits off sermons an' church-talk; he never sees a feller in a hole 'ithout helpin' on 'im out; he takes in everything what's goin' on; an' he allus comes down with his ante, whether he plays his han' er not," declared Droopy, with exceeding warmth, one day when Dubb, soon after his arrival, was under discussion. "He ain't quite the reg'lar article, mebbe; and he may be better, an' he may be wuss, nor the reg'lar article; but he suits me a dum sight better nor some others what I knows on."

A month later, Droopy's estimate of Dubb was accepted by all Red Mountain as the right one; and before winter set in, no man in camp was more popular than Dubb.

His prosperity as a miner enabled him to redouble his efforts for the relief of Mrs. Stanley; and nothing which could possibly be done for her discovery and rescue was left undone. Droopy and Tom Morris were alone in his confidence concerning his vigorous and uninterrupted efforts in behalf of Mrs. Stanley; and they were of incalculable assistance to him in the important matters of making plans and negotiating with the guides who were prosecuting the search for the lost woman over near the head-waters of the Platte. It soon became apparent to Droopy that Dubb was being imposed upon by the frontiersmen, and that they were receiving his money without any attempt at making an honest return for it. The right kind of investigation proved this to be the case, and after that the conduct of the search was reorganized upon a basis which made shirking next to impossible.

All through that winter, Dubb watched and waited for news from the Stanleys. Since the murder of Miss Maydew, Mark Stanley seemed to be as thoroughly and effectually lost as his wife. The officers of the law were as impotent in their endeavors at hunting down Mark as Dubb's envoys were in their efforts at unearthing Mark's wife.

"Blamed ef I b'lieves as how ony on us 'll ever set eyes on either one on 'em ag'in," remarked Droopy, one day toward spring. "The Injins has killed her, long ago. She couldn't never reconcile herself to none o' their notions; an' when a woman keeps on a-kickin' ag'in' an Injin, 'tain't very long afore he raises her ha'r. An' as fur Mark—why, he jest skinned out o' Californy long ago."

Dubb made no answer, but he seemed to be of about the same opinion.

"Why don't ye gin it up, pard?" asked Droopy, suddenly and earnestly. "Ye've got the best claim on the hull mounting, an' ye can't 'ford ter be wastin' time an' money tryin' ter do somethin' what ain't ter be did. Ef they was any sight o' findin' this 'ere woman o' Mark Stanley's, I'd jest say keep it up, allus, till ye gits her. But they ain't no sich sight. Ef she ain't dead, she ain't no'eres near where them fellers is a-huntin' fur 'er. Why, Lordy, man, jest stop an' think fur a minute. The prancin'-groun' o' them air Utes ain't so mighty big but what you an' Mark Stanley an' them air guides 'ould 'a' foun' her in them air two year as you was all cadoodlin' aroun' that country. It's nigh on ter a nother year sence he comed away, an' it's more'n six months sence you dropped in here on ole Red Mounting. Ef she was onywhar in that country, an' was alive, she'd 'a' been foun' long afore this. Ef she am still a-livin', she's got clean outen that country; an' ef she am gone frum there, who in thunder knows where she is, an' what the darn's the use o' looking fur 'er any fu'ther? Leastwise, they ain't no use o' lookin' fur 'er there, 'cause she ain't there; an' ef ye don't look there, where will yer look? They can't nothin' but diserp'intment come outen this thing, no way ye c'n fix it; an' that ain't wuth the money what yer wastes on it. An' then there's yer claim a-needin' yer 'tention the wust way. Come, pard, gin up the search; gin up the search."

"It don't seem to me nowise as if the mine would spoil if it stood

still," answered Dubb; "and if nothing be done for her, she may die. The mine be not going to suffer if it am left alone, like she am."

"But what good does all this 'ere huntin' an' skirmishin' among them 'ere Utes do her? None o' yer searchin'-gang has had a glimpse at her, or at any one as has seen 'er, since the Injins toted her off. What c'n ye say ter that?"

"They have not found her because they have not looked for her where she am."

"But how c'n they tell where ter look?"

"That am what they be searching for."

"Look 'ere, Dubb, I tells yer she am either dead er gone outen that country."

"If that am so, they be some one in that country what knows that she am dead, or gone away."

"An' you purpozes," interrogated Droopy, with rising impatience, "an' you purpozes a-keepin' them air fellers what ye have hired a-huntin' till they finds her, er finds some one what knows as how she am gone dead, er gone outen the country?"

"Yes," was the quiet answer.

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Droopy; and Dubb looked as if he was perfectly willing that Droopy should dispose of himself according to his own tastes. "An' this mine o' yourn a-needin' yer hull 'tention so much," Droopy added, sorrowfully, after a brief silence.

"I *be* working the mine, Droopy; I be working it hard, and it am paying me well."

"Yes, but it oughter have yer hull 'tention, an' not be goin' it snooks with this 'ere Stanley woman," maintained Droopy, but with the feeling that he must seem as unreasonable to Dubb as Dubb seemed to him.

The silence which followed was prolonged; and to Droopy it was awkward and embarrassing. He felt that he had been injured, though he was uncertain as to whether he ought to blame Dubb, or himself, for his uncomfortable condition. Droopy did not like to give advice without having it either followed or systematically parried. Somehow, he could not get used to Dubb's way of dealing with superfluous advice, Dubb had such a quiet but decisive way of arraying facts against whatever he found opposed to the plan or course he happened to be following. And facts, with Dubb, were hard, immovable things.

Droopy's embarrassment, or chagrin, or whatever it was, was speedily relieved by the appearance of a man who bore a letter for Dubb from some one at the fort near which the parting between him and Mark Stanley had taken place the year before. This letter was very brief. Dubb read it aloud:

"They have found her, and are bringing her to you. You may expect her almost as soon as you get this."

The "her" alluded to was, undoubtedly, Mark Stanley's wife; but Dubb took the news as quietly as if he had reasons for believing that it referred to a cinnamon bear, and a dead one at that. Droopy regarded him first with disgust, then with admiration, then with awe.

"I'll be darned!" he muttered.

VIII.

Droopy hastened away to find Tom Morris, and, when he was gone, Dubb asked the messenger from the far-away fort on the Platte how far behind him the others were.

"'Bout two days," answered the man.

"Am they coming by the same trail what you come here by?"

"In course: they ain't no other trail, this time o' the year, when the mountings am all slush-snow."

"Can they come as fast, having her with them, as you come?"

"Don't see what difference she'll make: she ain't no very great shakes in p'int o' size."

"That be so," assented Dubb; "that be so: she am rather small."

"Well, I should say so," growled the man, scornfully; "too—well, too *powerful* small ter make sich a heap o' fuss about."

Dubb was about asking the man to explain himself more fully, but just then Droopy returned with Tom Morris, and the latter was so full of congratulatory expressions that there was no chance for saying anything else. Morris caught hold of both of Dubb's hands and shook them heartily, his face beaming with smiles.

"Well, well," he said, "you were right, after all, Giant Great-Heart. Any man is right who succeeds. So long as we thought your quest hopeless, Droopy and I sort of pitied you. Now that you have succeeded, we think you great. We admire you. Dubb, my boy, we gaze on you with wonder. It is incredible that you were born in Maine: you are worthy of California herself. There must be some mistake: you must be a Californian, or else some California zephyr blew upon you the night you were born. You are as great as Mark Stanley himself will be, by and by. Eh, Droopy?"

Droopy grinned, and shook his head.

"Never'll git me ter call Mark Stanley great," he said. "I shan't furgit the bet, though."

"Now, then," continued Morris, "there is another thing to be taken into consideration. When she gets here, what is to be done with her?"

"Let her settle that for herself," answered Dubb.

"Settle it fur herself!" exclaimed the messenger, in a choking voice, as if a pail of cold water was being poured over him. And then, more slowly, he repeated his exclamatory remark: "Settle it fur herself!"

"Why not?" demanded Morris. "But then," he added, "it is so long since you've seen a female decently treated that there is, I suppose, some excuse for you."

"She settle it fur herself!" again repeated the stranger. "Well, I'll be——" but he did not say what.

"Indigestion," said Tom Morris, jerking his thumb toward the man from the Platte. "It might be a good idea to feed him."

"Hungry?" inquired Droopy.

The stranger nodded.

While he was eating a hearty meal which was hastily prepared for him, he volunteered the information that his name was Bilkins.

"I've heered quar things 'bout Red Mounting afore," he muttered, half aloud and half to himself, "but I never s'posed it was okkerpied by a pack o' cussid idjuts."

Tom Morris, the only one who heard this impious commentary on Red Mountain, answered it by giving Bilkins a very large drink of whiskey, after which he refrained from the further discussion of the miners among whom chance had brought him.

It was generally known in camp that Dubb had interests of some sort over in the Platte country: so the arrival of Bilkins excited but little curiosity or comment. The following morning he started back, along the trail, with Dubb, Droopy, and Tom Morris, to meet those whom he came to herald.

Bilkins, by reason of too much experimenting with a brand of whiskey with whose calibre and penetration he was not familiar, was a little disabled that morning: so the party did not get a very early start.

As they rode along, in single file, Dubb's thoughts were wholly upon Mrs. Stanley. He remembered exactly how she looked, the first time he had ever seen her, back on the eastern verge of the prairies; and he also remembered her agonized face when she was being dragged away from her husband by the Utes. He wondered if she was materially changed, and if she still retained her beauty, which he had always regarded as the sole source of her influence over Mark Stanley. Dubb was not given to speculation or reflection, but this was such an extraordinary occasion that he was, consequently, warmed into something nearer to human enthusiasm than perhaps he had ever been before.

A ride of something less than three hours brought them to the spot where Droopy found Mark Stanley when he was contemplating self-destruction.

"Here he lay," said Droopy, "a-lookin' down inter the cañon, an' figgerin' out how long it 'ould take ter knock 'im inter kindlin'-wood ef he jumped off. I was right glad, then, ter think as how I got along 'ere in time ter pick 'im up while he was all in one piece; but I've been dum sorry about it a good many times sence. Right ag'in' that rock his head was, an' his rifle was by his side. When I fust seen that, I 'lowed as how he was lyin' there ter shoot whosumever comed along; but when I seen his sick face I knowed better, an' gin up the idee."

Dubb glanced at the spot designated by Droopy, but Bilkins prevented the saying of whatever he happened to have in mind, by suddenly setting up a howl, and pointing up the trail, toward the east. Every one looked, and saw three horsemen coming, one of whom seemed to be carrying a bundle in his arms, and not a very large bundle either.

"There they am! that's them!" shouted Bilkins, attempting to hurry his horse forward; but Tom Morris caught the beast by the bit and intercepted Bilkins.

"Them? Who do you mean by them?" he demanded.

"Why, them as you was comin' ter meet."

"Where is she?" asked Dubb.

"That middle feller's got her on his lap."

All hands were excited now.

"Who has he got?" yelled Tom Morris.

"Why, Mark Stanley's baby, you damned fool!" howled Bilkins, breaking away and riding forward.

IX.

Twenty-four hours later, Tom Morris was on his way to San Francisco. It was in the time of the late spring floods, when travelling in the Sierras is so dangerous that no one ventures to undertake unnecessary journeys; and so Red Mountain camp rang with wild conjectures as to the reason of Morris's trip.

He reached San Francisco in much less time than was generally deemed necessary for the accomplishment of the journey, and immediately after his arrival, without pausing for either rest or refreshments, he made two calls,—the first upon the editor of the leading newspaper in California, and the second upon a well-known lawyer, with whom he made an appointment for the following morning, after a brief interview.

The result of the first call was made very clear in the next issue of the newspaper just alluded to, which contained the following story, in the first columns of its first page, after about twenty lines of display-type, which were disposed of in sensational and fantastic head-lines, all of which, with one exception, are best omitted. This one head-line, the first in the motley collection, was "Mark Stanley's Wife;" and the essential points in the story which it led ran thus:

"Of course our readers still remember the fiendish murder of the handsome and gifted daughter of the Hon. Floyd Maydew, and that this dastardly deed was committed by a low-lived villain whose name was Mark Stanley. This Stanley, it will also be remembered, came here from Vermont. We have just gotten hold of new information concerning him which proves that he was always a black-hearted scoundrel. It seems that he was a general Lothario in his native town, where his shocking disregard of morality, and even of decency, involved him in endless scrapes and difficulties. Hundreds of dollars were expended by his parents to extricate him from the toils of the various courts of justice before which his misdeeds were constantly bringing him. It is, perhaps, to this mistaken sense of kindness on the part of his pious and heart-broken parents that Stanley owes, in some degree, his downfall. But why say downfall, when from his very cradle he was always coarse, loud-mouthed, violent, and depraved? He should have been born in California, where law is law, and where the histories of such men as Mark Stanley are only written upon head-stones, in our cemeteries. But to return to our story. Among his various deeds of lawlessness and deviltry, he became entangled with a noble young woman, whose distressed and stricken parents forced Stanley to vindicate their daughter by marriage, at the very muzzle of a shotgun. It was now thought that he would abandon his former debaucheries and settle down into respectable life. But no: he was too wholly lost to decency to make any attempt at mending his ways. No sooner

was he married than he wanted to be unmarried. He did not dare attempt murder then: so he brought his lovely and adoring wife westward,—for a reason which is actually blood-curdling. His purpose was to abandon her among the Indians, which he did at the first possible moment. Once rid of her, he plunged into a life of the most reckless and revolting crime among the mining-camps. This he continued for over two years, when he came here, murdered Miss Maydew, ran off with a million dollars of the Maydew funds, and forged Judge Desborough's name to a document which nearly resulted in the lynching of that venerable and highly-respected citizen. It will be remembered that this forged document was gotten up by Stanley for the sake of prejudicing public opinion into the belief that there was complicity between the Vermont adventurer and the eminent Western judge, in the Maydew tragedy. The immediately ensuing scene in court, where Judge Desborough, with innocent face, streaming eyes, and faltering voice, explained that Stanley had sworn vengeance against him because he had refused to loan Stanley money without security, was one so touching and impressive that nothing can ever eradicate it from the minds of those who were present. Judge Desborough's triumphant vindication was, very likely, the main impetus to his almost unanimous re-election to the Supreme Bench. But again we digress. Stanley's escape is one of the most unaccountable misfortunes in the history of the gold country, and our able and efficient monitors of justice, order, and citizenship believe that he got off by concealing himself in the hold of some outward-bound vessel; which ingenious theory does our efficient detectives great credit, and we have every reason for accepting it. But now for the strangest part of our story. With the same wagon-train which brought Mark Stanley and his wife from the nearest Eastern approach of civilization into the heart of the Indian country, was one John Dubb, a gentleman who formerly was an extensive lumber-operator in the far-away pine forests of Maine. Mr. Dubb is a talented, polished, and educated gentleman, who came West to benefit this great, new, and glorious country with peculiarly clear and advanced political views, which were dishearteningly hampered and fettered by the narrowness and prejudices of Maine. Mr. Dubb is a brilliant and fluent speaker, and those who have been favored with the opportunity of listening to his matchless oratory pronounce him one of the most gifted men in California. Mr. Dubb is very wealthy, and is owner and manager of one of the most promising and productive mines on Red Mountain; and, as every one knows, the Red Mountain mines rank among the best in the country. Mr. Dubb is likely to achieve the same high measure of success in the mines which marked his notable operations in lumber. A gentleman of such great keenness and foresight could not, of course, fail to penetrate Mark Stanley, when they were coming up the plains together; and Mr. Dubb was quick to perceive that Mrs. Stanley was yoked with an inferior and disreputable man. She won not only Mr. Dubb's sympathy, but his warmest personal friendship. Her desertion to the savage Utes was accomplished without its being discovered by Mr. Dubb for a considerable length of time. When he found out how shamefully she had been disposed of

by her brutal husband, Mr. Dubb at once organized a rescue-party, and then was begun the most remarkable search yet recorded in the romantic annals of Western history. For nearly three years did the chivalrous Mr. Dubb seek high and low for Mrs. Stanley; and only a few weeks ago did he and his indefatigable men get a positive clue to her whereabouts. Mrs. Stanley has been found; and she tells a story which would make an angel weep. Despite her beauty, the Indians subjected her to every possible hardship. She was compelled to do the utmost drudgery, and soon her strength gave out completely. She was wholly unconscious that her capture by the Indians was premeditated by her husband, and fully believed that similar disaster overtook him. Four months after her capture, the tribe into which she had been exchanged being near Santa Fé, she made her escape. Sick, discouraged, and worn out, she begged for admittance into a Spanish household, where, about two months later, she gave birth to a daughter. She concealed her identity, giving some other name than Stanley, until a few months ago, when the news of some of her husband's appalling crimes reached her. Then her reserve was broken down, and for a few hours she was the next thing to a raving maniac. Before she regained her self-possession, she said so much that the Spanish family with whom she was living completely made her out, and at once communicated with the military station on the Platte which was the headquarters of the searching-party. But before Mr. Dubb's men could reach Santa Fé, Mrs. Stanley, ascertaining that they were coming, had fled—to this city, so the note which she left behind her stated. In that note she also expressed her profound and heart-felt gratitude to Mr. Dubb for all his generous kindness; and she added that she had suffered so much at the hands of the savage Utes that she had determined never again to use her own name, or show herself where there was any possibility of her being seen by any one who ever before had known her. Of course the whole civilized Western world will sympathize with the cruelly-wronged and injured lady; and these humble lines, we are sure, will reach the eyes of none who would not do Mrs. Stanley any service which she may require, if she ever comes forth from concealment. Since no recent information can be had concerning her child, it is generally believed that that unfortunate little morsel of flesh is now limp and cold in premature death. Or the sorrowing mother may have taken her child away with her. As to this, of course, no one can tell. But we doubt if the history of the Stanley family is anything like all told yet. The recounting of its future details may yet fill great voluminous folios. What will its next phases be? Mark Stanley is yet unchanged, and, though he is generally thought to be in some part of China or Japan, there is, as yet, no definite knowledge of his exact whereabouts. Mrs. Stanley's purpose in coming to San Francisco suggests several theories: superior advantages for concealment, which this city possesses over the little one-horse town of Santa Fé; superior safety for her child, if that diminutive being be still living; and lastly, and most probable, superior possibilities for wreaking vengeance upon Mark Stanley, her unworthy husband and cowardly deserter. It is believed, by some, that the prominence which Stanley

got out of his association with Miss Maydew attracted Mrs. Stanley's brothers here, and that they quietly overtook Mark, immediately after the Maydew murder, and ran a knife between his ribs. We hope this may be so, but we fear it is too good to be true. If it is, and the young men ever come to trial in this State, they will be acquitted on the ground of justifiable homicide. If Mrs. Stanley ever needs friends, there are three upon whom she can count in any emergency: we mean Mr. Dubb, of Red Mountain; Don Hernando Altana, the distinguished Spanish gentleman whose recent investments have so materially benefited California, and who sits beside us now as we write; and, lastly, the editor of this paper. For much of the material of which this report is composed, we are indebted to Mr. Thomas Morris, formerly a Wall Street speculator, but now a prominent and successful citizen of Red Mountain."

How much of the foregoing is directly chargeable to Tom Morris, and how much to the imagination of the energetic editor, cannot be said; but there are abundant reasons for doubting that Morris vouchsafed anything which would have warranted so warped and biassed an account of Mark Stanley's early life; because, secretly, Morris admired Mark Stanley, and said no more against him than he was compelled to. Certainly, too, he would never have made plain, droll Dubb out as such an ideal gentleman and politician. This story of Mark Stanley's wife made a great stir, and caused general surprise; but no one was more surprised by it than Tom Morris, as he read it the morning of its publication while his breakfast was being cooked.

Two hours later, when he called on the lawyer with whom he had made the appointment the day before, he was greeted with considerable warmth.

"You are in some degree responsible for a magnificent sensation," laughed the lawyer.

"So it seems," answered Tom; "but it rather took my breath away, it was so entirely unlike what I thought it would be."

The lawyer laughed heartily.

"Your conservative New York newspapers would have hardly given the matter that sort of treatment," he said.

"I should say not."

"How much of it can be swallowed without chewing?" asked the lawyer.

"The part concerning the finding of Mrs. Stanley, and her flight,—with the exception of that which pertains to the baby. In that I misled him, and it's about the only part of the story which he printed as I told it to him."

"Good!" laughed the lawyer: "of all your truths he made lies, while your one lie he accepted as a fact. You should have lied to him all the way through. A lie, generally, is more successful than the truth. But now about the baby. That is the part of the affair which most deeply concerns me. You say you have it in camp now?"

"Yes. Mrs. Stanley left it in Santa Fé as a gift to Dubb,—or, to be more explicit, as a charge to Dubb. She begs him to take the little creature and make such disposition of it as seems best to him, so long

as it is kept out of Mark Stanley's reach. She never wants her husband to see his daughter, or even to know that he has a daughter. A letter explaining all this was sent to Dubb from the little fort on the Platte. After this letter was sealed, a brief note was also written, and sealed separately, explaining that the child would follow closely after the messenger. Bilkins, the messenger, was a stupid lunk-head, and he lost the letter on the way, and only brought Dubb the somewhat vague note. Of course we thought that the female referred to was Mark's wife. Imagine our surprise, then, when, on going out to meet her, we found that it was Mark's baby instead. She is a sweet little thing, with a rather serious face. Dubb says she resembles her mother."

"How did you manage about her in camp?" asked the lawyer.

"As to whose child she is?"

"Yes."

"Oh, we told them she was Dubb's daughter. Droopy and I thought it the best way. It gives Dubb a better chance to protect her; it will keep the child out of Mark Stanley's clutches; and it will save her a good many heart-aches when she is grown up. We never intend telling her who she really is. Dubb has given her her mother's name, and she is now Mary Dubb,—the prettiest child, with the homeliest name, in all California."

"That was very wise, giving her Dubb's name," said the lawyer: "it will be better, all around. So you don't think Mark's parents would be likely to accept the child?"

"Not from what Dubb says about them."

"And still you desire me to inform them that they can have her if they wish?"

"Dubb thinks that will be best."

"Very good. It shall be done. Dubb, you say, wants his will made, wholly in the child's favor, and at once?"

"Yes."

"But why such haste?"

"As a safeguard against accidents. A miner's life, you know, is always in his hands."

A few days later, little Mary was Dubb's heiress. The answer from Mark's parents was exactly what Dubb had conjectured that it would be. They flatly refused to even discuss the child. They may have been slightly influenced to assume so decisive a front by a frequent perusal of three San Francisco newspapers, all of which had come to them addressed in Mark's handwriting. One contained an explicit account of the murder of Miss Maydew; a second contained the publication of the reward offered for Mark Stanley because of the said murder; and the third paper was the one just quoted, concerning Mrs. Stanley's discovery and flight.

X.

Time is ever a mighty magician, but his craft and cunning were never more strikingly evidenced than they were in California in the fourteen years which followed the events last narrated. San Francisco, in that time, underwent changes which are but inadequately described by the

word remarkable. Commerce and finance were now established upon a basis more secure and substantial than any one would have ever dreamed of fourteen years before. The foundation which was then laid was now a magnificent structure, of unquestionably solid permanence; and the name of California now inspired confidence and respect throughout the country, and was no longer associated with wild-cat speculation and bombastic brag.

A majority of the mining-posts which at that time were rude, disorganized camps were now thrifty and respectable towns; and among these was Red Mountain. It still bore its old name, but it wore a brisk, wholesome, and business-like air. There were many new faces at Red Mountain, though there was still a goodly sprinkling of the "old-timers." In fact, the most of those who had gazed upon Mark Stanley, with wondering eyes, the night when Droopy first brought him into camp, still revelled in the inspiring healthfulness of the Red Mountain climate.

"Nobody never dies on Red Mounting," said a brawny "forty-niner" to a newly-arrived and nervous-looking "tenderfoot," whose clothes fitted him so tightly that he looked as if he had been made for them, and not they for him. "No, sir; nobody never dies here. Why, we had ter kill a man ter start a graveyard."

Dubb was now the leading man of that region. His mine, the nest-egg of which had been Mark Stanley's abandoned claim, had been a thorough success, and its resources were still a long way from exhaustion. He made Tom Morris his business manager, and Droopy his superintendent, about two years after his arrival at Red Mountain, or when he had found it necessary to go into mining on an extensive scale. The twelve years which followed, which brings matters up to the period under present discussion, made Dubb one of the richest men in the West; and, for all his prosperity, he was still, as of old, unassuming, unconcerned, and quiet.

Political and social honors were offered him, but he always kept in the background. The fourteen years which had passed since prosperity first smiled on him changed Dubb in but one thing: he gradually grew out of the twisted grammar of the Maine woods, and picked up, a bit at a time, the quite as picturesque vernacular of the mining-camps in its stead. None of his other habits underwent evolution. He still trimmed his beard with shears, and he still wore coarse, ill-fitting clothes.

Now that over him were thrown the spell and glamour of great riches, people seemed to see him with more kindly eyes than formerly, and his peculiar demeanor, which used to afford so much merriment was now spoken of as fitting and becoming dignity. Others went so far as to dilate upon his fine personal appearance,—the same ones, too, who had found him so comical and grotesque when he was poor.

There were several barbers at Red Mountain, and their influence was plainly perceptible in the closely-cropped hair and neatly-trimmed beard of Tom Morris; but the only effect of these tonsorial gentlemen upon Droopy was in the suspicious odor of perfumed bear's-grease which was exhaled from his hair and beard, and in the latter's unmiti-

gated smoothness. His beard, so he said, had never been introduced to either shears or razor since he first set foot in California, and he wore his hair low down upon his shoulders. Now that he could afford it, he wore broadcloth,—and a great deal too much of it. His extravagant attire—extravagant, at least, for a mine-superintendent—was startlingly emphasized by an immense diamond which he wore in the front of his “boiled shirt,” that chief derision of old mining-days. But, still, Droopy commanded respect: he was far too important a personage to be treated with anything short of respect. Tom Morris, equally potent and powerful in Red Mountain affairs, dressed with becoming taste and neatness. When the two were together, Droopy’s magnificence was made all the more garish by Tom Morris’s simplicity. Both men were well preserved, and Droopy’s face still retained the grooves and serrations of old, and his eyelids still hung down in the same lop-sided way,—the way which had made Mark Stanley shudder when he and Droopy first met.

Dubb and Dubb’s mine were Droopy’s joy and pride; he talked of nothing else, and thought of nothing else,—excepting his diamond. Tom Morris also set great store by Dubb’s mine, but he was much more interested in Dubb’s charge, Mark Stanley’s daughter,—Mary Dubb, as she was now known.

Dubb had judiciously intrusted the education of Mary to Tom Morris; and Tom’s influence over her had never been anything else than good. He found her earnest, intelligent, and eager; and so her education was a matter of mutual enjoyment to both teacher and pupil. Morris was a college-bred man, but he had long since decided that ornate flourishes in the training of youth were entirely superfluous: so his aim was to give Mary a practical education, with no more of the ornamental than her tastes might demand when she was old enough to comprehend that indefinite quantity which is commonly described as a higher education.

Consequently, when she was seventeen, Mary was thoroughly prepared for such of the exigencies of life as she was likely to encounter.

Partly from inherent tastes, and partly from the influence of Morris, Mary became an omnivorous reader. Dubb, always ready to get whatever Mary wanted or needed, had obtained for her such books as Tom Morris suggested, until she was possessed of a fine collection. This little library—or “lyburry,” as Droopy called it—was one of the chief delights of Red Mountain while it was still a rough camp; and it furnished the admiring miners almost as much food for conversation as little Mary herself.

Mary, unconsciously, exerted a powerful influence over the Red Mountain miners. At her approach, even when she was a wee, prattling child, a damper was put upon ribald or blasphemous talk; and the mention of her name had a similar effect.

“She am a angel,” Droopy had declared, soon after her arrival at Red Mountain; and, though the somewhat extravagant characterization was not generally accepted, she was quite as heartily respected, by the other miners, as a woman. Presents of every description, from toy cats to six-shooters, were unstintingly rained upon her, and before she

was ten years old she had a collection of personal effects which, for miscellaneous character, unquestionably rivalled the belongings of any child in any other country under the sun.

Morris gave more of his time to Mary than he gave to the management of the mine, though the latter certainly was not slighted; and the effects of the association were, in every respect, desirable and happy. He was a susceptible man,—that is, susceptible in its best sense,—and from the time she was a toddling babe she had been steadily creeping into his heart, until, long before she was seventeen, she filled a daughter's place there, and had completely won him from the hideous appetite for whiskey which had ruined him in the East and had sent him to California but little better than an outcast and a confirmed drunkard, despised even by his once admiring family.

She, too, was nearly as fond of him as she was of Dubb, and she generally called him "Father Tom." He gradually smoothed out the antagonistic elements in her nature, which she inherited from her parents, and taught her to be governed by reason rather than by impulse.

Of Droopy she was also fond, while he fairly idolized her. When he was very young, he was, for a time, cabin-boy on a ship called the "Queen Mary." It was the most distinguished title in his narrow range of distinguished things, and he applied it to Mark Stanley's child almost from the first moment he saw her. Could she have penetrated his inmost being, she never would have recognized the extravagantly magnified image which filled his microscopic heart as in any way associated with herself. When she first came to Red Mountain, being less than three years old, her capabilities for pronunciation were somewhat limited, and she could not twist her tongue sufficiently to fetch out the name Droopy. Finally, after continuous wrestlings with the elusive sounds, she hit upon the combination "Uncle Daddy," which she straightway applied to the delighted Droopy, who in after-years begged her never to relinquish it for his more conventional appellation.

With Dubb—well, with him she was simply absolute empress. He only lived, breathed, worked for her. He loved her with that undivided, unselfish love which glorifies rather than abases, and which is the rarest thing on earth. He was her unexpostulating slave, her genii of the lamp, who, at her will, would grant whatever she wished. The color in his great deep-blue eyes always darkened a little whenever she came near him; and his quiet, subdued voice was always gentler and tenderer than common when he spoke to her. Still, he never smiled; perhaps because some chance glimpse which he had had at himself in some unkind mirror had forced him to realize how ghastly a thing a smile would be upon his homely face: whatever it was, his face was always as grave and solemn as if upon him had been laid the depressing burden of all the sorrows of the world. Mary loved him as intensely as he loved her, but, except in point of degree, there was no similarity between them in the matter of loving. She loved him as a daughter always loves her father: but his love for her seemed to have no consideration of earth or relationship in it. Though she felt its force,

Mary could neither analyze nor comprehend it. She saw but one explanation of it.

"I must be like my mother," she thought; "and how much he must have loved her!"

Tom Morris understood it better, and Dubb's love for Mary often made his eyes moist and his face luminous. To him it was the most beautiful thing which life held.

"Dear, grand old Dubb," he thought: "he loves her with the highest and noblest love I ever heard of. It is stronger than the love between husband and wife, because in it there is no consideration of reward or passion. And it is stronger than the love between parents and children, because in it there is no pride of offspring, and no sense of duty or possession. It is absolutely free, dispassionate, indestructible. She could rise to no height which would make it more; she could fall to no depth which would make it less. I have never understood Dubb before, but I understand him now. He proves to me that the theory of the transmigration of souls is no idle fancy. Dubb was a prince, a god, in his former state; and now he is grave, silent, reserved, because his splendid spirit is, this time, encumbered with the awkward natural habiliments of a clown. How fortunate for Mary that she fell into the hands of Dubb! And how sad it will be for him, by and by, when some other man leads her away as his wife! But no one will see the slightest outward sign of this in Dubb. Like everything else, it will be something which Mary wants, and so Mary will have it. It is only natural, though: great joy is ever built upon the disrupted dust of great anguish. Ah, God! what a sad thing life is!"

Tom's ruminations were often pitched in this key, but he never gave them utterance. Since Dubb never talked about himself, there was no way of ascertaining upon just what principle, or set of principles, he based his conduct of life; but there is no doubt that his philosophy contained but few elements, and very simple elements at that. In mining vernacular it would have been, "We allus gits a squar' deal frum Dubb." One of Tom's ideas, at least, was right,—pronouncedly right: Mary could not possibly have fallen into better hands.

With these three men, Dubb, Morris, and Droopy, Mary was imperial despot. She had only to speak, and either or all of them would hasten to do her bidding. The facilities for spoiling her were undeniably first-class; yet Mary came a long way from being spoiled. She had her faults, to be sure, but they were thoroughly womanly faults,—which made them as charming as virtues.

Perhaps the progress of woman from infancy to maturity was never before as it was in this case.

For five years she had been the only female thing in camp; and the first lot of women who came there were not of a kind calculated to be of assistance in her moral training. When these were displaced by better ones, Mary's character was already formed, and she no longer had any actual need of woman's society.

Though so much of her life had been lived among men, Mary was not in the least masculine, either in thought or in manner. From the very first, Morris had appreciated the fact that his was a delicate and

responsible position. He was decidedly a man of ideas and strong prejudices,—of crotchets, he sometimes feared,—and he experienced the utmost difficulty in refraining from engrafting the same views of life upon her. He dealt honestly by his charge, though, and only brought out her traits and tastes instead. Eagerly and earnestly he sought for all her feminine instincts; and he managed these so deftly and discreetly that she not only grew into a decided woman, but into an unusually original woman.

She was, also, a pretty woman. Growing up, as she did, in the wholesome, bracing atmosphere of Red Mountain, she was very unlike what she would have been had her womanly graces unfolded themselves in Vermont, her mother's home. In form, Mary was round and plump, while her mother had been a woman of extreme slenderness. She had, too, the brown eyes of her father, instead of the blue eyes of her mother. Her mother's face had been thin and pale, with only the faintest tinge of pink in her cheeks; but Mary's face was full, and it was rosy with the pleasing glow of perfect health. In one particular only was she exactly like her mother: both were favored with long, luxuriant, curling brown hair. Beyond her eyes, which were exactly like his, there was scarcely a trace of Mark Stanley about her; and the vast difference in the climate between the widely-separated sections of country where she and her mother were reared made her so unlike even her maternal parent that no one could have possibly traced or guessed out her parentage. Dubb was glad of this, it made the matter of protecting her from any possible sinister scheme of Mark so much easier.

"Seventeen year old," he said to Tom Morris; "am it possible? Why, her mother wa'n't much older nor that when I first seen her, a-comin' up the plains with Mark. She am a mighty sight prettier, too, nor her mother, our little Mary is. I think she am the prettiest woman I ever seen."

"You are right," assented Tom; "you are nearly always right. So far as I know, you never made but one mistake in your life, and that was when you accepted Mary as a daughter. I thought that it was right then, and I heartily advised it; but I have been sorry, for many a year, that I did not oppose you with all my might: maybe it would have made a difference with things, and maybe it wouldn't. Anyhow, I would feel better if I had entered my protest. As it is, you have made an unselfish sacrifice of your life for the sake of two women, neither of whom, as things now are, can ever reward you as you deserve. Mark Stanley has, by his baseness and selfishness, wrested from you a service for his family which is greater than man has a right to accept from man; and now I hate him for it, though I was once fool enough to admire him. It would be all right, though, and I would be contented, if you were not, now, in a false position, which makes it impossible for you to make Mary what she should be,—not your adopted daughter, but your wife."

Tom had delivered himself of this speech in Dubb's plain, unpretentious little office, where he and Dubb had been making up accounts. While Tom was speaking, Dubb was carelessly fumbling some papers, which employment he continued for several seconds after Tom's last

word had been said. His face underwent no change, and when he answered Tom his voice was as firm and even as ever :

"It ain't to be supposed, Tom, that men what didn't have the same kind of a start in life can allus see things alike. Two different ways, mebbe, am both right ways. What you says is your way, an' so it am all right. It ain't my way, though my way am right too. Mary am all right, an' so am I. She am seventeen, as I said afore ; a year younger nor the mine. That ole mine have let out a pile o' money, Tom ; an' I don't b'lieve she have quit the business yet."

Tom Morris never made reference to the subject again, though he admired Dubb more than ever.

XI.

Mark Stanley, under the protecting name of Don Hernando Altana, had nearly doubled his million of dollars in these fourteen years. He was a banker, and a member of several mining companies. In one of these he was associated with Mr. Maydew, who had managed to outgrow his grief for his lost daughter ; and in another company Mark had Judge Desborough for a partner. He had been cool, resolute, bold, but never reckless ; and all of his plans had worked just as he had wished them to. He was prosperous ; he was popular ; he was rich. What he had achieved vindicated him, he felt,—even justified him,—in forsaking the piety of youth for the impiety of his riper years.

"How else could I have got on ?" he often asked himself. "Truly enough, Dubb got on, and he has made more money than I have ; but he started out in such a slow, prosy way. I never could have stood it ; I haven't the patience for it. Not for the world would I change places with him, though he has made every penny of his great wealth—far greater wealth than mine—by the sheerest honesty, while the mass of mine has come of the damndest rascality on record. It is, though, something worth living for to be a successful rascal, when all the world calls it impossible. I am prouder of it, too, than Dubb is of his honesty,—in this almighty law-abiding country, too, where legality, virtue, and uprightness are prated about until it makes one sick at the stomach. Talk about no one but an honest man being able to sleep ! Ye gods ! I'd like to see the man, woman, or child who sleeps sounder, or easier, than I do. I can eat, sleep, drink, make money, and enjoy myself generally. Who could ask for anything more than I have now ? No one but a fool. Peace of mind ? No one has it altogether : I have it as completely as any one. Why shouldn't I ? It is an outcome of satisfaction, and I am thoroughly satisfied with my lot. Nothing could induce me to have it otherwise. The million I cabbaged has done me more good than it would have done Maydew ; and he is better off without his daughter, just as I am better off without my wife. Women hamper one. You always expect that they are going to be one thing, and then they always turn out something else. They are so damned disappointing. Maydew has been more of a man, ever since I cut that girl's throat, than he ever was before in his life. He was eternally grunting, and was getting absolutely helpless. Since then, he has helped himself and has more than made that million back again,—a thing he

never would have done with her alive; and it's so degrading and emasculate to have a woman make money for you. What a failure I would have been with that woman always hanging on me! yes, yes, the Indians did me an almighty good turn when they ridded me of my wife. I wonder where she is now? I suppose that my mother, my religion-coated, religion-dispensing, Boston-born mother, would say in hell,—to which tropical clime she used to relegate every one who didn't walk in the track which she mapped out for them. How those fond parents of mine must enjoy the newspapers I occasionally send them, when I am being discussed as Mark Stanley! I wonder if they don't think I've done the family name great credit? I wonder if they don't think I've profited by my early Christian training? Ha! ha! ha!"

Mark lived in an elegant suite of rooms in the finest hotel in San Francisco, and was counted one of the shrewdest financiers in the State. His opinions were constantly being sought, and his advice was constantly being followed.

"Would this be so," he would say to himself, "if I was such a fool as my father used to try to make me out? Could a fool have gotten out of that Maydew affair as I did, and then kept out of the reach of suspicion and the law, ever since? No, no, John Stanley; your son was no fool; but he would have been made into a most thorough and genuine fool had he stayed very much longer with John and Mrs. John Stanley. Lord, what a pity it is that there isn't some way by which she can manage to get her name first!"

Among his other accomplishments, Mark was an expert gambler. Cards, dice, billiards, he mastered them all, and they all contributed to his coffers. The fast life he lived, and the exposure to which he constantly subjected himself, soon took the natural sandiness out of his hair and skin, leaving the first gray, and the second sufficiently dark, so that for several years he had been relieved of the unpleasant necessity of using dyes or stains on his skin. Now that this nuisance was abated, he was so thoroughly satisfied with himself that he had but one ungratified wish. As much as he railed against women, he had, for years, felt the need of some one woman to whom he could turn for companionship and sympathy. But the sort of woman he wanted he could not find. Sometimes he doubted if he ever would find such a one; and it was the sole regret of his life.

XII.

Mary was born on the first day of May; and on the seventeenth anniversary of her birth, Tom Morris's three daughters, and their brother Walter, a young man of twenty-five, made their first appearance at Red Mountain.

The Morris family had been detained *en route*, and did not reach the brisk little mining-town, where Tom had so long awaited them, until five days after they were due. Tom had not seen his children for nearly twenty years; and when he came away from the East they were scarcely more than babes. In the intervening time he had received

many photographs of them, and had been able to judge something of their respective characters from the letters they had sent him; yet his daughters were a disappointment to him. They were pretty, and gentle, and all that; but they seemed so dependent and superficial,—so incapable of thinking and acting for themselves,—in fact, so wholly unlike Mary. His beloved pupil was so capable and self-reliant that for the last year, without knowing why, the conviction had grown upon him that his daughters would be something the same. Now that they were not, he felt, for a moment, some of Mark Stanley's bitterness, and more than half believed that the Fates had dealt unfairly with him.

With his son, Tom Morris was better pleased. Walter was a fine specimen of physical manhood, and was inclined to studiousness. His slightly-stooping shoulders, and pale, grave face, gave one the impression that he had spent too much of his time over his books.

"Ye'll git a tech o' stronger color nor that, bimeby," was Droopy's greeting. "This 'ere ole Californy am better nor liver pills an' arsenick ter take that air bleachy look outen a man's hide."

As Walter regarded the gay old miner closely, he thought that if California ever made his face like Droopy's he would certainly resort to arsenic as a relief, even from existence. But he only smiled cordially on Droopy, and said,—

"I hope that you are right."

When the stage which brought Walter Morris and his sisters arrived at Red Mountain, the whole place was enthusiastic over the celebration of Mary's birthday,—a feast-day in the Red Mountain calendar which the miners never forgot to observe. The festivities were at their height when Walter Morris stepped down from the stage; and one of his elegant and fastidious sisters covered her ears with her hands to shut out the "horrid noise" made by the brass band which the miners had imported from San Francisco, at "great expense," to "put the punctuation-marks in the programme," as the local newspaper expressed it.

"What a magnificent woman, and what an outlandish man!" was Walter's first remark when he saw Dubb and Mary, where they were viewing the merrymakers, from the hotel balcony.

"Hush," cautioned Tom, "or she will hear you: she has ears like a cat. That is my benefactor and his daughter."

An exclamation of surprise, almost of horror, burst from Walter's lips.

"It can't be possible!" he cried. "So lovely a woman the daughter of so ugly a man! And you say she is only seventeen? To what a tremendous extent do incongruities run in this new country of yours! Tell me, father, have you many more such abnormalities as this ill-matched father and daughter?"

Droopy, who had for a moment been speaking with some one else, turned his attention to Walter again, in time to catch the word "abnormalities."

"You bet," he responded, heartily; "you bet. We raises 'em here by the hundred-acre lot, an' we digs 'em outen the groun' in dead loads."

Walter laughed, and Tom was relieved to find that Droopy had not discovered that Dubb and Mary were being discussed. Tom was nettled by his son's criticism of Dubb. To be sure, he himself had never considered Dubb a beauty, but it was painful to hear his hero discussed in that fashion, even by Walter. It made Tom feel, all at once, that the old order of things had been unpleasantly broken in upon. The presence of his children would interrupt, to a greater or less extent,—and probably the former,—the harmonious relations which for so long had existed between himself and Dubb and Mary. His son and daughters would never regard his two friends as he did: all four would ridicule Dubb, and the girls, at least, would be jealous of Mary. He was sorry that he had not either left his family in the East very much longer, or brought them westward before their methods of life were fixed. And then another unhappy thought flashed over him: he was allowing Mary to displace his children, his own flesh and blood, in his affections. Was it right? In less than a second he clinched his fists, and gritted his teeth over a smothered oath. Mary was worth it, anyhow, right or wrong; and he could not change what already was, nor would he if he could.

His line of thought was suddenly interrupted by Dubb, who had stepped forward, with Mary, to greet the newly-arrived members of the Morris family. Droopy touched Tom on the shoulder.

"Straighten up, pard," he whispered: "here am Dubb an' Queen Mary."

Tom introduced Dubb and Mary to his children, and observed, with more or less disgust, that his daughters were disposed to look upon Mary with that degree of condescension which is so little removed from contempt, and mainly, too, because of the somewhat unconventional way in which she was dressed. Though this made Tom's cheeks burn with resentment, he was, from one stand-point, glad of it: it distracted the attention of the three young women from certain peculiarities about the person of Dubb which they might have regarded with even more open contempt than they did the dress of Mary.

At his first glimpse of Mary, Walter had been impressed as no woman had ever impressed him before. This was partly because of her beauty; but even more than by that was he impressed with the certainty that she was a woman who did her own thinking,—something which Walter Morris had been led to believe was the rarest of all phenomena—in young women.

"Your father is one of my best friends, Mr. Morris," said Mary, offering him her hand, with a smile, when they were introduced: "partly for his sake, and just a little for your own sake, I am glad to meet you."

"Thank you," he answered, bending low over her hand: "the pleasantness of your welcome is worth the long journey here, even if there were no other recompense. My father's letters have fully acquainted me with your relations with him; and I am sure that neither you nor he can ever have better friends than each other."

"What you say," she responded, laughingly, "is certainly an estimable compliment to me, but I am afraid that it is rather a doubtful

one to your father." And then, turning from him, she kissed each of his sisters. "This may not be the Eastern way," she said; "in fact, I am pretty sure that it is not; but I cannot be formal with the daughters of a man whom I owe so much as I do your father; and in my father's name, and also in my own, I bid you welcome to Red Mountain."

"Hooray! That's the stuff!" shouted the admiring Droopy; and the by-standers, impressed with the idea that there was something to "hooray" about, proceeded to "hooray" with lusty vehemence.

"Oh, what a dreadful place!" exclaimed Miss Millicent Morris, the elder of the three sisters, and the one whose sensitive nerves had been so cruelly shocked by the brass band. "I am sure that we shall all be killed here."

"I reckon not," said the consoling Droopy: "we never kills nothin' but hoss-thieves in this country."

Mary could scarcely repress a smile, but she slipped a hand through one of the arms of Millicent Morris, and gently impelled her toward the hotel, signing for Morris to follow with the others.

"You are tired, dear," she said, "and all this is new to you. You will feel better after you rest and get acquainted with us. Come into the hotel."

Millicent looked up at the building they were about entering.

"A wooden hotel!" she gasped.

"Yes," interposed Droopy: "out here we on'y makes *jails* out o' stun."

XIII.

The next morning, at an unusually early hour for him, Droopy appeared at Dubb's office. His bulky figure was more than ordinarily erect, which made his sleek but capacious broadcloths look as if a reef had been taken in them; while his diamond seemed to emit a brighter radiance than ever before. Some of the creases appeared to have vanished from his face, and the innermost depths of the others wore a less darkling aspect. Certain scents and hirsute regularities made it evident that he had had recent contact with a barber, and the immaculate spotlessness of his shirt-bosom was only secondary to the immaculate complacency of his smile.

"What a gay-looking old cock you are, this morning!" said Tom Morris, who was alone in the office; and an irrepressible grin illuminated his face as he spoke. "What's the matter with you?"

"I'm in love," answered Droopy, thrusting his hands into his trousers-pockets, and strutting up and down the office with comical pomposity.

Tom laughed uproariously, and slapped his thigh.

"Why, Droopy," he cried, "you've got things a little mixed, haven't you? I thought that when a man was in love he was always solemn and downcast, and that he put all his clothes on in the wrong way, and forget his toilet altogether."

"That's an' Eastern idee," retorted Droopy, "an' a wrong one, like 'most all Eastern ideas. No, sir; I ain't got things mixed at all;

nary a mix. Why, when a man's in love—a real genooine man, I mean—he gits slicker nor a painter; an' as fur downcast,—pooh, he feels as rizzy as ef he'd took a can o' yeast."

"Who is the happy woman?" asked Tom.

"She ain't happy. Nothin' happy about her. She am the most mizzable woman on all Red Mounting," groaned Droopy, with assumed compassion.

"Oh, then it's an act of charity?"

"You bet; an' charity don't 'mount ter nothin' when yer blows about it, an' so I can't tell ye her name jest yet."

Just then Dubb came in, and Droopy laid one finger across his lips, as if what he had just said was a state secret.

"So that is the way the cat is going to jump," thought Tom: "Droopy is in love with Mary. But why under the sun does he call her miserable? There was never a happier, more contented woman on earth. What an ass, and what a presumptuous ass, he is, to be sure!"

About the middle of the forenoon, Tom left the office and went to the hotel to look after his family. When he was gone, Droopy indulged in the familiarity of slapping Dubb across the shoulders.

"Say, pard, I'm in fur it," he exclaimed.

"What am you in fur?" asked Dubb.

"Love; mattermony; home without a mother; my own vinin' fig-tree, an' all sich."

Dubb knew that Droopy would come down to his actual meaning quicker if no answer was made him, and so he busied himself with his papers in silence and in seeming forgetfulness.

"Say, pard," broke out Droopy, at last, "you seen Tom's gals yis-turday, didn't ye?"

"Yes."

"Wa'n't that air Millercent jest stunnin'?"

"She am a pretty woman, Droopy."

"'Tain't that I means, pard; I ain't took with her poottiness; but that sorter wilted look an' wilted way o' hern,—like as ef she wor frost-bitten an' then sot out in the sun. It went all over me like a streak o' gin an' merlasses; an' I kinder wanted ter cuddle 'er up an' soothe 'er. Feared of a brass ban'! took sick when she seen a wooden hotel! Oh, Lordy! I don't wonder they has sich ornery men in the East, ef they raises 'em frum that kind o' wimmin! She am so kinder bleached an' buttermilky, she looks as ef she'd been run through one o' them air machines what they uses ter suck the ile outen nutmegs. They ain't much woman 'bout her; an' yet I'm awfully took with her: I s'pose it's all 'cause I'm so dum sorry fur 'er. Lordy, they is more woman, such as a man wants, ter the nail on one o' Mary's leetlest toes nor they is to the hull o' Millercent. Lookin' at Millercent makes me think that they must git wimmin frum some furrin country, an' that she ain't no woman at all, but jest the empty case what some woman comed in. I'm goin' ter marry her, though, an' then I can keep off the brass ban's an' things."

Dubb took the matter very gravely. He never saw anything to laugh at in anything.

"But you see, Droopy," he responded, "she am not our kind."

"Not our kind! Ain't Tom Morris our kind? an' ain't she his gal?" demanded Droopy, firing up.

"Tom am our kind only because he choosed ter make himself so. He wasn't allus so."

"Neither wor we," expostulated Droopy; "neither wor we allus so. We am all what we am 'cause we choosed to be so."

"In course, Droopy; in course Tom feels that way; but this am a question o' Tom's gals. Am they likely ter feel that way?"

"I don't give a damn," growled Droopy; "I'm goin' ter marry Millercent, anyhow."

"Don't you think Millicent's father will have something to say about that?" asked Mary, coming in unobserved, and pulling Droopy's hair.

Droopy faced about, got very red, and then stammered out the opinion that he had no doubt but that Tom would be glad to get rid of her.

Mary was not much given to sarcasm, but she could not resist asking Droopy if it was not a little inconsistent for him to expect Tom to set such slight value upon what he himself assumed to value so highly. Before Droopy could answer, before Mary had finished speaking, in fact, she caught sight of a package which was labelled "Letters to John Dubb, from Mrs. Mark Stanley."

"Who is Mrs. Mark Stanley?" she asked, carelessly, slightly impressed with the name.

Dubb, as usual, was calm and unruffled; but upon Droopy the effect of the question was frightful. He started as if confronted with a ghost.

"Don't you know? She was your——" and then he clapped his hand over his mouth in time to keep back the word "mother," which so nearly escaped his lips. "Oh, God!" he exclaimed, a moment later; "what a fool I am!"

Dubb and Droopy exchanged glances. Mary regarded them with the most intense interest and surprise. Stepping forward, she placed one hand on Dubb's downcast face, lifted it up, and turned it toward her.

"What is it, papa? What does it all mean? Is it anything which concerns me?" she asked.

"It seems to consarn Droopy, mostly," answered Dubb, evasively: "mebbe you better go up ter the hotel, Mary, an' see Tom's gals. He jest went up."

Without another word, Mary left the office. She met Tom Morris in the hotel corridor, and walked straight up to him, with a very pale face.

"Why, Mary, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Was my mother's name Stanley?" she demanded, looking him squarely in the eyes.

Her unexpected question took Tom completely off his guard, and his face betrayed his great surprise. In a moment he recovered himself, and said,—

"A woman named Stanley was connected with your childhood; but you must trust us, and not ask for an explanation which cannot yet be made."

He did not know how much she had discovered, and so did not know how else to answer her. Bursting into tears, she flung herself into his arms, just as Walter Morris appeared.

"So this is the lay of the land," muttered Walter, retreating unperceived. "In love, are they?"

XIV.

All through the week which followed the arrival of the younger members of the Morris family, three individual members of the Red Mountain fraternity were miserable, because of three very erroneous impressions.

Droopy's remarks to Tom Morris about being in love, and the mysterious air which he assumed on the appearance of Dubb, led Morris into believing that the imaginative, emotional, and erratic Droopy had suddenly fallen in love with Mary and had conceived the notion of suing for her hand. This made Tom absolutely wretched. The idea was thoroughly abhorrent to him, and he both pitied and despised Droopy for entertaining such thoughts.

Walter Morris, seeing the weeping Mary in the arms of his father, was convinced that there was a warmer feeling than friendship between them.

"Disgraceful!" he muttered to himself, over and over again; "he an old man and she only a young girl. Of course there is more admirable womanhood about her than there is about any other woman of twice her age whom I ever saw; but, then, that don't change her age. Why, my youngest sister is at least three years older than Mary Dubb. On his own account I don't blame him; she is lovely enough to turn any man's head; but he might have some deference for the feelings of his children. And it's awful for a man of his age to think of marrying a girl so young."

This last objection was probably the strongest with Walter: he was half fascinated with Mary himself. The thought that she might marry his father was the supremest torture to him; and as the days advanced, and the end of his first week at Red Mountain drew near, he got nearly beside himself because of his father's supposed intentions.

Mary had, perhaps, more reason than the others for her distress, though she, too, read the symbols wrongly. Until the morning when she saw the package of letters on Dubb's desk, she had never heard the names of her father and mother mentioned. She was only interested, at the time she asked her unhappy question, because the name, Mrs. Mark Stanley, struck her as one which was somewhat unusual. Excepting that she had seen it in books, Stanley was wholly a new name to her. She had asked the question out of the merest curiosity, and had no answer been made her, she would never have given Mrs. Mark Stanley a second thought. But the excitement and consternation of Droopy, and his bewildering words, led her to think that the unknown

Mrs. Stanley was in some painful way connected with herself. Dubb's evasiveness and Morris's non-committal air combined to strengthen her impression. The truth would have been far less cruel to Mary than the theories which she formulated out of the possibilities in the case. She did not jump at any rash conclusion: she was not that kind of a woman. She looked at the matter from the several points of view which presented themselves to her; but she was thoroughly misled by one thing, which hindered her from guessing the truth, even had there been no other obstacle in her way: she never once doubted that she was the daughter of John Dubb. After weighing the matter carefully, according to the limited light which she had, this demure philosopher of seventeen abandoned a score of seemingly improbable theories, which had suggested themselves to her, for one which she deemed most natural and likely. She decided that her father must have always been rich, and that her mother had married him for his money, and then, tiring of her plain, homely husband, had forsaken him for some finer, handsomer man, who was named Mark Stanley. Divorces she knew were granted for very slight pretexts in those days, and she cleared her mother of the suspicion of adultery by supposing that the divorce conveniences were taken advantage of before Mrs. John Dubb became Mrs. Mark Stanley.

"Poor papa!" she moaned; "how he must have suffered! That is why he never smiles, like other men. I wonder that he does not hate me, instead of loving me so. How I must have hurt him when I asked him who Mrs. Mark Stanley was!"

And Mary suffered the keenest torture at the hands of this unsavory phantom of her own conjurement.

These three impressions, all accepted of the Fates on one day, and all cherished for a week, in the most uncomfortable fashion, were, by some strange caprice of the Fates, all dispelled on another day,—almost simultaneously, in fact.

Mary was sitting by herself near the useless shaft of a deserted mine. It was a spot both lonely and picturesque; and of late, made melancholy by her depressing and unwholesome fancy, she had taken to strolling to it two or three times a day. A heap of discarded mining-paraphernalia and other rubbish protected her from passers-by on one hand, and a scrubby clump of stunted spruces shut out profane eyes in every other direction. It was not, either, a place where she was likely to be troubled with any one, because the abandoned shaft bore the name of being haunted.

It was late in the afternoon, and the warm air of mid-day was already giving place to the sharp chilliness which, even in warm weather, came at that altitude with twilight. She was just conscious of the change, and was about arising to go home, when she heard the sound of approaching voices: a moment later, she recognized them. It was Walter Morris and the hotel-keeper; the latter was showing his guest the "sights" in and about the little town.

"So this is the haunted shaft?" queried Walter.

"Yes: this is the spot where Bilkins is said to have been killed. He came here to bring a message to Mr. Dubb concerning Mark

Stanley's wife, when the Indians were supposed to hold her captive. Well, this poor fool of a Bilkins got wild about the camp, and came back here to make his fortune. He struck good deposits here, and would have got rich if some one from the Platte forks, who owed him a grudge, hadn't come along and killed him."

"I don't remember anything about Bilkins," said Walter, "but I can repeat, almost word for word, the contents of some of my father's letters about Mark Stanley. Let me see: Stanley and his wife came West with the same wagon-train with which Dubb came. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"And Stanley left his wife to the tender mercies of the Indians."

"Correct."

"And Dubb, purely for humanity's sake, and out of the kindness of his heart, undertook to rescue Mrs. Stanley."

"Exactly," said the hotel-man. "Why, Mr. Morris, you have an admirable memory."

"Hold on," laughed Walter: "you compliment me much too soon. My memory has already given out. I don't know what became of Mrs. Stanley."

"Neither does any one else, Mr. Morris: it's no case of bad memory at all. As soon as Mr. Dubb got a clue as to where she was, she skipped out,—on account of some fanciful notion she had about the mauling she got from the Indians, you know. Mr. Dubb was never able to find her again, though they say he gets letters from her sometimes."

"Why don't he run her down, and marry her?" demanded Walter.

"There are two good reasons for that, sir. One of 'em is that no one knows whether Mark Stanley is dead or alive; and, then, those who are supposed to know say that Mr. Dubb still tenderly cherishes the memory of his last wife. She died in the East, and Miss Mary was sent here, to him, before she was three years old."

By this time the men were out of hearing; but Mary had heard enough to lift the aching burden off her heart. First the tears came into her eyes, then she smiled, and then she laughed,—long and heartily.

"How silly I have been!" she murmured, while her cheeks got twice as red as they normally were. "How could I have worked myself into such a stew? What a nasty thing an imagination is! I never will exercise mine again."

And, still laughing at intervals, she hurried away home.

She was flying about the house, singing like a bird, when Tom Morris suddenly came in.

"Well, little girl," he said, "this is really refreshing. It's a long while since I've heard you sing like that before. What has come over you? Has Droopy proposed?"

"Droopy? Uncle Daddy propose to me? Why, Father Tom, you are going mad."

"No, I'm not. The silly old fellow is in love."

"Yes, I know it."

"And you are his gentle goddess."

"No, no, no; you were never so mistaken in all your life. It's not me at all; it's—oh, how can I tell you? You'll surely be angry."

"No, Mary: go on."

"It's the most absurd thing I ever heard of. He's in love with—
with Millicent."

For a moment there was a shadow on Tom's face, and then, sitting back in his chair, he laughed with all his might. Mary joined him, and the two kept at it till exhaustion stopped them.

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Tom; "if I could only hear and see how he'd manage proposing to her!" And then he and Mary took fresh courage, and laughed again.

"Shall you consent?" asked Mary, when she could get breath enough to speak.

"Consent? Certainly: it's the best way of settling him. Why, with all her high-flown notions, she'd scalp him if he ever hinted it to her." And then Tom tried to laugh again, but failed from sheer lack of energy.

"Oh, Father Tom," she broke out, all at once, "I overheard some men talking, to-day, and found out that Mrs. Mary Stanley was merely a woman to whom papa was once very kind, and not his wife at all, as I imagined."

"Certainly she wasn't his wife," answered Tom, delighted to find her suspicions set at ease. "It is too bad you got nervous about it."

"It don't matter in the least now; and you can be sure I shan't be such a goose again."

"One funny consequence of your notion about Mrs. Stanley is that Walter saw you in my arms, that day, and thought we were making love to each other."

"You and I, Father Tom?"

"Yes; but don't let it distress you."

"It don't; it's almost as comical as Droopy's love-dream. Really, your son ought to be ashamed of himself."

Walter was passing under the parlor window at that very moment. He heard what Tom and Mary said, and he was ashamed of himself. Better still, he was undeceived.

XV.

A little after noon, the next day, Mary went for another walk to Bilkins's deserted shaft. She was in capital spirits now, and she wanted to see how the scene of her melancholy broodings would seem to her, now that her unhappy illusion concerning Mrs. Mark Stanley was dispelled.

Just before she reached the haunted shaft, she was aware that some one was hastening eagerly along after her. The light, nimble footsteps convinced her that it was no miner. More likely than not it was Walter Morris; and the thought of him made her also think of what Tom had said the night before; and she laughed outright.

"What unwholesome things suspicions are!" she thought; "and in what wretched directions they lead one! Things which one does not perfectly understand should never have a second thought. Speculation might almost be called the process of making something out of nothing. I believe that papa is the greatest philosopher of modern times. He never frets about anything, and what he does not understand he lets alone. Bacon, in expressing this idea, calls it the underlying principle of good breeding, and declares that no man, until he can do this, is a gentleman, no matter what station of life he is born into. According to that, how many men nowadays, I wonder, are gentlemen? Certainly not Walter Morris."

Half a minute later, Walter Morris stepped to her side and raised his hat.

"Pardon me for intruding," he said, "but you are going in my direction, and so I must beg for the honor of walking with you."

"I shall be glad of your company," she answered, with a smile. "I am not very fond of my own society. It's apt to get monotonous."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed; "why, I had every reason for thinking otherwise. I am sure that I have seen you walking up this way alone, very often, ever since I came to Red Mountain."

"You are trying to show me that I am inconsistent," she laughed. "Well, I don't blame you. You mustn't expect too much of my sex: women's minds are apt to experience sudden changes. We are a fickle lot, you know. Seriously, Mr. Morris, something has been troubling me for the last few days, and it made me moody. That is why I came here so often, alone. It's a good place to be glum in. Yesterday, by accident, I discovered that I had been giving myself unnecessary uneasiness, and that what I had conjectured to be true was wholly a mistake. And to-day I actually came here to laugh at myself for being such a goose and to bid the dismal place good-by—until I get another fit of the blues."

"Yesterday? How strange!" said Walter: "why, yesterday I was also relieved of further faith in a senseless piece of folly of my own. It certainly is very singular that peace of mind should come back to us so coincidentally; is it not?"

She nodded her head, but did not speak. She was certain that nothing else but his fancy concerning herself and Tom could have given Walter uneasiness at Red Mountain; and then she suddenly remembered that while she and Tom had been talking, the evening before, there had been a noise under her window, which she had not investigated, and shortly afterwards Walter had joined them and was unusually affable. Had he heard what they were saying, as he passed the window? She hoped so. It would disabuse his mind of an evil impression, and it would let him down a little from the lofty plane of flawless perfection where her fancy had placed him.

"Here I am, speculating again," she thought. "I must take more assiduously to the reading of Bacon, and, also, must cultivate the womanly art of minding my own business."

They extended their walk a long way beyond the old shaft, going high up toward the summit of the mountain. Incidentally the walk

brought out traits in Mary whose existence Walter had not even guessed before. When he first saw her, he thought her a most admirable woman ; but seeing her in his father's arms the next day, and misunderstanding it, as he had, Walter's interest in Mary had wholly subsided. In fact, he was the next thing to disgusted with her. Now he found her more charming than ever, and did everything in his power to make himself agreeable to her.

Before they came home, he was helplessly in love. He saw that her range of reading had been extensive, and that she had touched nothing superficially. Whatever she had gone into at all, she had gone into deeply. She could talk, clearly and intelligently, of the things she had read ; her general views of the affairs of life were broad and generous, and her nature was as frank and open as the sunshine in which she had always lived. They held many views and had many tastes in common ; and where they differed he was now, lover-like, ready to admit that her ideas were nearest right. Perhaps they were ; but twenty-four hours before, he would have disagreed with whatever she might have said.

Loving Mary made an immediate and radical change in Walter. The day before he had been bitter against his father for having brought him and his sisters away from the East. He had felt that all Western women were coarse, ignorant, and offensive, and that all Western men were rowdies, ruffians, and cut-throats. Now, succumbing to the witching spells of Mary, he saw everything differently. He revelled in the lack of conventionality at Red Mountain, and compared its stalwart miners with the old Greeks before their lapse into degeneracy. And as for the women, he measured them all after the stature of Mary ; and so they were adorable.

Bursting in upon his sisters, after leaving Mary at her door, he created consternation and panic by grouping everything pertaining to Red Mountain in one brief but sweeping bit of eulogy.

"Why, Walter, have you gone daft ? Or are you in love with that Dubb girl ?" cried Millicent.

"In love ! Stuff ! a woman with a boarding-school education never thinks of anything else," he responded, his face flushing at what he now considered an unkind reference to Mary, though he had, until then, been saying far worse things of her, ever since his arrival at Red Mountain.

"Goodness me, Walter !" expostulated Millicent ; "what has come over you ? I never heard you speak so slightingly of dear Aunt Jenkins's seminary before."

"Aunt Jenkins be damned !" he returned ; "I have heard of nothing but her and her infernal sentimental rubbish for the last fifteen years. She is three thousand miles away, now, and I'm glad of it. Do give me a rest on Aunt Jenkins."

Millicent looked sad.

"I never heard you swear before," she said : "if you do it again, I'll leave the room."

"You'll have to, if you get rid of me," he retorted, with true brotherly feeling, as he flung himself into the easiest chair in the room.

"I've come in to spend the evening with you ; and, as I am more than likely to swear at the mention of Aunt Jenkins, you had really best retire. You know you can't keep her name off your lips for five minutes at a time."

"This low, rowdy place is making you coarse," sobbed Millicent. "I wish we were all back East again. It's perfectly horrible here. We don't dare stir out of doors, for fear of being insulted by these vulgar people : do we, girls ?"

"No," agreed the other sisters, who always said everything that Millicent wished them to, and who regarded her with so much awe that they had no existence separate from hers.

"Well," said Walter, blandly, as he clipped the end off a cigar, "if you young women persist in being silly, and staying in these rooms all the while, why, do it ; enjoy your undesirable exclusiveness. I should think that common sense would make you stir out, for the good of your health. If you keep in so closely, and get sick, some of these dreadful creatures, as you call them, will have to take care of you."

"But, Walter, how can we go out ? These people are not of our station. We can't associate with——"

"Fiddlesticks !" exclaimed Walter. "Father wrote us, before we came here, that we must leave all social grades and distinctions behind us, in the East. If I can do so, you can ; you are certainly no more fastidious than I,—or, at least, you oughtn't to be. May I sit here and smoke ?"

"You didn't apologize for swearing : why should you for smoking ?" said Millicent, sarcastically, and with a look of triumph at her sisters.

"If it's a conundrum, it's a very stupid one, and I give it up," remarked Walter, lighting his cigar.

"It's positively shocking, the effect this uncivil and uncivilized place is having on you," declared Millicent. "The others, here, are bad enough ; but you might adhere to at least some relic of your decency."

"Decency ? Decency ? Is there any decency in you three girls staying here in this suite of rooms, refusing to go out, and turning up your three several noses at all overtures for your comfort which are made by the ladies of Red Mountain ? Yes, ladies : don't snuff up your noses at that. There are plenty of women here who both socially and intellectually are your superiors."

"It can hardly be supposed that papa has had the whole place in training," sneered Millicent, the other sisters sneering with her.

"I understand you," said Walter, a little angrily ; "but let me tell you that there are people here, from the East, who wouldn't have used your beloved Aunt Jenkins for a door-mat. There are at least fifty fine families here, all of whom were ready to receive you, all of whom you have snubbed. They are fools if they pay any further attention to you, you silly chits."

"But, Walter, see how shockingly they dress. There isn't a woman of taste in the whole town. What would our set say if we so far forgot our training as to mix with these dowdily-dressed women ?"

"There you go again!—dress, dress, dress: it's always dress. Dress must have filled a very large place in your 'training,' as you call it. What has it amounted to, your so-called training? It has simply made you in every way false and artificial. You never have a single healthy or natural thought. Dress and position,—position and dress,—straight ahead, backward, crosswise,—one never hears anything else from you than some combination of these two words. You girls were left in the East too long. I've often written father to that effect; but your thundering Aunt Jenkins, and your own silly whining, always overruled me. Why, if I had come out here, and left you girls there, as Aunt Jenkins so often advised, you would have been nothing but three automatons; and you're not much else, as it is. All the originality and common sense you have, you owe to my staying there and railing at the rubbish you were learning. Aunt Jenkins fit you for life, indeed! she was never fitted for life herself,—nor fit for it, either, for that matter. You should have come out here fifteen years ago; then you would have known something about life as it is; you would have been trained in a way befitting your father's daughters, and then there would have been in you some knowledge of life, and less knowledge of Aunt Jenkins. But no, she persisted, and you, Millicent, aided and abetted her, in the idea that it was best for you to stay there with her and finish your education,—stay and graduate. Well, you had your way; you have all graduated; and what is the outcome? You, all three, are stuffed full of silly, petty, mean sophistry, and are so blinded to life itself that you can't recognize it when you see it."

"Oh, Walter," cried Millicent, aghast, "you are as coarse and vulgar as that common fellow here that they call Droopy."

"Whom they call Droopy, if you please," corrected Walter: "we never call a man a 'that' in actual life. Such English is strictly confined to the boarding-schools of the Aunt Jenkins breed. And as for Droopy, there's nothing coarse or common about him. He is the soul of sterling manhood. No Aunt Jenkins about him. I never saw a man who could talk more sense. I wish he was here now."

"Well, I jest am, an' at yer sarvice, too," said Droopy, opening the door without rapping, and coming in unannounced. "I thought as how the gals might be lonesome, an' so I comed in ter see ef I couldn't make things a little cheery fur 'em. Yer dad an' Dubb am doin' up some figgerin' down in the office, an' I didn't know you was here, Walty. Hope I ain't in the way, gals?"

"Oh, certainly not," responded Walter, chuckling in his inmost soul, as he sprang up and gave the grinning miner his hand. "I'm delighted to see you, and so are the girls. It was very kind of you to come."

"Very, indeed," said Millicent, in tones which would have frozen up the infernal regions.

"Thanky," said Droopy. "I come in through the office, downstairs, an' I ordered 'em ter send up a right smart smashin' wine dinner. It'll be along pootty soon. They can set a table right here, can't they, Millicent? Gosh, won't it be nice! In course I had 'em charge it ter me, Walty."

XVI.

The last day of May was distinguished, at Red Mountain, by a visit from Mark Stanley and Judge Desborough. For a long time Mark had had an eye on Dubb's mine,—still more on Dubb's "pile;" but he never could manage to lay a finger on either. Of late, since he had made up his mind that his lot would suit him better if some woman shared it with him, he had also had an eye on Mary,—Dubb's daughter, as he believed her to be.

And this was the reason of his visit to Red Mountain on the last day of the month which made Mary seventeen.

The rôle of Don Hernando Altana, which he had played so successfully ever since the hour of Miss Maydew's murder, deceived Dubb, just as it had deceived every one else. Dubb believed that Mark Stanley, under his perfect and natural disguise, was Don Altana, and a genuine, veritable Spaniard.

Mark was equally deceived in Mary. The vigorous, bracing climate in which she had grown up had obliterated any trace of her parentage, which, very likely, she would have retained in a climate similar to the one in which her parents had lived. Then, too, Mark had no idea that Dubb would have anything to do with anything like deception. In spite of all of Mark Stanley's cool, wholesale scoundrelism and denunciation of his race, there was one being—and but just one being—in whom he had faith; and this one favored person was Dubb. Mark believed in Dubb as fully as he believed in death; and since Dubb had introduced Mary as his own daughter, no power on earth could have made Mark believe otherwise, so long as Dubb himself did not acknowledge the deception.

It may be argued—and, no doubt, very justly, too—that Mark Stanley had not a single redeeming quality; no honest praise, certainly, could be bestowed upon a man who could so wilfully and indifferently pollute and destroy the most sacred things of life: yet, if one redeeming quality can be accredited to him, it must be admitted that it was this unshakable faith which he had in Dubb.

All California rung with praises of Don Altana; everybody admired his tact, his business capacity, his social qualities. He was lauded and lionized everywhere. Men and women, young and old, fell down and worshipped the modern golden calf. He was liked; he was feared; he was believed in; he was the fashion.

Dubb was the only exception to this. He did not like Don Altana. And yet, before this same Don Altana had found it discreet and healthy to call himself by some other name than Mark Stanley, Dubb had been devotedly fond of him.

Perhaps the invisible taint of blood on Mark Stanley's hands made the difference. Anyhow, while others chanted the virtues and perfections of Don Altana, Dubb regarded him with distrust.

Mark saw this, and could not account for it. Sometimes he thought that it was because his mask had not deceived Dubb; and then he would feel unsafe and insecure and wish that Dubb was dead. Yet Dubb was the one man against whom Mark Stanley, hardened as he

was regarding every one else, could not raise his hand. It was a subject which he did not like to let himself think about; and yet, deep down in his heart, Mark Stanley knew perfectly well that he would suffer himself to be found out and hanged before he would harm a hair of Dubb's head. He could no more understand it than he could understand why Dubb disliked the man as Don Altana whom he had loved as Mark Stanley; and Mark soon decided that the two were both pieces of the same puzzle; and it was the only bit of mysticism which, hard materialist as he was, he would allow himself to indulge in.

There was one thing which he did understand, without an atom of difficulty: he loved Mary, and he wanted to marry her. That he could eventually win Dubb's consent he had no doubt. He felt that his social position assured him of that. Dubb, he knew, did not set much store by social laws; and yet even Dubb could scarcely refuse the hand of his daughter to an eligible man without some grave or important reason; and Mark was quite positive that Dubb cherished no such reason.

If he did, he should have a chance to deliver himself of it, at once.

In deciding upon making overtures for the hand of Mary, Mark gave no thought to the girl whom, nearly nineteen years before, he had married in Vermont. She might be living, and she might be dead: it was immaterial to him which way it was. She was simply the wife of Mark Stanley; and now that there was no longer a Mark Stanley, what had Mrs. Mark Stanley to do with Don Hernando Altana? Nothing, that he could see. Civil law, at least, would not interfere, and he regarded moral law as he did classical mythology,—as the emanation of brains which, at the time when these pretty things were invented, were not particularly crowded with anything else. In spite of moral law and Mrs. Mark Stanley, he should invite some clergyman to make Mary his wife, if she and her supposed father could be induced to consent to such a proceeding. The latter difficulty troubled him: moral law and consideration for Mrs. Mark Stanley did not.

He had a new mining-scheme on hand, and he made this the outward reason for visiting Red Mountain at this particular time. His real reason he would spring upon Dubb when it seemed judicious. And so he and Judge Desborough talked mines and mining incessantly with Dubb and his advisers, as if there were nothing else under heaven worth talking about; and no one, not even Judge Desborough, once imagined that the Spaniard from Vermont was burning to drop the discussion of matters pertaining to minerals, for matters pertaining to woman, and to one particular woman at that.

Mark and the judge stayed at Red Mountain for three days, all of which time the two speculators devoted to the exposition and elaboration of plans for the financial betterment of California, the great Western half of the continent, and, apparently, all the rest of creation as well.

To Droopy, who had an inherent fondness for lions, these were three days of such rare pleasure that they even diverted him from the annoyance of Millicent, upon whom he now called at least once a day, despite her frigidity and her frequent and pointed hints that she could

get on very comfortably without him. He thoroughly enjoyed this visit from the alleged Don, and approved of every scheme which was submitted by him and the judge for the consideration of Dubb.

Tom Morris, however, did not look upon Mark and the judge with so much favor. The first day of the siege of the speculators, Tom stood it very well; the second day he got very tired of it; and the third day he flatly opposed the two men from San Francisco in everything which they suggested or even hinted at.

As usual, Dubb thought for himself; or, rather, he exercised that unthinking but sagacious instinct of his, which always governed and directed him. He listened patiently, because he was never impatient; he was self-possessed, because nothing ever excited him; he was respectful, because there is every reason for doubting that he knew how to be otherwise. In the afternoon of the third day of the business conference with Mark and the judge, Dubb suddenly arose from his desk while the judge was in the midst of an harangue upon the advantages of certain combinations which he had been zealously advocating ever since his arrival at Red Mountain. When the judge had finished,—and justice enforces the admission that his remarks were considerably abbreviated, because his principal auditor was standing,—Dubb moved slowly toward the door.

"They be no use of our sayin' all these 'ere things over again," he said, quietly. "These things as you tells me about am all right, I s'pose; but they am not jest quite exactly in my way. All the money as I wants, I can git out o' the mines what we be now workin'. These fixin's o' yourn pays, in course, or you an' yer frien's wouldn't be workin' at 'em all the hull time. They might pay me, too; I might make more outen them nor I do outen the mine; an' I might make it faster, too; but while I can git good outen the mine, I guesses as how I won't do no dickerin' in nothin' else."

And then Dubb opened the door.

Tom Morris was glad; Droopy felt as if he was being cheated out of some of his personal rights; Judge Desborough felt chagrined; Mark Stanley was jubilant; it was just the chance he had longed for; it was exactly what he wanted.

"Señor Dubb is right," he said, springing to his feet; "Señor Dubb is perfectly right. The mines and their operation he thoroughly understands; his success proves that. Syndicate and corporation management he does not understand. He knows human nature well enough to be sure that if he embarks in any scheme with us, our personal interests will come first and foremost with us. To him, investing with us is like storing money in a powder-magazine, which may, or may not, blow up. So he is wisest to keep out; and I heartily congratulate him on his common sense."

"Good Lord!" groaned Judge Desborough; "you've completely broken the camel's back, now."

But Mark hurried past the judge and joined Dubb at the door.

"Come on, Señor Dubb," he said; "we will go to the hotel, and bury this hatchet, forever, in the best wine which Red Mountain affords."

"I'll go to the hotel with yer, Don Altanner," said Dubb, "but ye'll have ter drink alone. Drinkin' never does me no good."

"As you like," responded Mark, slipping one hand through Dubb's arm. "I use too much wine, and I realize it every day: it makes me fat and beastly; and yet I haven't sense enough to leave it alone. Sometimes I think that an unrestrained man, with social tastes, is the lowest order of animal: no beast, I am sure, would so abase and abuse himself as a man does."

By this time they were out of hearing of the office; and, after a few more brief remarks on the too frequent and too general association of man and wine, Mark changed the subject very deftly:

"You, Señor Dubb, have an incentive to cleanliness and moderate living which I wholly lack. I refer to your lovely daughter. What wouldn't a man do for the sake of such a woman? Had one like her been in my household all these years of my selfish bachelorhood, I would now be a very different man. Upon this possible, but non-existent, adored and adorable she, I should have lavished the affections which, as things are, I have wasted on stocks and syndicates and wine. Woman's influence, for good or for bad, Señor Dubb, is the strongest in the world. It is love for your charming daughter which has kept you clean, all these years, in this land of temptation; and I saw plainly, half an hour ago, that it was solicitude for her which kept you from risking money in the ventures which Judge Desborough and I so imperfectly described. You felt that it would be wrong to open to danger any portion of the results of that success which is the marvel of the State, and which you owe to the mutual love and pride between your daughter and yourself, more than you do to any one or to anything else. Am I not right? Have I not guessed the truth, Señor Dubb?"

"Well," answered Dubb, "I can't say but what it am somethin' like that."

"I was certain of it!" exclaimed the pseudo-Spaniard, warmly; "I was convinced of it, an hour ago. Strange it is that I did not guess it before: I have seen so much of you and your admirable daughter. You have worked three times harder on her account, Señor Dubb, than you would ever have worked on your own account. Ah, such women are the making of men. You cannot, not having always known me, comprehend the awful, the pitiable distance between what I am and what I would have been with a wife or daughter like this glorious woman for whom you have so zealously toiled. Even now it would not be too late; for I well know my every vice and fault, and I well know that I could cast them all off and abandon them forever if only there was some loving and idolized woman to make the effort for. Holy Virgin! how changed I would be! But why do I tell you all this? why do I speak so freely, and unbosom myself so completely, when it can do me no good, and when, really, this lump of lead in my heart will be all the heavier now because some one shares my secret longing with me? I scarcely know what has set me talking so to you, Señor Dubb, unless it is because you give and receive that love which is the sole recompense for life, and which, though it may always be yours, can never be mine."

"Why not?" asked Dubb; and it was the very question for which Mark was fishing.

"Why not? You ask, why not?" he returned, with affected pain, which was quite as pathetic as if it had been genuine. "But, Señor Dubb, of course the question is natural, since you do not wholly understand me. Listen: I love a woman whom I have seen grow into her present magnificence from an equally splendid childhood. Her adored image has increased its stature in my heart, just as her beautiful reality has increased in the bosom of her father's home. For five years I have loved her, and each year I love her more and more; until now the mention of her name arrests me in whatever evil I may hold in contemplation. But my love is hopeless; it must ever be hopeless; because she is the light of her father's eyes, his sole joy, and the pride of his heart. His life, without her, would be as dead and empty as mine is now. Could I, then, be cruel enough to make his pain my happiness? Would I not be a brute to ask him for the dearest treasure of his life?"

"It am nat'ral for women to git married," replied the unsuspecting Dubb. "You oughter talk it over with him."

"Señor Dubb, you make me happy. I—I love your daughter."

XVII.

Mary was sitting in her parlor, that night, talking with Walter Morris. Books, as usual, were the subject, but not the object, of the conversation. Walter, in the month which had slipped away since he first saw Mary, had constantly grown more and more fond of her. How fond, he did not know: he had never had any affairs of the heart, and so he did not realize how great was her unconscious hold upon him. With Mary it was much the same. Love, beyond the kind of love which she bore Dubb and Morris and Droopy, was a wholly unintelligible condition to her,—at least, by any tangible name. She knew that she found Walter Morris agreeable; that everything which he said and did pleased her; and that she missed him, more than she missed any one else, whenever he was away from her. That there was any element of love in this, or that love could, by any possibility, be a result of it, never once entered her head.

There was no whit of sentimentality in either of them; and romancing, about each other or about anything else, was entirely out of their province. Each was content and satisfied with present enjoyment; and neither gave their possible or probable future any thought.

It mattered but little to them what they talked about, so long as they talked; and so books, generally, were the excuse which they made for delighting each other's ears with the sound of each other's voices,—as it was when Dubb came in from his unexpected conversation with Mark concerning Mary.

He had often found them together in this way, and he was always glad of it, they always seemed to be enjoying themselves so thoroughly. Blind as they were to the fact that they were learning to love each other, they were no blinder to it than Dubb was: had it been otherwise,

Mary would never have known that Don Altana had that night asked for the honor of her hand. Dubb was so fond of her, so thoroughly in earnest in his desire to add to her happiness, that he would have instantly consented to her marriage with whomever she wanted to call husband,—whether it was Walter Morris, Don Altana, or an Ethiopian. But Dubb had not the slightest suspicion that anything could ever make Mary and Walter Morris anything more than friends to each other. On the other hand, he was so fond of Tom that nothing else would have suited him quite so well as to see Mary married to Tom's son; but this was something which he had regarded as entirely out of the question. Eastern people, he knew, generally looked down upon Western people; and he had no doubt that Walter, coming to Red Mountain, as he had, with an Eastern training, considered Mary his inferior. Truly enough, he gave Mary a great deal of his time; but that, Dubb thought, was because Mary was the only woman at Red Mountain who cared anything about the things which interested Walter. Dubb thought this very kind in Walter, and was genuinely grateful to him for showing Mary so much attention. Nothing could have made him believe that Walter meant this for anything beyond courteous attention to his father's pupil. And as for Mary, Dubb did not believe that she had ever given love a thought.

Entering the parlor, he said,—

"Mary, I want ter see ye, jest a minute; Mr. Morris won't mind."

Mary followed him out of the room. They went together into the cosey little den which was now her study and library; though for many years it had been her school-room.

It was the first time within her recollection that Dubb had ever wanted to say anything to her which he had not been perfectly willing to say in the presence of whoever might be around. The unusual proceeding of calling her out filled her with misgivings, for a moment; but she banished them when, stopping in the middle of the little room and facing her, he began stroking her hair,—the caress which he most frequently indulged in.

"What is it, papa? Are you displeased with me for anything?" she asked, smilingly.

"No, child, it ain't that: they's somebody what wants ter marry ye,—when ye gits ready. I guesses ye like 'im, too. It's Don Altanner."

"Don Hernando Altana! He wants to marry me!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; an' I kinder thought it 'ould be good news to yer; it allus seemed ter me as if ye liked him a good deal."

"So I do, papa; so I do; he is a very fascinating man, and I like him immensely; but I had never thought of him in that way, nor of any one else. I had never thought of being a wife at all."

"In course ye hadn't, dearie; in course ye hadn't; I knowed that the hull time. Ye needn't, ef ye don't want to; 'cause nobody ain't goin' ter make yer do nothin' ag'in' yer will."

"It is so new and strange to me, papa; I don't know what I want. You must let me think about it a little. But isn't he a great deal older than I am?"

"'Bout twenty year ; but that don't make no matter, I s'pose. In course, think about it ; take all the time yer wants. I'm goin' out, now ; an' you better run back an' stay with Walter : he am a nice feller, Walter am. Don't hurry none about Don Altanner ; ef he don't know ter-morrer, afore he goes home, he can be writ to ; an' that'll do jest as well."

And then Dubb went away and left her. With the swiftness of lightning, Mary's thoughts went over all of the contingencies of the case as they then occurred to her. Somehow, in doing this, she entirely excluded Walter Morris from her thoughts. For the time being, he had dropped out of her memory, out of her existence, and she thought only of Don Altana and Dubb.

She had known Don Altana ever since when, as a little child, he had held her on his knee and had told her fairy-stories, whenever he came to Red Mountain. That went back to the time when she was five years old ; and since then she had never had a recollection of him which was not pleasant. He was a man whose society she had always enjoyed. When she was grown up, and was too old and too large to be taken on his knee and held in his arms, after the old way, she was sorry. It was, in fact, the first sorrow of her childish heart,—the first thing, so far as she could remember, that she had ever cried about. And many a time, since then, she had looked longingly at him, and had earnestly wished that he would take her in his arms again and tell her delightful stories, just as he used to, before she had grown so provokingly large.

And he did, indeed, want to take her in his arms again, and tell her—well, perhaps far sweeter stories than he had ever told her yet. Had he loved her, all these years, when she was growing from a child into a woman ? It must be ; and her cheeks glowed and her eyes glistened with grateful tears. He loved her ; this dark, handsome, fascinating man loved her ; and her heart gave an exultant leap at the thought. But did she love him ? She did not know. She could not tell, because she did not know what love was. She was sure that she was fond of him. He had always pleased her, and had always entertained her. He was, too, a fine, elegant, and polished gentleman, and was considered very great ; and she should be proud of him. Perhaps she loved him, too, but did not know it : she had read of such things : and she was certain that she could soon learn to love him. He was going home in the morning, and he had not even once called on her, this time,—a thing he had never failed to do before ; and all, probably, because he feared that it would embarrass her, if her decision happened to be against him.

Why should it be against him ? He wanted her ; he was not indifferent to her ; and it seemed to be something which Dubb, also, wanted. That was the clincher,—that thought of Dubb. He had always done so much for her, and had asked so little in return, but always gave her her own way. She doubted if any other girl ever had such a father. Did she not owe it to him, then, to marry the man of his choice ? True, he had not said that Don Altana was his choice ; but he never *said* anything, in the way of a wish or a command. He had

always let *her* say what should be done for her. The fact that he had mentioned the matter to her at all convinced her that he would be glad to carry the Don back a favorable answer; and—well, if he wished it, it should be so: she would accept Don Altana for a husband. It would make Dubb happy, anyway; and there seemed to be so little happiness in his life, that she felt bound to add to it.

She listened. Dubb was at that very moment going out of the front door. She had gone over the whole ground so quickly that he had not yet had time to get out of the house; and in less than two minutes after he had communicated the Don's ambition, Mary's little feet went flying through the hall, in hot pursuit of the only father she knew.

"Papa," she called, from the open door. He was only two or three steps away.

"I have decided," she whispered, as he returned. "You may tell him that my answer is 'yes.'"

He took her in his arms and kissed her, and then walked away. His kisses were rarely given,—never, in fact, except upon extraordinary occasions, or when he was highly gratified. Evidently, her decision suited him; and she was overjoyed at having made it. She stood motionless in the open door, listening intently until the sound of Dubb's footsteps no longer came back to her. She had pleased him,—she had done the very thing he wished her to do—she was sure of it; and she was happier than she had ever been before. Never before, in fact, had she felt strong emotion, as she felt this happiness now.

But how nearly do joy and sorrow go hand in hand! As she stood, listening for footsteps which had passed beyond her hearing, there came a slight noise from the parlor which reminded her of Walter. It was the first time she had thought of him since the recent question of wifehood had been submitted to her. The first thought of him sent a radiant smile upon her face. She would go to him, and they would resume their pleasant talk where they had left it off when Dubb called her out. It was still very early, and they had three or four hours before them, before he would be likely to go away. Talking with Walter would be all the sweeter, now that this new joy was in her heart. And then a second, and more troublesome, thought came: *would* she find so much pleasure in the society of Walter, now that it was soon to be her duty to find her sweetest pleasure in the society of another man? Pshaw! of course she would; she was getting silly: she enjoyed Walter ever so much more than she did Don Altana; and by no means would she give up the society of the man who pleased her most. What! Did Walter give her most pleasure? And then a sharp pain went through her head. What had she done? Was it right for her to pledge herself to one man, when—when there was another man whose presence made her happier than the one whom she was to call husband? Then she was impressed with the sudden belief that the new life before her had made her nervous, and that she was torturing herself with imaginary and wholly unnecessary woes. She all at once remembered how much she had harassed herself with groundless fancies concerning Mrs. Mark Stanley, and the recollection made her laugh, in spite of herself. It was a forlorn little laugh, true enough, with but little merriment to

it; still, it broke the perplexing chain of oppressing thoughts which had so nearly bewildered her past extrication.

She must hasten back to Walter. What would he think?—she had been gone so long; and then she realized that it was not so very long, after all, but only a matter of a few minutes,—less than five, altogether. How contradictory and confused everything seemed! She could not understand it. Well, what if she couldn't? She would be calmer by and by, and then everything would be all right again. Walter's cheering talk would be the best thing possible to help her. She walked resolutely into the parlor. At the sight of his face, and at the sound of his voice, the smile which she had forced upon her lips died, the light went out of her eyes, and the color in her cheeks gave place to a deadly pallor. Something in her head felt queer and heavy, and the walls of the room seemed shaking and unsteady. The names of Don Altana and Walter Morris were clashing and clanking loudly in her ears, as if the syllables which composed them were being hammered out of great discordant bells. Even her sense of distance grew confused: some things seemed unnaturally near at hand, and others unnaturally far away. Two circles of light, moving in opposite directions, seemed to be revolving swiftly around Walter's head, and she was certain that some horrible unseen force was bearing him gradually backward, out of her reach. She put out her hands to stop him; and then there was a general chaos of lights and colors and sounds and shapes, and all so hopelessly intermingled that she could distinguish nothing which seemed to have form or limit.

She was swaying to and fro, as if she was about falling; and, with a cry of terror, he sprang forward and caught her by the hands.

"What is it?" he cried; "do tell me what the matter is."

His touch thrilled her, and partly brought her back to herself.

"You must not touch them," she said, withdrawing her hands; "they are his; I have just promised to marry him."

"Whom?" gasped Walter.

"Don Altana," she whispered.

"My God! Shall you marry him?"

She tried to speak, but she could not. Her lips refused to open. She seemed to have suddenly grown numb; she could not move, and there was no feeling in any part of her body. Her head fell helplessly forward upon her bosom; and in that dumb sign he read her determination. A tempest of uncountable thoughts whirled through his brain, but he could force none of them through his lips. An iron band seemed to be crushing his skull in. He put out his hands to her in dumb entreaty; but she stood as if frozen to the floor, and did not see him.

Then the pain in his head became so intense that he clasped his hands to his forehead, as if to relieve it, and started for the door; but he only took one step forward, and then he sank back into a chair, in a stupor which the pain induced.

The motion aroused her, and, suddenly facing around, she saw him. She fully understood it all, now, and, in a blind yearning desire to help him, she stepped forward and stood beside his chair. And then

her strength gave way, and she fell helplessly forward, and sank in a limp, unconscious heap at his feet, with her head resting against his knees.

Presently the pain in his head spent itself somewhat, and he partially rallied from his stupor. The sight of the helpless and unconscious girl at his feet completely revived him.

Leaning forward, he found that she was not in a dead faint, but was still breathing. He wondered where her room was. That was the best place for her now. Gathering her up in his arms, he carried her out into the hall and up the stairs. Directly over the parlor was a room from which a faint light streamed through the open door. Advancing into it, he took his chances on its being hers, and laid her across the bed, which stood opposite the door. He unpinned her collar, so that there would be no danger of her suffocating. Already her nerves and muscles were twitching, and he knew that she would soon completely regain consciousness. And then, with one fond look at her, he hastened toward the door. Then his resolution forsook him, and, going back, he bent over her until his lips nearly touched hers; but, before they quite touched, he remembered that it would be cowardly to take such an advantage of her helplessness. Falling upon one knee, he kissed her hand, and then went away, overpowered with the consciousness that they loved each other, and that neither had discovered it in time.

XVIII.

In the course of Dubb's life there had been three things the doing of which he had deemed compulsory,—duties which, though hard and trying, perhaps, were still not to be shirked. The first of these was his departure from Maine,—the place where he was born, and the dearest spot in the world to him. Next, without question, without even inward remonstrance, he had accepted it as his duty to rescue Mark Stanley's wife from the Indians, when her husband had gone away and left her to their tender mercies. Third, and last, he believed it to be his part in the economy of life to guard Mary from future danger of annoyance from her father, if he chanced to be alive. In Dubb's mind there was no doubt that Mark would recognize his daughter if he ever saw her. The fact that Dubb called Mary *his* daughter would not, he felt certain, deceive Mark Stanley.

Dubb's experiences in Maine had not been overburdened with cheeriness. As an infant, he had been left parentless. A stony-hearted older brother had seized upon the family property, leaving John, then a child of two years, and another brother, but little older, to be cared for by an ancient and penurious aunt, who had stinted them on food and on everything else which had a negotiable value. When John was ten years old, he had forsaken his aunt, and had entered a lumber-camp, where he at least had enough to eat. He was a strong, healthy lad, and soon succeeded in earning a little—a very little—beyond his living. As soon as his aunt and his oldest brother discovered this, they joined issues with each other and wrested away from the boy the few dollars which he had earned. Disheartened by

this treatment, he forsook the camp where he was then working, for one farther away,—where, a year later, his earnings were again seized. Then, accompanied by the brother next to him in order of birth,—the one who had gone, with him, to live with the aunt aforesaid, and who had stayed with her, all the while, ever since,—he started on a pilgrimage to a lumber-camp in a remote part of the State. Here they were safe from the solicitude of their relatives, and here they remained for a year, in comparative peace and comfort; and then Jonas, who was about three years older than John, became enamoured of a woman who formerly had been an inmate of a dance-house, where she had served beer in the capacity of a floor-maid. After living a year with Jonas Dubb, she got tired of him, and made a formal transfer of her affections to his brother John. The latter was unused to the ways of women, beyond his unpleasant familiarity with the severe ways of his aunt, and so he did not understand the advances of his brother's wife, until she put them into words. Horrified, he fled to another part of Maine, where in a few weeks she followed him. Again he fled, and again she followed. When this was repeated for the third time, he quit the State and started for California. This episode, or series of episodes, with Mrs. Jonas Dubb, having, as they did, for a background the hardness of his oldest brother and his aunt, occasioned John a vast deal of worryment; and then, all at once, he made up his mind that worrying was profitless, and that the only way to live was to make the best of whatever happened,—which principle he rigidly adhered to ever afterwards.

When Mark Stanley's wife had sent word that she never again wished to see any one who had ever known her before her trouble, he appreciated her distress and respected her delicacy. He had fled from Maine to escape the disgusting affections of his brother's wife, because that was the thing which his sense of right and duty assured him was best. He next, in deference to her wishes, left Mrs. Mark Stanley to her own devices, because the same sense of right and duty impelled him in *that* direction. And now, since the comfort and happiness of Mary were his charge and his willingly-accepted mission, his sole object was to make her safe and secure against whatever contingency might confront her in the days which were still before her; and in weighing and considering this, he gave as much thought to possibilities as he did to probabilities, and nothing of importance in either category escaped him.

As his daughter, Mary was comparatively safe; as the wife of some man of established social position, she would be far safer. While she was unmarried, there was danger of her falling in love with some unworthy man; and he very well knew what the outcome of that would be. He was so wrapped up in her happiness that he could deny her nothing for which she asked. He could not say "no" to her, and cause her present pain, even to save her from a future of sorrow which that same little "no" would have shielded her from. That this was weakness, and unmanly weakness, too, he perfectly understood; and he understood, quite as well, that it was weakness against which he could offer no resistance. If she became the wife of Don Altana, there would be no need for further apprehension from this. She would, too, as the

wife of Don Altana, be safer from any approach which her father might make than she would be as the daughter of John Dubb: provided that Mark Stanley, as it seemed almost certain that he would do, guessed out the secret of Mary's parentage.

And this was the way that the case had presented itself to Dubb when Mark Stanley, wearing the guise of a Spanish nobleman, laid suit for the hand of his own daughter in marriage. It cannot be said that Dubb *thought* the matter out in this way, because thinking was out of his line; but this was the way in which he suddenly saw it, just as a piece of statuary is suddenly revealed to us by the lifting of the veil.

He did not like Don Altana, personally; but Mary liked him, and the world accepted him as an extraordinarily brilliant and successful man; and that, practically, was sufficient. Mary's speedy acceptance of the Don gave Dubb a sense of comfort which was extremely gratifying. Not that he wanted to part with Mary; far from it; but he knew that she was likely to marry some day, and he very much doubted if any one better than Don Altana would ever seek her. And so, for once in his life, the measured regularity of his movements was supplanted by something nearer haste than he had ever shown before, since the days when his aunt had accelerated his movements by virtue of a thorn-tree rod; and in an almost incredibly short time after leaving Mark at the hotel, Dubb rejoined him, and said,—

"Well, Don Altanner, she says as how as I shall say to you as her answer am 'yes'."

"Good!" cried Mark. "Good! Señor Dubb, your daughter, now my affianced wife, will do great honor and credit to the lovely and stately women who, in past centuries, have been wives and mothers in my proud old family. Señor Dubb, you have made me happy,—happier than any other man in California. Now, with me, there shall be no more cards, no more wine, no more clubs, no more gluttony; there are still in me some remnants of manly decency, and I will spend the balance of my days in cleansing them from the moral and social slime with which they are now reeking, so that I may make myself something like worthy of your daughter's love, respect, and obedience. To the little of good there is in me, shall be added the greater good which I shall *draw* from your daughter's love: she shall teach me whatever she will, and I shall make myself what she wills. I shall give her half of my worldly possessions, as a wedding-present, and the rest of what I own shall also eventually be hers."

"No matter 'bout that," answered Dubb: "they be enough money fur her, what I have made outen the mine. I don't wanten say nothin' what soun's boasty and braggy, but the ole mine have gin out a pile o' money, an' it am all hern. In course, I'll keep 'nough back ter keep me peggin' on while I'm a-livin'; but arter that she'll git it all."

"Oh, Señor Dubb, Señor Dubb, you must not speak of an 'after' to your life. We cannot spare you from California; we should——"

"They am lots o' better men nor me in Californy," interposed Dubb; "an' they ain't no man, nowhere, what am so big an' so ne'ssary that they ain't some other man, jest as big an' jest as good, ter take his place."

Mark threw the half-smoked cigar, which he held in his fingers, away. So Mary was to be his wife. He was really happy,—much happier than he had been when he had fancied himself in love with Mary's mother. He had gained two things: he had won Mary, the most charming woman he knew; and he had laid the corner-stone toward possessing himself of the enormous wealth of Dubb. After he and Mary were married, and Dubb's will was made, nothing would be easier than to dispose of Dubb. And then, like a knife-thrust, the old feeling went through him,—the consciousness that he could never let harm come to Dubb through him. As the full and final realization of this swept over him, he looked at the quiet, placid face of Dubb, and wondered what was the secret of its resistless power over him. Once, he had fancied that Dubb's life stood between him and safety; and yet, try as he would, he could not force himself to spill Dubb's blood. Now, the life of Dubb would soon stand between him and millions; and again he knew that it would be impossible for him ever to remove the barrier. And yet this was the man who had coolly and premeditatedly cut the throat of Miss Maydew, and who had committed scores of other crimes, scarcely less in magnitude, with equal coolness. As he thought them over, and then, also, thought what the prolonged existence of Dubb would keep from him, he cursed himself, inwardly, for his weakness,—the one human failing which Mark Stanley looked upon as a crime and a sin.

"They am one thing more," said Dubb, after a few minutes' silence, "which I s'pose you orter know; 'cause no man don't wanter take no woman blind-like; an' I guess ye'd better be told now, when ye am here yet, an' can back out ef yer wants ter."

"No, Señor Dubb," said Mark, warmly; "I beg you to let any secret concerning the woman whom I so madly love stay a secret for the present. Be assured, Señor Dubb, nothing could dissuade Hernando Altana from this marriage upon which his heart is so thoroughly fixed. Believe me, no taint or stain—and I am sure that there is none—could induce me to relinquish the lovely prize which I have won,—nay, which you have so generously given me. Do not speak; pray do not speak; I am satisfied,—thoroughly satisfied; nothing could make me more so; and nothing could make me dissatisfied. Let this trivial thing, whatever it is, go unexplained, until she is my wife; and it need never be told me then, unless you are certain that it will be best for her. Do not look surprised: think how much she has to pardon and condone in me. Let what you hint at compensate, in some degree, for my imperfections; let it be a test of my faith."

"Oh, well," said Dubb, a little more earnestly than common, "they ain't nothin' ag'in' 'er; nothin' at all 'n that way——"

"I knew—I knew it," interrupted Mark; "be sure, I never thought there was anything against her; but it wouldn't in the least matter, though, if there was: I love her well enough to brook anything."

"It's on'y somethin' 'bout her mother——"

"Please don't say any more," implored Mark; "I will esteem it a favor if you will leave unsaid what you just came so near saying,—at least, until I ask for the rest of it."

"Oh, Lordy ! look a' there !" shouted Droopy, suddenly, from across the room.

Everybody looked.

Walter Morris had just come in, and was hurrying through the room, as pale as a ghost, and with a face which was haggard in every feature.

"Why, Walty," bawled Droopy, "ye look as ef ye'd j'ined the Masons, an' had j'ined 'em back'ards, an' the goat had rode you, instid o' your ridin' the goat."

XIX.

Mary opened her eyes before Walter was out of the house. She raised herself upon one elbow, and gazed about her, unable to understand why she was lying there, with her clothes on ; but when she heard him go out into the street and close the door it all came back to her. She remembered what had happened in the parlor, up to the time of her falling at his feet, and she guessed the rest. Quickly jumping from the bed, she sprang to the window, pushed open the shutters, and looked out.

There he was, walking slowly away, his haste having spent itself as soon as he was out of the house. He was so near her that he could have heard her had she even whispered his name. She could not see his face, for his head was bent low ; but his clinched white hands were plainly visible to her from her chamber window ; and they betrayed his suffering.

Once, when he was a dozen paces away, she put out her hands and tried to call him back ; but her voice failed her, and no sound came through her parted lips. For a moment her inability to stop him nearly drove her mad : she wanted to tell him that he, and he alone, had a husband's place in her heart, and that she would do whatever he said,—go with him wherever he wished,—if only he would not walk away so like a man whose soul was frozen within him. His misery was all because of her : what right had she to let him suffer so ? She *must* call him back ; she would make him hear. And then, with their full force and meaning, those words of Dubb's—cruel words they seemed now—came back to her :

"They am some one what wants ter marry yer. It am Don Altanner."

And then she thought of the message she had sent back to the Don,—the message which now changed everything and put her and Walter Morris out of each other's lives forever :

"Tell him that my answer is 'yes.'"

If only she could recall those rash words, which she had uttered so hastily and so thoughtlessly, in entire forgetfulness of Walter Morris,—practically, in helpless unconsciousness of their significance, and with no other desire, at the moment, than to please Dubb ! But she could not. She had decided. She must keep her pledge, even if it cost both her and Walter Morris their lives. Why had she so foolishly ignored Dubb's suggestion ? Why had she not waited until the next

morning, at least, so that she could give the matter some of the thought and calm consideration which its importance demanded?

Suddenly a chill went over her, and she seemed turned to ice. Walter must never come back. She must never see him again: if she did—and then the ice became fire, and her grief, agony, and perplexity completely overcame her, and, letting herself fall across the narrow window-bench, she burst into a tempest of tears and sobs.

It was a mercy to her that no one passed the house, for she was in full view of the street.

How long she lay there, she never knew. She was aroused by the sound of approaching feet. Leaning out of the window, she saw Dubb coming. She arose and closed the shutters.

"Papa must not see me now," she said, aloud, as if there was some one present to hear her: "he would guess everything."

And then she closed her chamber door, but not a moment too soon, for Dubb came in, up the stairs, and walked straight to her door and knocked.

"Mary, can I see yer fur a minute?" he asked; "that is, ef ye ain't gone ter bed."

"I am up and dressed, papa," she answered; "but I am excited and fussy over Don Altana's proposal, and don't feel like seeing any one. You will excuse me, won't you, papa dear?"

"Sartain, in course," replied Dubb. "I orter knowed ye'd feel a little streaked jest now; it's nat'ral an' right. I tole him, an' it made him awful happy. He am goin' home ter-morrer, an' I'm goin' with him; they be some business in San Francisker what I wants ter 'tend to, an' now am a good time ter go, seein' as he's goin'. I'll be busy there four er five days, an' I'll git back jest as quick as I can, then. All I wanted was ter tell yer 'bout my goin', an' ter say good-by, an' ter let yer know 'bout him. Ef ye wants anything while I'm gone, jest tell Tom er Droopy. Go ter bed now, dearie, an' don't git ter fidgetin'. Good-by, Mary."

"Good-by, papa."

She was glad that the Don was going away without seeing her, but she could not help wondering why it was. She was also glad that Dubb was going away: it would be about ten days before he returned, and by that time she was sure that she would be herself again. In the mean time, she must send Walter Morris away. She could meet her fate easier if he was away from Red Mountain.

Going to her table, she busied herself for a long time with her writing-materials. Sheet after sheet she tore up, as being too formal, or not formal enough; at last she decided that it would be best to send him simply the following brief note:

"MR. MORRIS: It is now midnight,—exactly four hours since you were generous enough to leave me. Will you not go a step farther with your generosity, and leave Red Mountain, at once, and stay until after I am married? You can make some misleading excuse to your family, and so save me at least a portion of my anguish.

"MARY DUBB."

She read it over several times before sealing it. When she addressed the envelope, it seemed to her that she was writing his name in his death-warrant.

"And, yet, what else can I do?" she sobbed. "What I have written sounds selfish, but it may make him think that I am not aware of his love for me, and that I am struggling against self-mortification. That will be best."

All through the night she walked up and down her chamber; and at the first sign of approaching daylight she went quietly out of the house, and walked in the direction of Bilkins's deserted shaft. No one was stirring; the whole place was in slumber: she got out of the little town unperceived, and wondered if *she* would ever sleep again.

Reaching the shaft, she passed by it and hurried on along the same path which she and Walter had followed, a week after her birthday. How far back in the past that day seemed! She felt as if ages had gone by since then.

Higher and higher she went up into the mountain, until she reached the point where she and Walter had turned to go back home again. Then she seated herself on a boulder, and thought over the whole of her life. It had always been so happy and careless until now; and now there was nothing in it but despair and desolation. She had but one thing to console her, and that was her conviction that she was pleasing Dubb. Suddenly a possibility flashed upon her that had heretofore been unconsidered. What if she had misunderstood Dubb? What if he was indifferent as to whom she married, so long as she married well? It seemed reasonable and probable: he had never insisted on her doing anything, and why had she supposed that he cared about this on his own account? She would go straight back and tell him the truth, at all hazards. She would *not* marry Don Altana: Dubb should explain to him that her acceptance of the honor which he offered her had been made without consideration, and that it was a pledge which she could not keep without injustice to Don Altana, to Walter Morris, and to herself. The Don might despise her for her indecision, and Dubb might be hurt by her seeming fickleness; but neither would be so bad as her marrying Don Altana under such circumstances; nothing else could be so bad as that. Five minutes before, she had been firm in one purpose; now she was firm in another. Then she had been sure that it was her duty to marry the Don; now she was sure that it was her duty to break the engagement.

With a cry of joy, she sprang up and began running down the mountain, so as to get home before the departure of Dubb and Don Altana. Part of the way her path lay along the steep side of a ravine, and once, in her haste, she came too near the edge, and went crashing down among the rocks below. Her head was dashed against one of them, and there she lay, senseless and bleeding.

When she regained consciousness, she found herself in the arms of Walter Morris. He, too, had passed a restless night, and had been walking to quiet himself. Chance had brought him along the same pathway, almost immediately after her fall. He had given her brandy,

and just as he had despaired of ever seeing her eyes open again, she opened them.

"Walter!" she gasped, and then covered her face with her hands to hide her blushes.

He helped her to a sitting posture, and then insisted upon her taking more brandy. Almost mechanically she obeyed him.

She felt strangely confused and bewildered. Beyond a slight shaking-up, her fall had done her no harm; but the presence of Walter embarrassed her as she had never been embarrassed before. She had called him by his first name, too, and that also troubled her.

He made no attempt to force her into conversation, and, after a remark or two concerning her accident, he relapsed into a respectful silence.

"If you can walk, I think we had best go home," he said, after an hour.

She arose, and they walked away together without exchanging a word. When Mary reached home, Dubb was gone.

XX.

There was one characteristic about Millicent Morris which, while it might not have been original, was certainly not directly chargeable to Aunt Jenkins's seminary. She lived, inwardly, in a perpetual atmosphere of romance. Fairy-tales had been her first style of literature, and she had abandoned these for the still more extravagant variety of wonder-tales which are commonly classified and specified as society novels. Reading them was, truly enough, one of the deadly things which Aunt Jenkins vociferously prohibited. But Aunt Jenkins had not, of course, been present during all the hours in the years in which Millicent's mind had been supposed to be developing; and whenever the periods of her absence had been so long as an hour, Millicent had devoted the hour to the devouring of some yellow-covered book with rose-colored contents.

As a consequence, she was always looking out for some prince, or count, or senator, or millionaire, who was provokingly slow in coming. That he eventually would come, she had no doubt; it was always so in the books she had read. To be exact, there was just *one* book which she had read, in which the fair and languishing maiden had, of her own free will and consent, been married to a plebeian, and had lived happily with him ever afterwards, just as such things frequently occur in life. But Millicent was hurt and shocked. The book cost her several sleepless nights, and no end of tears. More than that, she committed the author's name to memory, so that she might never read any more of his painful realism, and he was the only author whose name she ever did remember. But in all the rest of the delightful books she read, the languishing fair, after a suitable amount of languishing, was married to some man as charming, in his way, as his fair bride was in hers.

That Millicent herself would one day be such a fair bride, she had no doubt. She had often studied herself,—in the mirror, of course,—

and she was certain that she lacked none of the essential requisites of the typical fair bride. But when the man—the slow-coming but indispensable auxiliary without whom no wistful woman can be made a bride—would put in an appearance, she had no idea. Recently, she had decided that she would seek him, if he did not soon seek her; and the morning of Mary's mishap on the mountain was the very time appointed and selected by Millicent for her first excursion for the missing unknown.

Quite early that morning she set out for a stroll among the numerous deserted claims, east of the town. She was partially inspired to resort to this expedient by something which Walter had said to her several weeks before, but whose meaning, strangely enough, had only just penetrated her mind. The substance of what he had remarked was that there were at least fifty families at Red Mountain which were equal to any family in the East. This being so, it did not seem improbable to her that there was in some one of these families at least one eligible and marriageable man.

And so she set out, hoping that chance would lead her to the combined objects of her quest,—an adventure and a man. And her faith was rewarded: she found both.

When she had been walking for about an hour, and had come to the unhappy conclusion that she was expecting more of Red Mountain than Red Mountain could give her, she suddenly came upon what seemed to her one of the supremest marvels of that supremely marvellous country. It was a perfectly level patch of dull, dark red, which she mistook for solid rock. It was about twenty feet long by ten feet wide, and the surrounding soil sloped gradually down to it, just as the sides of a pan slope down toward the bottom.

"This," she reflected, "is the beautiful paint-stone with which the red warriors of the forest delight in painting themselves. I have heard that it is as slippery as oil; and if I were only younger I would take a run and slide across it."

Sliding had been one of the favorite amusements of Millicent's childhood, before she got into the tenacious clutches of Aunt Jenkins; and it had been the very juvenile habit which she had relinquished with most regret, upon Aunt Jenkins's declaration that it was not graceful. It was many a year since she had indulged in it; and now that a seeming opportunity had presented itself, she could not resist it.

Looking around, first, and making sure that she was entirely alone, she started back a step or two, held up her skirts, took a smart little run, and a considerable leap,—when she reached the edge of her supposed "paint-stone" find,—and landed, up to her waist, in a mass of soft red clay, which frequent rains had settled in the little funnel-shaped hollow, and which the drainage of a neighboring mine kept constantly of the consistency of newly-made jelly.

Perhaps she was too thoroughly startled to scream, perhaps it was owing to the training of Aunt Jenkins; anyhow, no sound escaped her lips. She might not have fully appreciated her leaping capacity, and very likely she did not; but the little jump which she had given, when her feet left the solid ground, sent her squarely into the middle of the

treacherous and deceiving clay-sink. She struggled a little, but it was no use; she could not escape. For the time being, she was one of the immovable fixtures of the landscape; and so she was unmistakably doomed to stay, unless some one came to her rescue.

So overwhelmed and dismayed was she with the one half of her programme, the adventure, that, for the time being, she utterly forgot the other half of it, the man. But the Fates were kinder than Millicent; they did not forget; and in due course of time the man was forthcoming.

The training of Aunt Jenkins had always been a drag on her; it was a worse drag on her, even now, than the mud. To scream, to empty her pent-up distress in a noise loud enough to be heard by people of enough common sense to keep them from frequenting the clay-bed as a pleasure-resort, would, according to the Jenkinsonian tenets, be vulgar. Truly enough, she screamed, and she screamed frequently; but her screams were so mild, refined, and spiritless that they were scarcely heard even by the birds in the trees above her geological discovery.

There she stood, for half an hour, a perfect study in maidenly despondency. Her arms and her neck were about the only flexible portions of her anatomy which she could move; the clay held the rest of her, hopelessly and immovably fast. And even then, environed as she was, she exercised the extremest caution to keep her arms out of ungraceful positions.

"The test of thorough breeding," Aunt Jenkins had often declared, "is to recollect and exercise its unvarying laws under the most trying circumstances."

She was not exactly *under* the trying circumstances in the present case, but she was likely to be if she stayed there very much longer. She had no difficulty in recollecting the unvarying laws. Aunt Jenkins's precept was thoroughly well learned; and the result was an example of good breeding perfect enough to satisfy even the unvarying Aunt Jenkins herself, had she been there.

When Millicent's dejection was at high-water mark, and she was sure that no one would ever find her, and that soon her flagging strength would give out and let her sink out of sight, altogether, into a grave in that miry clay, she heard a noise. A considerable noise, too, it was, as if a man, and a very large man, was coming. And now Millicent's heart fluttered with a new distress: how could she, under such circumstances, face a man? She seemed to have entirely forgotten that she had been letting off those refined and inoffensive screams for the sake of attracting the attention of a man; that her escape from the mud could only be engineered by a man; and, in fact, that a man—or an insatiable longing for one—had been the prime mover in getting her into this unhappy scrape: and yet, now that there was every reason for believing that a man was coming, she closed her eyes, and covered them with her hands, to shut out the dreadful sight.

A moment later, and the refined ears of Millicent were treated to the sound of a suppressed snort, such as a locomotive might make if stopped suddenly when under a full head of steam. Then there was a brief silence, after which Millicent heard something which sounded as

if a whole battery of merriment was fizzling, like a bad fire-cracker, for want of a sufficient degree of explosive force. All this while, Millicent kept her eyes closed. Presently there was a brisk retreat, and then she opened her eyes in time to see Droopy vanishing over the little hill across which she had come to her clay prison. Scarcely was he out of sight when there came to her ears the most boisterous and uproarious laughter she had ever heard; and her cheeks burned with shame and rage.

Her appearance, notwithstanding her distress, was too droll and comical for Droopy to stand, and he had to laugh in spite of himself. He had tried to retreat out of her hearing, but the mirthful paroxysm seized him too quickly. The knowledge that she could hear him checked his laughter speedily, and then he hastened back to her.

Aunt Jenkins was forgotten now, and Millicent faced him with a blaze of rage.

"How dare you laugh at me?" she demanded. "I was never so insulted before in my life."

"I'm sorry; bet yer life I'm sorry," he said, earnestly; "I wouldn't 'a' laughed, on'y I run on yer so unexpected, an' it laid me out. Let's see: I must figger on some way o' gittin' ye out o' that."

"Don't trouble yourself," she answered, snappily: "I am in no immediate danger. Go away, and leave me alone. I wouldn't let you touch me for the world."

"Wouldn't ye?" he retorted, in the same tone. There was a decided vein of wickedness in Droopy, when it was properly appealed to; and Millicent had touched the vibrant chord. "So you wouldn't let me touch ye, hey? All right, I won't. I'll jest let ye stay there till that air clay gits up ter yer neck. If *you* like it, it suits me. I reckon it's as good a way as any ter die."

"Walter will find me, and save me," she faltered.

"A heap he will. He an' Mary am up yender, in the mounting, havin' a good time."

"I don't believe it," she cried. "That coarse girl sent him a note, this morning, in which she apologized for too much forwardness——"

"How d'ye know?" he demanded, savagely.

"Because I opened it, myself, and——"

"And read it," he added, when she hesitated. "In course they wasn't nothin' coarse 'bout that."

She burst into tears. The woman asserted itself, again.

"You are unkind to me; you are brutal," she moaned. "You pretend to love me, and yet you stand there and triumph over me when I'm in trouble."

Droopy melted.

"I ain't trumpin' over ye. I'm sorry yer in trouble, an' I'll do all I can ter help you out."

"Help me out of this nasty mud, then."

"Will ye marry me, if I do?"

"Papa might not like it, you know."

"Papa be—darned," he grinned, delightedly. But he helped her out.

XXI.

Dubb and Mark Stanley set out for San Francisco at the very moment when Mary, opening her eyes, had found herself in the arms of Walter Morris.

Mark demurred a little against leaving Red Mountain without a few words with Mary.

"Can't help it," said Dubb; "she am all kinder mixed up by this new idea, an' she don't jest exactly feel like seein' any one, an' so you've got ter wait."

"It's very strange," whined Mark, who had had his own way so long that he did not relish being dictated to; "it certainly is very strange. You said last night that she seemed delighted; and to-day you say she is nervous and excited and does not wish to be seen. I don't like the look of it."

"Look here, Don Altanner," returned Dubb; "she am mine yet, an' I ain't goin' ter have her bothered. Ye needn't marry her ef yer don't want ter; they ain't nobody what's holdin' ye ter yer bargain. She ain't dead in love with yer; she ain't that kin'. I make no doubt they be lots o' women what 'ould jump at the chance o' marryin' you, but Mary ain't none o' them. Ye don't like things as they am, an' that be your right; she don't want ter see nobody ter-day, an' that be her right; ef yer can't bide by her right, ye can put the hull thing outen yer head, an' let 'er alone. 'Twon't bother me, an' 'twon't bother her; an' ef ye wants ter grin 'er down now, afore ye gits 'er at all, ye don't love 'er so much that it'll bother you."

"Oh, Señor Dubb, Señor Dubb, I beg ten thousand pardons," cried Mark, excitedly. "You have administered to me a very just rebuke. I richly deserved it. You shall certainly have your own way. It was my lover's haste and anxiety to see her—the queen of my heart—which made me seem dictatorial. It was not, believe me, any desire to assume authority or to enforce my will against hers. What she says shall always prevail. While I shall be her ever-watchful, ever-solicitous husband, I shall ever, also, be her obedient slave. Do not misunderstand me; do not feel offended with me."

"It am all right," answered Dubb: "we understan's each other now."

The journey to San Francisco was made in good time, and without incident. Mark was smiling, generous, and cordial, and showed Dubb every possible attention, in seeming penance for his brusquerie concerning Mary.

They arrived in San Francisco in the forenoon, and Mark was anxious to make over at once half of his property to Mary.

"Wait till you 'n' she be married," said Dubb: "that'll be time 'nough."

"As you will, Señor Dubb. I'll tell you how we will fix it. You say that there is something concerning her mother, which it is necessary for me to know, so that my wife may be defended against some danger which you seem to think threatens her. Very good. You shall tell me all about it the morning after your daughter becomes my wife. At

the same time, to please you, I will give her a deed of gift of one-half of my possessions,—instead of presenting her with the same now, as *I* wish to do.”

In the evening, as they were walking about, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a crowd which seemed to be greatly excited. There were several policemen in the crowd, and there was much noise of expostulation on both sides,—the people, apparently, being of the opinion that the officers were in the wrong. Over and above the rest of the tumult came an occasional sharp, feminine cry, as if some woman was suffering great pain.

“What am the matter?” asked Dubb.

“A drunken woman pitched into Judge Desborough,” answered a by-stander; “the police tried to get her away, and she swore and showed fight. They clubbed her too hard, and I guess she is going to make a die of it.”

“Judge Desborough!” exclaimed Mark. “Why, how singular! I always thought him afraid of women.”

“Not if what this woman says is true,” was the answer.

“Come on,” said Mark to Dubb; “let’s get farther into the crowd, and take a look at her.”

They elbowed their way through, and finally succeeded in getting into the drug-store, where the unfortunate woman had been taken for medical aid.

When Dubb saw her, for the first time in his life he was startled.

She was in an awful condition; her whole face was changed and distorted, by sin and vice and moral degradation; yet she still wore upon that face at least a shadow of her once great beauty.

It was Mrs. Mark Stanley.

Dubb was no sooner startled than he was calm again.

“Can she git well?” he asked of the doctors.

The answer was, “No: she is dying.”

“Let me talk with her a little, then,” he said: “I used ter know her, eighteen years ago.”

At the sound of Dubb’s voice the dying woman looked up into his face, a little carelessly, at first, and then her eyes suddenly became bright and set.

“Who are you?” she asked. “I know your face—no, don’t tell me; let me think. It’s Dubb! It’s John Dubb! the only friend I ever had!”

“Yes, Mary, it’s me. I’m powerful sorry ter see you here, though.”

“I’m not; it’s the best thing that could happen to me, now. I want to die. Oh, John, I’ve led such an awful life since I last saw you! Many and many a time I’ve been sorry that the Indians didn’t kill me that night when we first reached the mountains, just as they did all the other women.”

And she put her hands over her face and wept. Dubb was afraid she would spend all her strength in weeping, and so he asked,—

“Don’t ye want ter know ’bout yer baby?”

“Yes,” she said, eagerly; “do tell me about her, before I’m gone.”

Is she alive? And still with you? Oh, God bless you, John! She is seventeen now, isn't she? Oh, John, won't you marry her? You are so good and noble; and you would never let the horrible life come to her that has come to me. Do promise me,—do promise a dying woman, and a dying mother, that you will be husband to her daughter."

"I can't, Mary, 'cause she am goin' ter marry some one who am more her kind than I am. She am a lady, you see. I had 'er eddicated, an' she am as han'some as you ever was. I couldn't marry her, nohow, 'cause she thinks she am my daughter."

The grateful woman caught his hands and kissed them again and again.

"John," she said, finally, "you have made me so happy and peaceful that I believe you have saved my soul. Oh, it was grand of you, never to let my sweet babe know the miserable history of her parents. All my husband's crimes, all my sin and shame,—they are dead and blotted out as far as she is concerned. And always keep her so, John. Never let her know. I wish, though, that you were to marry her. You must be fond of her, she has grown up so under your very eyes. How *can* you let another man take her away?"

"It be hard, Mary; it be mighty hard; but it be for her good, an' so I can do it. You see, Mary, I love her a good deal."

The dying woman lay and looked up into his face, until, somehow, the sin and vice seemed to go out of hers. Some of her beauty, as if in pity for her last moments, had come back again.

"What do you call her, John?"

"Mary," he answered; and again she kissed his hands.

"John," she whispered, at length, "do you know if he—Mark—is dead?"

"No," he responded, sadly.

"I hope he is still alive, so that you can find him, some day, and tell him that his wife forgave him before she died. Oh, John, I love him, yet. He is an awful criminal, and his baseness drove me into forgetting everything, even my womanhood, when I found him out. I came straight here from Santa Fé, wild with agony and despair, hoping to find him and save him with my love. Never once did I get a sight or a trace of him. The man here, whom I trusted as a friend, hardened his heart against my helplessness and misery, and destroyed even my soul. After his treachery I kept sinking lower and lower, until to-night, in trying to kill this false friend, I came to this. Now, though, I forgive them all,—every one who has ever harmed me. You will try and find Mark, won't you, John? You will tell him I died loving him?"

"Yes, Mary; I'll tell him, if I ever sees him."

"And my baby; my daughter; a young woman, she is, now,—you will be very sure that she is married to a good man?"

"I'll do the best I can by her."

For several minutes she was silent. There was silence in the room. The crowd outside was also strangely quiet.

"John," she said, with a sudden start, as if she had been dozing and something had startled her, "can you say the Lord's prayer?"

"Yes, Mary." And unflinchingly, for all the crowd, Dubb knelt beside her and began the familiar petition. When he reached the part about the forgiveness of trespasses, her face brightened, and she clasped her hands together. But she did not hear the "Amen," unless she could hear it from across the Beyond.

When Dubb had left the dead woman, and was walking away, a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Hullo, Don Altanner," he said, looking around; "I had clean forgotten you. Now you know what I wanted ter tell yer."

"Yes; I've found it out now; I've found it out, too, more is the pity, in time to prevent my marrying my own daughter."

"What do you mean?" asked Dubb.

"Nothing, except that I am Mark Stanley."

XXII.

Dubb got back to Red Mountain three days before he was expected. He went straight to the office, where he found Tom Morris, alone. Tom was looking very downcast, but, for all his perturbation, he could not help seeing that Dubb seemed ten years older than he did a few days before, when he went away.

The two men shook hands, and then Tom, sitting down beside Dubb, said,—

"Old friend, I'm afraid you have made a mistake about Mary. She does not love the man she has promised to marry, but gave the promise because she thought it would please you. And now it is breaking her heart."

"Poor child! poor baby!" said Dubb; "ef she'd on'y told me she didn't want him, her heart 'ould 'a' been onbothered. But she ain't goin' ter marry Don Altanner, 'cause they ain't no Don Altanner, an' the man what called himself so am goin' ter Chiny, fur his health."

Droopy came in just then, and stood aghast at what Dubb had just said.

"Don Altanner," continued Dubb, "was nobody more nor less nor Mark Stanley."

"Good God!" exclaimed Tom Morris.

Droopy turned pale, despite the thickness of the tan and hair on his face.

"An' Judge Desborough have skipped the country, too," added Dubb; "it am he what did so much harm to Mark's wife,—what them air letters, yender, in the draw, telled us about. They am goin' ter be quite a muss about it, in the courts, an' so we've got ter git Mary outen this, in the East, where she don't git hold o' none o' this stuff. I reckon Tom an' me'd better go with her. You can stay here, Droopy, an' run the mine. I'll give ye half ye can make."

"It am a big offer," said Droopy, "but I can't 'cept it, 'cause I've got ter git outen these 'ere diggin's, too."

"What! am you goin' away?" said Dubb, showing a little surprise.

"Yes," answered Droopy, somewhat sheepishly: "I'm goin' ter git married; I'm goin' ter marry Millercent. We talked it over, but she

wouldn't agree, 'nless I'd tote her back to New York. Well, I wouldn't, an' she wouldn't; an' so we jest sot an' spit at each other, like two tom-cats on a back fence. An' finally, says I, 'Call it Shercargo, an' split the difference, an' it's a go;' and says she, 'It's a whack.' An' that settles it. But Mary can go with us: we am goin' as soon as yer can git a new super."

"Mary might have some plan of her own to suggest about going East," faltered Tom.

"I reckon she have," seconded Droopy, with exceeding warmth and a very knowing grin.

"I don't quite understan'," said Dubb, looking first at Droopy and then at Tom.

"Here she am: let her speak for herself," said Droopy, grinning more than ever.

There was a swift patter of little feet, and then Mary flung herself into Dubb's arms. For one moment the recollection of her mother's words brought up the feeling in Dubb which had, he thought, been crushed out of him completely by his earnest solicitude for Mary; and now, and for the last time, he wanted to hold her fast forever, and call her wife.

"Oh, papa, I am so glad to see you!" she cried, kissing him again and again.

"An' papa am glad ter see his little daughter, too," he responded. The other dream was dead, now, and he was all father again. "Don't you want to go East?" he added. "Droopy, an' Tom, an' Tom's gal, an' I am goin'."

"Can't—can't Walter go, too?" she whispered, blushing crimson, and burying her face in his rough coat.

"Sartin," he answered; and it was the first time she had ever seen him smile.

THE END.

HOW AN ENGLISH GIRL SOUGHT TO MAKE A LIVING.

THERE are in England absolutely but two occupations open to the gentlewoman who *must* work and who is neither artistic, musical, nor literary, but merely a poor but well-educated lady. She must be a companion or a governess. This is what her people expect of her if she must work.

If she elects to be a companion, she ties herself to the most trying duties. Few people want a companion unless they are old, or are losing their faculties, or else are lonely: very few happy persons want companions.

The young lady, then, ties herself down to cheering some doleful house, or becoming the slave of some person's caprice, and sacrifices youth, health, and spirits—for what? For the immense sum of two hundred and fifty dollars a year! Fifty pounds and her board. Not quite as much as we pay a general servant.

What a sacrifice to the Moloch of gentility!

If one does not want to be a companion, she can be a governess; and if she is a graduate of the College of Preceptors, and has diplomas for every known language, and can teach as much as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, she can earn one hundred pounds, or five hundred dollars, a year, and her board,—and is passing rich. If, on the other hand, she is merely a fairly-educated girl, and tries to teach because she does not know what else to do, she can earn as little as twenty pounds, or one hundred dollars, a year, and as much as forty pounds, or two hundred dollars.

These badly-paid occupations are the only two open to gentlewomen in England; and woe betide the girl who steps outside them! she ostracizes herself as completely as if she voluntarily herded with lepers.

Under all circumstances a woman is terribly harassed by conventionalities and proprieties; but it is almost impossible to imagine the obstacles and difficulties that are thrown across the path of an English girl. "Men must work, and women must weep," wrote Kingsley, with that sublime impracticability that characterizes most men; and his sentiments seem to be but the echo of those of his countrymen. Englishmen don't want their women to work: they would like to keep them in a state of mediæval submission, with no soul above a tambour-frame, and have them fritter away their lives over some hideous piece of tapestry that might adorn their lord's castle when finished, and therefore they refuse to recognize the fact that there are nearly as many women workers as men nowadays, and determine that if a woman will be so annoying as to disgrace her family by working she shall find the path of her wrong-doing a thorny one.

It is absolutely impossible for an ordinarily-endowed woman to make money in England. She can earn enough to live on, but never

enough to lay by for a rainy day, and she has to look forward to an old age supported by charity, or (if very lucky in her youth) to being able to purchase a small annuity to save her from want. That is the goal she reaches after a long life of arduous work. That is the prize she strives for when, in the first freshness of youth, she starts out to work.

People say, "How can a well-brought-up woman so far forget herself as to go on the stage?"

I do not propose here to defend the stage,—though it has been so good a friend to me,—but I will endeavor to prove by a logical sequence of events that for a woman who has to earn her own living, and has any talent for it, it is the only profession that offers anything like adequate remuneration.

No other profession is so well paid. Even in the lowest ranks of stage-work the pay is sufficient to live on comfortably and allow a margin for dress and saving. A chorus-singer will earn fifteen dollars a week, where a governess will earn barely four dollars, and a shop-girl six to eight dollars.

In England a gentlewoman would rather die than go in a store. It is not genteel! She cannot be a telegraph clerk, for the same reason. The only genteel things she can do are to teach or be a companion; and a woman who has no taste for either of these delectable occupations turns to the stage as to a mother, and finds there the ready employment she can get nowhere else.

On the stage she has the hope of getting on and making a fortune, and, above all, she finds herself among people who are willing to receive her with open arms if she is pleasant. Here are no restrictions of purse or caste. All are her brothers and sisters, and it lies with her and *her alone* whether her new family shall respect and look up to her, or pass her down sadly to those poor silly ones who have missed the nobility of their aim and sacrificed all for a short life of foolish merri-ment.

No wonder that poor girls of the better classes go on the stage, when they see how much is to be done there, and then regard dispassionately the few other modes of earning a livelihood.

My own experience might be of interest to girls situated as I was. It is not an extraordinary one. There are thousands of young ladies in England at this moment going through exactly the same fight with poverty and prejudice.

At the age of seventeen, equipped with a smattering of languages, a fund of general information, and as meagre an education for teaching-purposes as can well be imagined, I set forth to help support an invalid mother and do my best to earn my own living. I obtained an engagement at a school about two miles from my home, which was situated in a small country town. I had fourteen pupils, of all ages from six to fifteen, and had to teach them for three hours every afternoon; I had to walk back and forth in all weathers, received one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, and was esteemed very lucky. A few months later I was offered another engagement, two miles farther on, for four hours every morning, salary two hundred dollars. I accepted with delight. It would just fit in with my other work; and so every

day I taught seven hours, walked eight miles, and at the year's end had received three hundred and twenty-five dollars for it.

I was, unhappily for myself, a girl with a soul above such mechanical life, and when two years had gone by without varying the monotony I began to long for some change.

Love or marriage never occurred to me. English society girls are brought up to make a good market, but the poor young gentlewoman is labelled *Ineligible* wherever she goes, and if she happens to have beauty is systematically shunned by *mammas* with sons. In England, too, there is not that freedom of intercourse between young men and girls which we find over here. No self-respecting girl would walk out alone with a young man, nor would she condescend to know a man whose family did not recognize her: therefore the managing *mamma* has it all her own way, and the poor young *Ineligible* becomes perfectly resigned to her fate and turns her thoughts to the problem of life.

So I never dreamt of a *Cophetua* who was going to make all straight: I simply became thoroughly dissatisfied with my position and longed to change it.

In my long lonely walks I had made a discovery. I had a voice! I used to sing aloud as I walked through the fields, and my heart throbbed with joy as gradually the future cleared itself, and I saw myself a great singer, no longer struggling and poor, but with wealth and position, and with thousands clamoring for a smile from her who was now only snubbed and overlooked.

I spoke of my ambition at home. The consternation that ensued is indescribable. Shoals of aunts and uncles descended upon me, wanting to know if I wished to disgrace the family,—if I was not contented with my present good luck.

Then I lost my mother. After her death there was nothing to tie me to any kind of work, and in a short time I had decided to study singing, and found myself in London, that heaven of all aspiring minds.

Living now became a serious matter. All the relatives who had never assisted me told me I need not look to them for anything further. There was no home now to give me shelter: everything I had must be provided by myself.

An elder sister came with me, and together we took apartments in a quiet square in Paddington, because the neighborhood was handy and cheap. We had a sitting-room and bedroom on the top floor, for which we paid ten shillings, or two dollars and fifty cents, a week. Our food cost us, on an average, fourteen shillings, or three dollars and fifty cents, a week, and was provided by us and cooked and sent up by the landlady. Six dollars a week we found would keep us, but would not pay for our laundry, our clothes, or our 'bus-fare. We had barely a five-pound note between us, for the funeral expenses had swallowed up everything. What was to be done? and how were the singing-lessons to be paid for?

A way presented itself. My sister was a wonderful needle-woman, and a large lace-house on Regent Street needed some one to make the dainty fichus and neckwear which were always labelled "*confections*"

from Paris. My sister applied, and secured the work. One house sent her to another, and soon we girls had as much work as our busy fingers could do; and the lessons were obtained and the board-question at rest.

With what difficulty did I seize the moments of study! I have passed the morning making the whole street echo with my scales, and then from mid-day have sat stitching away with my Italian book before me, or working the sewing-machine in time to the solfeggio. Then late on into the night a light might have been seen streaming from our window, and the hum-hum of the machine have been heard, telling its own tale of making up the time taken for study.

We were busy and lonely, for we had wilfully flown in the face of decency and decorum, and no one called on us or recognized us: our fight had to be made alone.

Time went on. I had a voice: my master decided it. I sang a little before people, and always with success. I was invited to sing at several out-of-town concerts, and began to feel that the hour of my triumph was at hand.

Then came the stumbling-block. I spoke to my master of my hopes and aspirations, and was met with the question,—

“What influence have you?”

“Absolutely none.”

“Then it would be as well to give up singing in public as a profession, and become a teacher.”

To this I would not consent, but, after much thought, wrote to two friends who could assist me, and asked them to endeavor to obtain patronage for me.

To a young singer in London patronage is as necessary as learning the scales. There are but two ways of getting within the charmed circle. The singer must pay a large price to some person who will become her manager, or she must get the patronage of a great lady who will make her her *protégée*, and push her forward at her own and her friends' parties and concerts.

It was this latter method I determined to adopt. My letters elicited replies: one brought an introduction to a lady of title and influence, the other to a lady who was the acknowledged leader of a musical set. I was overjoyed, presented my letters, and soon came the first nervous evening when I was invited to a *soirée* and had to sing before Mesdames Trebelli and Marie Roze, and Frederic Cowen.

After this I found myself constantly invited to Lady This's Drum or Mrs. So-and-So's At Home. In all instances it was an understood thing that I was invited to sing. Sometimes I received two guineas, or ten dollars, for “cab-fare;” sometimes I was merely thanked; but I was always expected to sing a certain number of songs and then go home.

I began to find it rather expensive work, my dresses cost so much. I lost much time from the actual bread-and-butter work, and nothing tangible apparently resulted.

One day I ventured to speak to my patroness, and mentioned exactly how I was situated. She kindly consulted several friends about

me, and a short time afterwards I was summoned to sing to a rich gentleman whom my patroness had invited for my benefit.

The gentleman appeared pleased with my voice, and offered to send me to Italy to study for the Opera for three years. He would send me to Lamperti, and pay for lessons and board for one year: the second and third he expected me to earn enough to pay for my board by becoming one of Lamperti's governesses, but he would continue to pay for my lessons, and when I made my *début* I could repay him.

The offer was magnificent, but could not be accepted without serious thought. I did what I had determined never to do: I held a family council.

An English girl might just as well go drown herself as summon her relatives to get their advice or council on her doing anything that would bring her before the public.

With one voice I was condemned. Had I not already done enough to disgrace them, without wanting to be an opera-singer? Was not my poor sister slaving night and day to support me in my outrageous conduct? Why could I not lead a lady-like life, and be a respected and respectable governess? But that I had rendered impossible by my misguided course; no one would take a person who had been singing in public; I had better make up my mind to become a music-teacher. One and all distinctly forbade my accepting the offer, and, impeaching the motives of all parties concerned, desired me to give up my visits to my patroness.

It was a blow to me, but I been so long facing the practical side of life, and this all seemed so unreal, that I obeyed, and refused the offer.

None followed. My patroness, annoyed at my ingratitude, dropped me. I was as it were stranded,—but not discouraged.

I went to my master, told him of the offer and my refusal, and asked if he could not tell me of some one who would bring me out. He told me he knew of a dozen, if I had the money to go to them. I asked if I could not go without paying,—if they might not think my voice good enough to speculate on.

He laughed. My voice, he said, was good, but nothing extraordinary, and, even if it were, no one would speculate on it at my age. I might lose it by over-training, or I might marry. If I had no patronage I had better teach.

I suppose I was never more disheartened in my life. I continued to study, but not in the same whole-hearted manner. I absolutely did not know what to do.

Then came another depression: the fashion changed; lace ruffles went out, and with them our employment. We got fresh work, but badly paid and so little of it that there was not enough for both to do. Still, I could not make up my mind to be a governess, which seemed the only thing really open to me.

I had so much time on my hands that I felt I must do something. I had always had a literary turn, and during off-hours in our country home had written many short stories for country papers. I thought I would try and write. Here was another occupation with a fortune at the end of it.

I had quite a little success. I got stories in the *London Journal*. Then I had a great stroke of luck: I wrote some articles that were accepted by one of the best papers and made some slight stir. I thought my future was safe, and, though my poor sister and I had a hard struggle to make ends meet, we were hopeful.

Then I brought out a book; and again, just as I seemed to be getting on, came a dead-lock in my affairs.

My articles and stories were no longer suitable, and I could get nothing accepted. This time there was no money to be paid to any one to advance me: it was simply a question of lasting out; and we could not last.

My sister married, and I kept up the struggle alone. Every week I paid out a little more of my capital, but nothing came in. I grew so desperate that I almost decided to give in and be a governess; but I had too much strength of mind, thank God! I felt, however, that the anxiety was wearing on me, and that I must find employment that would bring me a regular salary.

With much tremor and uncertainty, I bethought me of the stage. If my voice with further cultivation would have been fit for grand opera, was it not now suitable for comic opera?

I decided that it was, and made up my mind to try.

I went to a manager and sang for him; and never have I felt so humiliated as during that interview.

I was shown into an office furnished like a woman's boudoir, and kept waiting nearly an hour: then in came a little man with a red beard, who demanded, brusquely,—

“What do you want?”

I meekly explained.

“Any experience?”

“None.”

“What's your voice?”

“Alto.”

“Stand up, please. H'm! you're big enough. Maybe you'll do.” He rang a bell. A boy appeared. “Ask Mr. Frank to step here.”

A fair, handsome man entered.

“Frank, play something for Miss—— what's your name?—to sing.”

“Frank” played, and I sang. Half through the song the red-bearded man interrupted me with—

“There; that will do. What salary do you want?”

I had no idea, and said so.

He rang the bell once more. “Send Edwards in.”

Edwards appeared.

“Edwards, take down this lady's name, address, and voice.—Good-day, Miss—— If I want you I'll write to you.”

It was done in a flash of lightning, and I went home without the slightest hope of hearing any more from him.

Some days after, to my surprise, I received a laconic summons to the office.

I again waited an hour. Then in flashed the manager.

"Would you like to go to America?" he asked.

"I would not care to; but I want an engagement."

"This is the only thing open. Want to go?"

"Yes."

"Then be at the theatre to-morrow at ten. Bring some music."

At ten I arrived, and found myself one of about fifty applicants. I sat and listened to numbers of voices being tried,—when again the manager appeared suddenly from nowhere in particular.

"Holtzmeyer here?"

I came forward.

"Sing, please," he ejaculated, and disappeared behind the linen covering of the boxes. In the middle of a cadenza he emerged.

"That'll do. Come to my office. I'll engage you if you want to go."

Almost before I knew where I was, I had signed a contract to come to America to play small parts and understudy the contralto.

The manager appeared most interested, and said that, as I was a stranger, he would see that his agent found me a good boarding-place and paid all expenses for me.

"Now," said he, "about salary. All you want is pocket-money. Will a pound a week buy your boots and gloves?"

I laughed: I had never had so much to spend on them.

"All right," said he; and the contract was signed.

Oh, what a storm raged when I broke it to my people! I was disowned by more relatives than I ever knew I had. One aunt requested me never to expect her daughters to notice me again, and desired me not so much as to bow to them if I met them. I offered to break my contract if the family would undertake to give me my expenses and a pound a week pocket-money, but this no one desired to do, and the remark was considered ribald. So, amid general condemnation, I sailed, and landed in America that pernicious thing an actress.

I had been in the country but a very short while when I learned that my salary, even for a beginner, was a very small one, and fortuitous circumstances arose which in a very few weeks enabled me to give up my engagement and take another that brought me in thirty-five dollars a week. From that moment my salary steadily increased, and I learned from bitter experience that the stage only offered a woman entirely dependent on herself the means to earn a comfortable living.

Is it not a hard thing that the only profitable channel open to women should be closed by the superstitious prejudice of the world?

The women of to-day must work. It is only right that they should choose the employment for which they are best adapted. How much wiser and kinder to let the worker ennoble the work, and allow the poor struggling girl all the social privileges that are the right of her happier and wealthier sister, than to force her to accept harassing and underpaid work at the risk of social degradation and ostracism!

Genie Holtzmeyer.

A SUPPRESSED STATESMAN OF OUR EARLY
REPUBLIC.

IN the rooms of the Virginia Historical Society there is a portrait so blurred that the face is repulsive. It is the alleged portrait of a man described by his contemporary, William Wirt, as of "a figure large and portly ; his features uncommonly fine ; his dark eyes and his whole countenance lighted up with an expression of the most conciliatory sensibility ; his attitudes dignified and commanding ; his gesture graceful and easy ; his voice perfect harmony ; and his whole manner that of an accomplished and engaging gentleman." The portrait at Richmond, repudiated when painted, suffered all manner of ill usage ; and its fate resembles that of the man for whom its dauber meant it,—Edmund Randolph. Painted by partisanship as he was not, his name has been marred by every prejudice, and his fame left to his country in conventionalized disfigurement. The Centenary of our Constitution has already brought a gallery of fresh historical portraits of its leading framers, but one panel, like that of Falieri at Venice, is vacant ; there is no portraiture of the statesman to whom the initiation and ratification of the Constitution were especially due, except a blackened effigy hung up by enemies in a moment of partisan passion. This traditional effigy of Edmund Randolph I have examined by the light of facts and documents to which historians appear to have had no access, with growing conviction that the nation knows little of a very interesting figure of its early history.

The Randolph family, before its appearance in Virginia, had gained distinction through Thomas Randolph the poet (1605–34), the friend of Ben Jonson and his circle.

Such was his genius, like the eye's quick wink,
He could write sooner than another think ;
His play was fancy's flame, a lightning wit,
So shot that it could sooner pierce than hit.

A nephew of the brilliant Oxonian thus described by Feltham emigrated from Warwickshire and settled on Turkey Island in the James River, Virginia, with Mary Isham his wife. From these came branches so numerous that they were distinguished by their places of residence, and among their descendants were Chief-Justice Marshall, Jefferson, Lightfoot Lee, John Randolph of Roanoke, and Stith the historian. Sir John Randolph, King's Attorney in Virginia a hundred and fifty years ago, was presently succeeded in that office by his son John, father of Edmund. Edmund was born August 10, 1753, at Williamsburg,—the old capital. Never did fairer prospect open before youth than that which welcomed this heir of a wealthy and famous house when, at the age of eighteen, his career at William and Mary,—then second to no American college,—culminated in an oration commemorative of its Founders, which the faculty published (1771) in

pamphlet form. Randolph had already a keen appetite for literature and metaphysics, and the hereditary passion for the law. After study in his father's office, he entered, at his majority, on a promising practice.

Soon this fair sky was overcast. The Revolution breaking out, young Randolph espoused its cause with ardor. When Washington became commander-in-chief he took the youth (August 15, 1775) to be an aide. He was recommended to Washington by Benjamin Harrison as "one of the cleverest young men in America" and "in high repute in Virginia." Thus father and son parted forever,—one to retire with Lord Dunmore to England, the other to serve at the siege of Boston. His uncle, Peyton Randolph, President of the Continental Congress, at his death, October 22, 1775, left his estate to Edmund. In January, 1776, Randolph was appointed one of the judges to sit on questions relating to "Tories" and their property. In July he was chosen Attorney-General of Virginia. On August 29 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Carter Nicholas, State Treasurer. In the same year he was Mayor of Williamsburg, and also represented that city in the famous "Convention of '76," which anticipated the Declaration of Independence and framed the first republican Constitution. These honors were heaped unsought on the youth of twenty-three. When, twelve years later, he was urging on his State ratification of the Constitution, he described himself as a "child of the Revolution." To that, indeed, his father had left him, and his shoulders broadened under the burden of its responsibilities. The estate inherited from his uncle was barely able to support its negroes, who, as Randolph refused to part families by selling any, made his bequest barren of income. But, as Hugh Blair Grigsby says, "his success at the bar was extraordinary. Clients filled his office, and beset him on the way from the office to the court-house, with their papers in one hand and guineas in the other." The "beautiful speaker," as Wirt called him, had also a beautiful home, and a wife whom he loved. "She explored and studied my temper," he says (MS.), "and anticipated the means of gratifying even my caprices. Innumerable were the instances in which I have returned home dissatisfied with some of the scenes of the day abroad, and found an asylum in her readiness to partake of my difficulties and make them her own, or to divert by despising them." Visiting lately his old mansion at Williamsburg, Tazewell Hall,—now owned by a Northern family of Hamiltons,—I recalled the sighs for its domestic charms audible in his correspondence while filling exalted stations. His home was broken up by his election to the Congress at Philadelphia, where he served 1779–1782.

Randolph returned to Virginia to serve again as State Attorney. He had brought from Philadelphia new eyes for "the laxness and inefficacy of government" under the Confederation. His Virginian pride had been replaced by a national sentiment. The prospects of the great West engage his attention. In 1783 he is dreaming of a better government, and on March 7 submits to Madison his definition of a Constitution,—“a compact in which the people themselves are the sole parties and which they alone can abrogate, delineating the degree to which they have parted with legislative, executive, and judiciary

power, as well as prescribing how far each of the simple forms of government is to be pursued in acts of legislation." (MS.) The Virginia House of Delegates (January 21, 1786) appointed him at the head of a commission of eight to meet those from other States at Annapolis, for the purpose of securing uniformity of commercial regulations in the country. There he united with Hamilton in preparing the memorial which summoned the States to the Convention which framed the Constitution. In the same year he was elected Governor of Virginia by a large majority, over Richard Henry Lee.

At every stage in the development of our nationality the influence of Randolph was paramount. The student of our constitutional history, looking back through the vista of a century, sees in the chain of causes that led to our Union two links especially salient: one was the Annapolis Convention, which convinced men representing divergent views and interests that they could unite for mutual aid; the other was the consent of Washington to attend the Philadelphia Convention, securing for its work the sanction of his powerful name. Both of these were primarily due to Randolph. Two months before the Convention met, Washington was firm in his refusal to attend,—because of a previous refusal to meet with the "Cincinnati" at Philadelphia in the same month,—but yielded to the Governor's entreaties. Next to the name of Washington, in the Virginia delegation, stands that of Randolph. His republicanism, however, was of a type for which the world was hardly ripe. Randolph desired a government much like that which the present English House of Commons would be without a monarch or an hereditary house. The legislature elected by the people of the several States was to be—under the Constitution, as interpreted by the Judiciary—creator of all other powers. It was to elect, from men nominated by the State legislatures, their number proportioned to population, a body more permanent than itself, and composed of older men. The same popular House was to elect judges for life or good behavior; also an Executive Commission of several persons, who, in conjunction with the Judiciary, should form a council of revision on laws, with power to veto them unless passed by an increased majority. Randolph's Republic was thus a democracy subjected to successive filtrations. From the ignorant or passionate populace to their executive hand, the need of the nation was to pass through refining criticisms; that executive was not to be a Head, but a Hand, with its own official fingers, obedient to the legislative brain controlled by the judicial independence. Despite the pleadings of Randolph and prayers of Franklin, the Convention accepted the frame which the Virginians had submitted through their Governor and leader, only to establish within it a system which the small philosophical wing regarded as anti-republican. Randolph's brilliant career in the Convention, could it have been observed by the outside world, would have filled the country with enthusiasm. Some of his sentences became proverbs in the Convention. "Presidency is the foetus of Monarchy." "An Executive should be independent, therefore it should consist of more than one man." "We have made a bold stroke for monarchy; now we are doing the same for aristocracy." The latter was said on the proposal

that the Executive, if no choice were reached by the State electors, should be chosen by the Senate. The bicameral system had been accepted by Randolph in the belief that a second chamber would check "precipitate" legislation. It did not occur to him that on this feature the smaller States would fix their demand for inequality of representation. In Randolph's Republic, as in Franklin's, a Second Chamber was an anomaly,—at best a fifth wheel to his coach, which required only the State Legislature, the National Legislature, the Judiciary, and the Executive. The Vice-Presidency he viewed with an apprehension which must have arisen in thoughtful minds at various periods of our later history. He pleaded against the President's power to pardon the crimes in which he would be most likely to participate. He opposed executive re-eligibility until after the office was lodged in an individual hand; then he thought that a President debarred from legal re-election might be tempted to continue his power by *coup d'état*. In all these matters Randolph exhibited a philosophic insight which won the admiration of Franklin, who generally voted with him. Indeed, the clearness and force of Randolph's argument several times won the Convention to his side; but after such favorable votes the smaller States, or the semi-monarchical party, managed to work on committees outside and secured reversal of these victories.

Of the fifty-five members who sat in the Convention the names of but thirty-nine were attached to the Constitution. Of the other sixteen three only remained to the end, and among these was Randolph. He had long before intimated to the Convention that he would not be able to sign the Constitution in the shape it was assuming, but he knew that it would, in substance, become the basis of the government. Though Randolph was then only thirty-four years of age, he had for eleven years been actively connected with the administrative affairs of the chief State in the Confederation, and was then its Governor. This enabled him to assist the Convention materially in all the details connected with judicial procedure, finance, and inter-State relations. It is now melancholy to reflect that the Convention passed so lightly over Randolph's efforts to make the relative State and Federal powers definite and unmistakable. The clause he would have added in ink has since been written in blood. By remaining in the Convention Randolph was able to secure modifications now generally approved, and he gained a prestige which enabled him to urge subsequent amendments. He agreed to sign if the Convention would add a provision for a second Convention after the sense of the country had been taken on the Constitution. This motion was seconded by Franklin, but failed; and Randolph, though appealed to by his venerable friend, who uttered an encomium on his services and ability, refused to sign. He said, however, that he did not mean by this refusal to decide that he should oppose ratification of the Constitution by his State. He meant only to keep himself free to be governed by his duty, as it should be prescribed by his future judgment.

Randolph's criticisms of the Constitution partly anticipated those of Mill, Bagehot, Karl Blind, Louis Blanc, and other republican authors of Europe. Indeed, a number of works have recently ap-

peared in our own country, in advocacy of organic reforms, whose writers seem unconscious that they are repeating points made by Randolph a hundred years ago. But, while Randolph's genius was philosophical, his public responsibilities made him practical. There was nothing of the "irreconcilable" about him. His unpublished letters to Madison (for which I am indebted to Mr. McGuire, of Washington) cast interesting light upon the further course of this leader of the recusants, on whom, more than any other, depended the immediate fate of the new Constitution. The Convention of 1787 adjourned finally on September 17. Randolph started with his wife on their Southern journey. From "Bowling Green (Va.), September 30," he writes to Madison, "Baltimore resounds with friendship for the new Constitution, and Mr. Chase's election depends, as it is said, upon his opinion concerning it. He waited on me with an expectation, I suspect, of learning something to foster his opposition. I was prepared, because I had heard of his harangue to the people of Wells Point the night before I saw him. It was represented to me that, after he had finished his speech, Col. Wm. [?] Smith and Mr. Zebulon Hollingsworth asked him whether he espoused the Constitution or not. He replied to this effect: 'Here, gentlemen, is a form of government' (pulling out the Maryland Act) 'under which we have lived happily for more than ten years. Shall we make a new experiment precipitately? Are we to pay taxes indefinitely, have our militia led from one end of the country to the other, and be dragooned by a standing army if we fail in the smallest article of duty? But—I have not made up my mind.' However, in the discourse between us, although he discovered a tendency to reject the Constitution unless amended, he declared he would labor to establish a federal government.—In Bladensburg the Constitution is approved. In Alexandria the inhabitants are enthusiastic, and instructions to force my dissenting colleague to assent to a convention are on the anvil. I wrote to him yesterday suggesting to him this expedient: to urge the calling of a convention as the first act of the Assembly: if they should wish amendments let them be stated and forwarded to the States. Before the meeting of the convention an answer may be obtained. If the proposed amendments be rejected, let the Constitution immediately operate: if approved by nine States, let the assent of our convention be given under the exceptions of the points amended. This will, I believe, blunt the opposition, which will be formidable, if they must take altogether or reject. The re-eligibility of the President and Senate has excited Mr. James Mercer's resentment, and he positively objects to the Constitution without amendments. I learn nothing of Mr. Henry, nor of Mr. Pendleton, except that he is almost perfectly recovered."

From Richmond (October 23, 1787) he writes to Madison, "The first raptures in favor of the Constitution were excessive. Every town resounded with applause. The conjectures of my reasons for refusing to sign were extraordinary, and so far malicious as to suppose that I was chagrined at not carrying every point in my own way, or that I sought for popularity. These were the effluvia until the Assembly met. A diversity of opinion appeared immediately on the convening

of that body, which gave an evidence of the good fruit from one of the revised laws, by being punctual to the day. Among the heroes of the opposition were Mr. Henry, Mr. William Cabell, Col. Bland, and Mr. Franck Strother. A great ferment was kept up until Thursday last, when, contrary to my expectations, the debate for calling the convention was conducted with temper, and a vote passed unanimously for that purpose, *to discuss and deliberate on the Constitution*. This is a happy and politick resolution; for I am thoroughly persuaded that if it had been propounded by the Legislature to the people as *we* propounded it the Constitution would have been rejected and the spirit of the Union extinguished. At present the final event seems uncertain. There are many warm friends for taking the Constitution altogether, without the alteration of a letter; among these are Col. Nicholas and Mr. F. Corbin. But I suspect that the tide is turning. New objections are daily started, and the opinions of Mr. Henry gain ground. He and I have had several animated discourses, but he recedes so far from me that we must diverge after a progress of half a degree further. An incidental question is allotted for to-morrow, by which it will be known how the party positively against the Constitution stands as to number. A motion was postponed until that day for repealing the laws against the recovery of British debts. Much of the repugnance to this motion will be founded on the danger of every defendant being hurried sooner or later to the seat of the federal government. This is the most vulnerable and odious part of the Constitution. I shall therefore conclude, if the acts be repealed, that the majority of the Legislature may be said to have overcome the most exceptionable points.—As to the recusants, we have been spoken of illiberally at least. Mr. Mason has declared in Assembly that, although he is for amendments, he will not quit the Union even if they should not be made. I have thought proper to postpone any explanation of myself, except in private, until everything is determined which may relate to the Constitution. I have prepared a letter, and shall send you a copy in a few days. I see the Pennsylvania papers abounding with eulogiums on some and execrations on others, whose opinions they know not substantially.—Mr. Pendleton, who is here, has expressed himself to this effect,—that this Constitution is very full of radical faults, and that he would adopt it with a protest as to its imperfections, in order that they may be corrected at a future day. The bar are generally against it; so are the judges of the General Court. So is Wiley Jones, of North Carolina. In short, I am persuaded that there must be strong exertions made to carry it through, and my letter will not be the least conducive among the other supports to its adoption in the end.—Why would you not give me your opinion as to the scheme I proposed in my letter from the Bowling-green? I am now convinced of the imperfections of the idea, but I wish to open to you without reserve the innermost thoughts of my soul, and was desirous of hearing something from you on this head.—Col. Mason has said nothing good, and you may rest yourself in safety in my hands, for I will certainly repel the smallest insinuation. You were elected by 126 out of 140; for the second year by 137 out of 140; so that, you see, circumcision and uncircumcision

avail nothing. I sent your appointment on the other day.—The people of this town are still in rage for the Constitution, and Harrison among the most strenuous. I have inquired about reports concerning myself, and if popularity had been my object, as some suppose, I should have overshot my mark.—Pardon this medley written in a crowd, and be assured of my most affectionate friendship.”

During the winter antagonism to the Constitution consolidated itself; it became increasingly plain that the decision would mainly rest with Virginia. Governor Randolph's adherence was coupled with a demand for a second National Convention, which gave Madison and Washington uneasiness. Madison urged on Randolph the indications that among those who desired amendments there was no concord as to what they should be. This opinion was confirmed by the result of the Massachusetts Convention. Mr. Gerry, of that State, stood with Randolph in refusing to sign the Constitution, but the amendments which he and Hancock had appended to the ratification of Massachusetts filled the Virginia Governor with disgust. Some of the amendments, he writes, are destructive of the essential idea of a national government, allowing it none but express powers, some are aimed at the Southern States, “others milk and water.” The great questions which concerned Randolph were not alluded to. He began to perceive that few shared his philosophical interest in pure republicanism. His hopes from a second Convention had received a shock. He is still anxious on several points, however. “Does not the exception as to a religious test imply that the Congress, by the general words, had power over religion?” This question he puts to Madison, February 29, just after his nomination to the Virginia Convention; concerning which he adds, “nothing but a small degree of favour acquired by me independently of the Constitution could send me, my politicks not being sufficiently strenuous against the Constitution. Marshall is in danger.” Patrick Henry writes to him announcing his “determination to oppose the Constitution even if only $\frac{1}{2}$ a State should oppose.”

The struggle in the Virginia Convention—which occupied nearly the whole of June, 1788—was mainly a combat between Patrick Henry and Governor Randolph. In argumentative power they were nearly matched; but Randolph was handicapped by his record in the National Convention, of which Mason was present to supply particulars. Henry was able to hurl at his antagonist arrows forged and feathered by himself. The Governor had no shield save the peril of disunion. In the Union, he urged, amendments could be obtained; out of it, none. Among the striking passages in the debate was one in which Randolph replied to the suggestion that under the Constitution slavery might be abolished. It had been on Randolph's motion that the word “servitude” was struck out of the Constitution at Philadelphia; and he now said, “I hope there is none here who, considering the subject in the calm light of philosophy, will advance an objection dishonorable to Virginia,—that, at the moment they are securing the rights of their citizens, there is a spark of hope that those unfortunate men now held in bondage may, by the operation of the general government, be made free.” At the outset Governor Randolph announced that the accession

of eight States—nine being required—had reduced the question before them to one of Union or no Union; and, raising his arm, he cried, “I will assent to the lopping off of this limb before I assent to the dissolution of the Union.” At the close of the Convention he said, “Mr. Chairman, one parting word I humbly supplicate. The suffrage which I shall give in favor of the Constitution will be ascribed by malice to motives unknown to my breast. Although for every other act of my life I shall seek refuge in the mercy of God, for this I request only his justice. If, however, some future annalist should, in the spirit of party vengeance, deign to mention my name, let him recite these truths: that I went to the Federal Convention with the strongest affection for the Union; that I acted there in full conformity with this affection; that I refused to subscribe because I had, and still have, objections to the Constitution, and wished a free inquiry into its merits; and that the accession of eight States reduced our deliberations to the single question of Union or no Union.”

This was said on June 25. Had there been a telegraph it would have informed the Convention that four days before New Hampshire had supplied the ninth State, and the majority of ten by which Virginia ratified would have been on the other side. Four States, representing more than a third of the population of the country, might have been left out of the new compact; this being the situation desired by Jefferson, as quoted in the Convention. That Virginia was carried even by a small majority was unquestionably due to the eloquence and influence of its Governor.

Randolph still desired a second Convention. Under date of August 13 he writes to Madison, “Gov. Clinton’s letter to me for the calling of a Convention is this day published by my order. It will give contentment to many who are now dissatisfied.” “I do indeed fear that the Constitution may be enervated if some of the States should prevail in all their amendments; but if such be the will of America, who can withstand it?” To Madison’s misgivings he answers (September 3), “Is there no danger that, if the respect which the large minorities at present command should be effaced by delay, the spirit of amendment will hereafter be treated as heretical? I confess to you without reserve that I feel great distrust of some of those who will certainly be influential agents in the government, and whom I suspect to be capable of making a wicked use of its defects. Do not charge me with undue suspicion; but indeed the management in some stages of the Convention created a disgustful apprehension of the views of some particular characters. I reverence Hamilton because he was honest and open in his views.”

Governor Randolph was at this time preparing for the anxious work of inaugurating the new government in his State. The defeated malcontents were very angry. “An hundred and seven members are assembled,” he writes (October 23), “among whom is the leader of the opposition. I have not seen him, but I am told that he appears to be involved in gloomy mystery. Something is surely meditated against the new Constitution more animated, forcible, and violent than a simple application for calling a Convention. Whether the thing projected

will issue forth in language only, or the substance of an act, I cannot divine. But I believe I may safely say that the elections will be provided for, and that no obstruction will arise to the government, or rather will be attempted,—so far as a preparation for organizing it goes.” By skilful engineering, all dangers were escaped, and Randolph presently vacated the gubernatorial chair in a hopeful state of mind. “There is a general calm in politicks,” he writes, March 27, 1789. “The discontented themselves seem willing to wait with temper until Congress shall open their views. It gave me much pleasure to read your letter to Col. T. M. Randolph, as it shows a consciousness of amendments being necessary, and a disposition to procure them. Although I am convinced that nothing will soften the rancour of some men, I believe that a moderate and conciliatory conduct [on the part of] our federal rulers will detach from their virulence those who have been opposed from principle. A very injudicious and ill-written publication which you have seen under the signature of Decius may impede perhaps this salutary effect, by keeping in a state of irritation those minds which are well affected to the object of his bitterness. His facts are of a trivial cast, and his assertions are not always correct; and he thus becomes vulnerable in almost every part. The liberty of the press is indeed a blessing which ought not to be surrendered but with blood; and yet it is not an ill-founded expectation in those who deserve well of their country that they should be assailed by an enemy in disguise, and have their characters deeply wounded before they can prepare for defence.” “If the peace of this country is interrupted by any untoward event, one of three things will have a principal agency in the misfortune: the new Constitution; British debts; and Taxes.” “I feel here” (Williamsburg) “a happiness to which I have hitherto been a stranger; and which is not a little increased by having shaken off a dependence on those who think every man in office to be the servant of the legislature. I enjoy that opportunity, which I long sought in vain amid the tumult of business, of examining and settling my opinions.”

Randolph and Patrick Henry, having resumed practice, were opposed in important cases, and in August, 1789, contended for three days at Leesburg in a suit involving much property. In this Randolph was victorious. He was, indeed, easily head of the Southern bar. But his learning deserved a larger field than the county court. The office of State Attorney, which his father and grandfather had held under the king, had in his hands become one of extreme importance by reason of the transformation of the government. He now took a leading part in the readjustment of the procedure of the State, and had just finished reducing the eight volumes of its code to one when Washington asked him to accept the position of Attorney-General in his first administration. This invitation was received in July, 1789, but, on account of his wife's illness, could not be at once accepted. Washington resolved, however, to keep the appointment open, and Randolph performed the duties of his office in Virginia, carrying with him a digested scheme when he went north in 1790. As the first Attorney-General, it fell to him to organize the national judiciary, and a larger task has

never been undertaken by an American lawyer. His splendid services in this matter, and his clear opinions on the difficult cases arising out of the readjustment of State relations, endeared him more than ever to Washington, and when Jefferson retired from the State Department the place was offered to Randolph. It was accepted with reluctance. Nothing but his affection for Washington induced him to assume a post which Jefferson had found intolerable. ("Il [Jefferson] s'est retiré," wrote the French minister, "prudemment, pour n'être point forcé à figurer malgré lui dans des scènes dont tôt ou tard on dévoilera le secret.")

The so-called "federal" and "republican" principles, which had struggled like Jacob and Esau in the very womb of America, were now full-grown. The conflict raging between England and France was going on here also. American trade with both belligerents was involved, and each threatened the country with war if it did not break with the other. Washington was doing his best to steer, as he said, between Scylla and Charybdis. He sent a friend of the British side, Jay, to England; a champion of France, Monroe, to Paris. In his own Cabinet he was trying to keep on good terms with both parties, but could hardly keep them from seizing each other by the throat. While it was Jefferson and Hamilton competing for the control of Washington, Jefferson complained that on his side they were "one and a half against two and a half." The halves were Washington and Randolph. Jefferson and Hamilton having retired, it fell to the lot of Randolph to deal with an issue on which the passions of the contending parties were exasperated to the verge of civil war. This was the famous British Treaty.

A combination of European monarchies had been formed to starve France. In pursuance of this "boycott," England had inserted into the Treaty an article forbidding the United States to export to Europe any of its staple products or those of the West Indies, the prohibition to last during his majesty's war with France. Notwithstanding the certainty of its unpopularity when revealed, the Senate ratified it, with a condition that this article should be suspended. But before signing it Washington received information that England had issued an order for the search of neutral ships in European waters, and seizure of all provisions found on them. The Treaty, having leaked out, along with this "Provision Order,"—an invitation to join the monarchies in starving a republic by whose help our independence was won,—kindled popular fury. The Treaty was burned by mobs, the British minister insulted, and the President thrown into a cruel dilemma. France was enraged at the negotiation of such a Treaty and its consideration by her professed ally, and threatened war if it were ratified. England threatened war if it were not ratified. Those nations were represented here by jealous ambassadors. The people were divided into hostile British and French camps. Politics became an exchange of insults threatening to come to blows. The "British party," as the high federalists were now called, was represented in the Cabinet by Wolcott, Pickering, and Bradford; whom Hammond, the English minister, kept in panic with menaces of war. They insisted that Washington should sign the Treaty

without hesitation or reservation. Randolph urged the President to sign only if the "Provision Order" were revoked.

The Cabinet stood thus three to one in favor of the Treaty. But there was a factor in the situation of which the three new-comers into the Cabinet were ignorant. Washington had committed himself pretty far to the French side the year before. When Jay was sent to England, France grew suspicious, and her minister, Fauchet, had shaken the dust of Philadelphia from his feet. Washington had then commissioned Randolph to follow the angry ambassador into the country, to soothe and flatter him, so that he might pacify France,—where Monroe could hardly remain because of the anger at America. Fauchet was assured that Jay was sent to demand compensation for spoliations, and that the President did not sympathize with the British party in his Cabinet. While this soothing diplomacy was proceeding, the Whiskey Rebellion at Pittsburg was troubling the country,—each party accusing the other of fomenting it for its own purposes,—and Washington suspected that the extreme federalists were not unwilling to utilize if they did not incite it. Much had been said and done in those days which, if published by the French, would have seriously compromised an administration which should sign a Treaty amounting to alliance with the British. The President dreaded a war with England more than one with France, but he feared civil war in America more than either, and this was mainly threatened from the enthusiastic partisans of France. Randolph was not one of these. His earlier French sympathies had cooled after the revolutionary massacres in Paris. The principle he had long urged on the President was, in his own words, that "the United States should shake off all dependence on French and English interference in our affairs; but that we ought not to deny or baffle the gratitude of the people to France, under the pretext of independence, in order to give a decisive preponderance to Great Britain." His aim was to free our politics from that thralldom to European questions which had absorbed every hour of the nation's history. He had from the first curbed the enthusiasm of Monroe at Paris. He had proposed (April 6, 1794) the special envoy to England, conquering Washington's fears that it might wound Pinckney's feelings. In regard to the British Treaty, his position was nearly that of Hamilton, who wrote advising Washington not to "exchange" the Treaty with England until the "Provision Order" were revoked. Washington's resolution not to sign without this condition was attributed by three of his ministers to Randolph's influence, while, at the same moment, Jefferson and his party were raging against the Secretary of State as a renegade because he did not insist on tearing up the whole Treaty. Between the two parties thus glaring at each other stood Washington and Randolph,—those whom Jefferson sneered at as "halves" now making a powerful whole.

Such was the situation as the day approached when Washington must declare his ultimatum. He was at Mt. Vernon, and ordered Randolph to write a memorial to Great Britain demanding revocation of the obnoxious Order as a condition to affixing his signature. The "British party" were in dismay. The British minister suggested to

Randolph that the Order might be "suspended" until after the Treaty was signed. This the Secretary refused, rather warmly, to advise. The President approved Randolph's memorial on July 31, 1795. But fourteen days later he signed the British Treaty without the reservation which he had declared essential.

What had occurred to cause this change of front in a fortnight? Nothing in the public situation; but the bulwark of the President's position had been destroyed. Randolph had been politically assassinated, and under circumstances which disabled Washington from saving him or the policy for which they had battled together. On this incident, so prolific of results, and never fully investigated, we must dwell for a little.

On March 28, a French vessel, the *Jean Bart*, had been captured by a British frigate, and with it dispatches from Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, to his government. These were forwarded (June 4) to Hammond, the British minister here, to be used at his discretion. English records, of which copies are before me, show that Hammond received a number of dispatches found on the *Jean Bart*. These he acknowledges, July 27, 1795, adding, "The originals of the French letters are peculiarly interesting, and will, I am persuaded, if properly treated, tend to effect an essential change in the public sentiment of this country with regard to the character and principles of certain individuals and to the real motives of their political conduct." Investigations in the archives of the English Foreign Office have failed to discover any of the French dispatches intercepted except one—the one which apparently compromised Randolph and others. Hammond at once invited Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury,—Randolph's relentless enemy,—to dine, and secretly revealed to him this dispatch (No. 10), giving him a copy.

Fauchet's dispatch 10 was dated October 31, 1794. It refers mainly to the Pittsburg Rebellion. The passages affecting Randolph were three:—1. "Besides, the precious (*précieuses*) confessions of Mr. Randolph alone throw a satisfactory light upon everything that comes to pass. These I have not yet communicated to my colleagues." 2. "Mr. Taylor, a republican member of the Senate, published towards the end of the session three pamphlets. . . . In the last he asserts that the decrepid state of affairs resulting from that system" (Hamilton's financiering) "could not but presage, under a rising government, either a revolution or civil war. The first was preparing: the government, which had foreseen it, reproduced, under various forms, the demand of a disposable force which might put it in a respectable state of defence. Defeated in this measure, who can aver that it may not have hastened the local eruption in order to make an advantageous diversion, and to lay the more general storm which it saw rising? Am I not authorized in forming this conjecture from the conversation which the Secretary of State had with me and Le Blanc, alone, an account of which you have in my dispatch No. 3?" 3. "In the mean time, although there was a certainty of having an army, yet it was necessary to assure themselves of co-operators among the men whose patriotic reputation might influence their party, and whose lukewarmness or want of energy in the existing conjunctures might compromise the success of their plans. Of all the

governors, whose duty it was to appear at the head of the requisitions, the Governor of Pennsylvania" (Mifflin) "alone enjoyed the name of Republican: his opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury" (Hamilton) "and of his system was known to be unfavorable. The Secretary of this State" (Dallas) "possessed great influence in the popular society of Pennsylvania, which in its turn influenced those of other States: of course he merited attention. It appears, therefore, that these men, with others unknown to me, all having without doubt Randolph at their head, were balancing to decide on their party. Two or three days before the proclamation was published, and of course before the Cabinet had resolved on its measures, Mr. Randolph came to see me with an air of great eagerness, and made to me the overtures of which I have given you an account in my No. 6. Thus with some thousands of dollars the" (French) "Republic could have decided on civil war or on peace! Thus the consciences of the pretended patriots of America have already their prices (*tarif*)!"

When it had once been privately brought to Hamilton's colleagues in the Cabinet that he was charged with official corruption, they hastened to tell him, and to hear his explanations. The same gentlemen now had to deal with the libel of a foreigner on Randolph, but the stakes were too high for nice considerations of honor to prevail. Wolcott was jubilant at the "fortunate discovery," as he called it, and writes to Hamilton, "Feel no concern, for I see a clue which I know will conduct us through every labyrinth except that of war." It would seem that even the prospect of war with France was a trifle to the Treasurer in that jubilant moment. The dispatch was not mentioned, however, to Hamilton, nor to Washington. The explosion was skilfully arranged between the three ministers,—Wolcott, Pickering, and Bradford,—between whom it was kept a profound secret until the two most important witnesses, Hammond and Fauchet, should be out of the way, both being on the eve of departure for Europe. Sixteen days elapsed, after Hammond showed his bomb, before Washington heard of it, and twenty-four before it fell on the astounded Secretary. The British minister was then well out at sea, and Fauchet supposed to be still farther away. The dates are significant. On July 26 Wolcott had been invited to dinner by Hammond and shown the dispatch. On July 31 Washington was urged to return to Philadelphia, without being told why. On August 11 he arrives, and is shown the dispatch. August 17, Hammond sails from New York. August 19, Randolph is for the first time shown the dispatch.

It will be observed that eight days had elapsed after the President had seen the dispatch before it was communicated to Randolph. During that time Washington's behavior towards Randolph was remarkable. Regardless of his usual etiquette, he visited Randolph, in a friendly way, in his own house. He invited him to dine with a few chosen friends, and gave him the place of honor at the table. Indeed, Randolph twice enjoyed Washington's hospitality during the eight days, and was treated with exceptional marks of friendship up to the fatal morning when, coming at an appointed time, he found the President with the hostile Secretaries, was received with formality, and

shown the Fauchet dispatch.* Randolph denied Fauchet's statements, going over them categorically, without much feeling; but when he found that the President had been consulting with his adversaries for a week without mentioning the matter to himself, and that he had not applied at the French Legation to inspect dispatches 3 and 6 (referred to in 10 as giving particulars, and manifestly part of his case), he saw that he had been prejudged, and indignantly resigned his office. The last act of Randolph in the State Department had been performed the day before, August 18, when he had countersigned the President's signature to the Treaty. Though astonished at this change, he had concluded that Washington had yielded to Hamilton's advice, that the ratifications should be signed, but not exchanged until the remonstrance was complied with. This seemed a compromise between himself and his colleagues, and he silently acquiesced. It may be added here that Randolph's remonstrance was sufficiently vigorous to secure the repeal of the obnoxious Order.

Randolph, of course, at once applied at the French Legation for the dispatches 3 and 6. Though their egotistical and pretentious style would go far to prove their falsity, considerations of space limit me to the bare citation of points affecting Randolph. In dispatch 3 the Secretary is represented as saying that the President "is the mortal enemy of England, and the friend of France;" that some are manœuvring to make a monarch of him; that he (Randolph) trusted in the ascendancy which he daily acquired over the President, "who consulted him in all affairs, and to whom he told the truth which his colleagues disguised from him." In conclusion, Fauchet quotes four sentences from the instructions to Jay, expressive of the determination of the United States not to deviate from its treaties or engagements with France. This quotation, which, now that Jay's instructions are known, appears a model of diplomatic selection, must be credited to Washington, who suggested it, and the whole interview, for the soothing purposes already mentioned. In this dispatch there was nothing to compromise Randolph more than some "bumptious" sentences so very Fauchetesque, so different from the Secretary's severe dignity, that no man after reading a page of the latter could ascribe to him any sentence of the "interview." Nothing is plainer in this and in all of the Fauchet dispatches than that the man is attitudinizing. He was variously said to have been a lawyer and a strolling player before the French Revolution, and may have been both: casuistry and melodrama are combined in his dispatches. This will appear from the passage in dispatch 6, which must be quoted literally, as it contains the alleged "overtures" of Ran-

* "And, finally, an attempt was made to embarrass him and take him by surprise, by inducing the President, whose mind they had thus poisoned, to put the letter suddenly in his hands and demand an immediate explanation and answer,—where the letter was written in French, filling fifteen pages, containing a variety of matter, some assertions and some conjecture and speculation, very desultory; and in which the passages in relation to Mr. Randolph are to be found in different places, mixed up with other matters so as to make it difficult to understand what Mr. Fauchet meant. These were the impressions made upon me by the Wolcott correspondence."—*From a letter of Chief-Justice Taney, January 29, 1856.*

dolph, referred to in 10. Referring still to the Whiskey Rebellion, Fauchet says, "Scarce was the commotion known when the Secretary of State came to my house. All his countenance was grief. He requested of me a private conversation. It is all over, he said to me. A civil war is about to ravage our unhappy country. Four men by their talents, their influence, and their energy may save it. But, debtors of English merchants, they will be deprived of their liberty if they take the smallest step. Could you lend them instantaneously funds sufficient to shelter them from English persecution? This inquiry astonished me much. It was impossible for me to make a satisfactory answer. You know my want of power and my lack of pecuniary means. I shall draw myself from the affair by some commonplace remarks, and throwing myself on the pure and unalterable principles of the Republic. I have never since heard of propositions of this nature."

This very particularly pure young man, on reaching France, sold both himself and the unalterable principles of the Republic to Bonaparte for office, wealth, and the title of Baron. But he did not reach home so soon as had been supposed. If one British ship intercepted Fauchet's dispatch which laid Randolph low, another intercepted Fauchet himself, so that the fallen Secretary could overtake him. Fauchet was waiting at Newport for a British man-of-war to leave the mouth of the harbor, in order that he might sail on the *Medusa*. It was a three days' journey Randolph had to make, but he managed to secure an interview with Fauchet. Wolcott had already a spy there, who made the important discovery that Fauchet, while ignorant that any dispatch had been intercepted, was heard to express chagrin at the failure of his mission in profane denunciations of Randolph, at the same time praising Hamilton. These, being just the reverse of the expressions which would have suited the anti-Randolph cry, were left to be revealed by Wolcott's grandson to our later generation. Fauchet wrote his explanation on the *Medusa*, which weighed anchor the morning after Randolph's arrival, and sent it ashore by a pilot. It was addressed to Adet, who had superseded him, so that Randolph did not read it until his return to Philadelphia. Among the manuscripts before me I find two notes relating to this journey, written to Senator Langdon, of New Hampshire. The first is dated at Fairfield, Connecticut, September 7: "I write this short private and confidential letter for your own inspection only, to inform you that I am returning from Newport, where I have seen M. Fauchet. My object in this errand was to remove some very injurious impressions which an intercepted letter of his had cast upon myself and the republicans of our country. He has made explanations which will, if justice takes place, be satisfactory. When I get matters arranged I will again write to you. In the mean time, I will only say to you that a dart is aimed at me, and through me at many others. Let this rest with you till I lay before you fully the reasons of my resignation." The second is dated at Philadelphia, October 2: "Since I wrote to you from Fairfield I have received your friendly favor; and hold myself justified in saying to you (as the fact is) that Mr. Fauchet has, by the most positive declarations, repelled all

the insinuations arising from his letter. I expect soon to send you a statement of facts. But it is now manifest to me that the calumnies which have been circulated, and the malicious movements which have been made, were calculated, first, to operate in favor of the British interest in opposition to the friends of France; secondly, to destroy the friends of republicanism; and thirdly, to remove me from office. The last, thank God, is accomplished. But God forbid that the first two should be! Spain and France have certainly made peace."

It is probable that Randolph when he came to read Fauchet's "explanations" did not find them so "satisfactory" as his "declarations:" he accepted these without endorsing those. Fauchet explained that when he had complained to the Secretary of manoeuvres against France by British agents, "he said to me that I ought to make efforts to obtain the proofs of this fact, and he added that, if I did so, the President would not hesitate to declare himself against all the manoeuvres which might be directed against the French Republic." Randolph, he says, further suggested that he might for this purpose use some of the flour-contractors engaged by him (Fauchet) for France, and, as the said contractors might also be debtors to England, and liable to be harassed by process, perhaps by early payments to them on existing contracts these flour-merchants might be rendered "independent of British persecution." "But now, calling to mind all the circumstances to which the questions of Mr. Randolph call my attention, I have an intimate conviction that I was mistaken in the propositions which I supposed to have been made to me. I declare, moreover, that no name or sum was mentioned to me; that Mr. Randolph never received, either directly or indirectly, by himself or by another for his use, one shilling from myself, by my order, or according to my knowledge, hearsay, or belief, from any other public officer of France. I declare that he never made to me in this respect a single overture; and that no part of the above circumstance has the least relation to him personally."

Randolph did not base his "Vindication" on the flour-merchant romance. The statements were preposterous. No man in his senses could have applied for money to a minister of notorious poverty, in discredit with his government, and whose accounts, always subjected to the inspection of two agents, were traceable. Fauchet was received by Washington in February, 1794, and throughout March was imploring the Cabinet through Randolph (the letters are before me) to relieve his pecuniary distress by an advance on the debt due France, which government is represented as embarrassed. The Cabinet must have known how ludicrous was the suggestion that Randolph could, at that very time, have been hoping to handle any French gold. Moreover, dispatch 10 pointed the "overtures" of dispatch 6 to the Governor and Secretary of Pennsylvania: the idea of bribing those men, to say nothing of doing it with "some thousands of dollars," could not have been entertained out of Bedlam. Finally, the dispatches attest throughout Randolph's constant efforts to allay Fauchet's fears and inspire him with confidence in the President,—the very reverse of what a venal aim would have required. As to the other charge, betraying Cabinet secrets, Randolph proved undeniably that his communications with Fauchet

were all made in pursuance of the President's direction, their substance invariably matters of previous consultation; that Fauchet's dispatches showed that he knew no secrets, and that Randolph, had he been perfidious, could have sold him some that would have been worth much French gold. If Washington had sent for No. 3, he would have seen that, under a guise of communicative frankness, Randolph had left Fauchet without any faintest suspicion of the one thing he desired to know,—that Jay was negotiating the Treaty, under Randolph's instructions. The Fauchet dispatches show that this impecunious and ambitious diplomatist of thirty years was transmitting newspaper gossip to his ignorant superiors, pretending to receive it from high quarters, hoping to be kept in office, and also that he might have the handling of some of the cash with which France was buying up foreign support.

Fauchet's explanations and Randolph's pamphlet form a sufficiently interesting chapter in the diplomatic history of the two Republics, but they are now unnecessary for the vindication of Randolph. In these latter years his witnesses have come from their graves. The letters and papers of the great men who participated in those events are now before the world. Jefferson, much as he disliked Randolph, declares (letter to Giles, December 31, 1795), "His narrative is so straight and plain that even those who did not know him will acquit him of the charge of bribery. Those who knew him had done it from the first." Madison (letter to Jefferson, January 10, 1796) recognized the whole thing as part of "the plan of running him down." Wolcott himself wrote to his father (November 19, 1795) of Fauchet's "calumnies" at the very moment when he was using the calumniator to crush his opponent. Pickering too, having got into Randolph's shoes, proceeded to brand Fauchet. For Randolph was not the only man compromised by Fauchet; Hamilton too was involved in a way that could not be ascribed to the Secretary of State, and there was no escaping the taunt of Callender,—“The friends of Alexander Hamilton want to recommend the veracity of Fauchet when he impeaches Randolph, and to disown it when he impeaches Hamilton.” These volumes of correspondence of the chief men of that era may be searched in vain for any reply to Randolph's "Vindication," or denial of any of his assertions.

After all, what did the charge against Randolph amount to? It being undeniably proved that Fauchet knew no Cabinet secret whatever, there remains only the charge that "to save his unhappy country from civil war" Randolph suggested that the French minister, whose country was also involved, should "lend funds" to certain men able to save it if relieved of indebtedness to Englishmen. That is the whole of it. Absurd though it be, what if it were admitted? The independence of this country was won by aid of French gold. Mr. Parnell is now fighting the cause of Ireland with American gold. That Washington himself, in the summer of 1794, feared a general revolt against the government is proved by instructions to Jay (August 18). Whatever means Randolph might have employed to "save his country" would have been condoned by history, if not by his adversaries. But this object of Randolph's alleged "overtures" was not named in the intercepted dispatch; it was contained in dispatch 6, referred to in the

other, but not sent for by Washington, Wolcott, and Pickering (Bradford being now dead) while determining Randolph's fate.

Here the greatest name in American history is implicated. Here also lies the gravamen in Randolph's case. There was really no case against Randolph, though a plausible one for the momentary purpose; and it is certain that his shining name would long ago have emerged from its eclipse but for his unpardonable sin of speaking against Washington and the assumption that his disgrace represented the President's judgment. But Washington never dismissed Randolph from his service; in his voluminous letters he never uttered a word against him; and by the assumption that he passed such judgment on the Secretary a real stigma is cast upon Washington, whereas Randolph's words were but the outburst of a wounded friend fancying he had been betrayed with a kiss. On the surface there was reason for Randolph's wrath. Let us suppose the matter brought before Washington one simply affecting his friend's honor. It is a charge brought from an interested foreign Legation through a fiery partisan who had been in his Cabinet six months, against an old friend and comrade who has served at his side from youth,—on his staff in the field, his private secretary, his fellow-worker in the affairs of Virginia, for nearly six years an unwearied worker in his administration. Washington has seen this man as a youth parting, as then supposed, with a large patrimony for his country's cause, taking the undowered hand of Liberty, serving her chief for twenty years: he now finds him accused by acquaintances of yesterday, avowed adversaries both of the man and of his own policy. The accusation is based on an equivocal paragraph in the otherwise admittedly untruthful letter of a foreigner; which letter refers to previous ones—on file near by at a Legation interested to respond to Washington's every request—for particulars which might put a different face on the matter. What would a loyal friend, a just man, a gentleman, do under such circumstances? Would he make no effort to see documents obviously essential to the case? Would he conceal the charge from his friend, while conspiring with his friend's adversaries, until their purpose was accomplished? Would he meanwhile lavish exceptional affection on his unsuspecting friend, exchanging hospitalities with him? Would he give the place of honor at his table to a man he meant to degrade as a traitor?

This was the apparent conduct which Randolph resented. "Why," he asked, bitterly, "was all this stratagem observed towards him of whose fidelity you had never entertained a doubt?" Washington made no reply. Who has ever justified his conduct? It has never been defended; it could not be denied; and historians have simply suppressed this notable chapter in the career of Washington.

I submit that it is susceptible of but one explanation consistent with the honor of Washington: he did not believe one word of the charges against Randolph. Jefferson, Randolph's enemy, said no man who knew Randolph would believe them; and none knew him so well as Washington. But from the moment in which the intercepted dispatch was laid before him every step of the President was compulsory. It was brought from the British office to be held as a pistol at the head of the administration to compel an unconditional signature to the Treaty.

The dispatch involved Washington equally with Randolph, unless the latter was delivered up as the scapegoat. Washington's enemies were even more relentless than those of Randolph. That might be of little importance to him personally, but the peril of his administration was the peril of the country. In that critical week, when peace or war hung in the balance,—not only foreign but civil war,—a British bomb was suddenly revealed which no subsequent disclosure could deprive of its adequacy for immediate service. The intercepted dispatch could raise enough clamor about executive intrigue and French gold to ruin an administration already divided against itself. The bomb had a time-fuse, set to explode at a moment too late for discussion, to be averted from the administration only by rolling it under Randolph and the republicans. Washington could not save Randolph; he could easily have shared his fate. The British party had conquered; the President could now only send a remonstrance against the odious Provision Order where he meant to send a demand. But he resolved that no British sympathizer should write this remonstrance; on Randolph alone he could depend to do it vigorously; and for that purpose, and to complete the transaction, he was compelled to keep the Secretary for a week in ignorance of his fate.

It is plain, then, why Washington did not send for the other Fauchet dispatches. Washington would not even investigate Fauchet's miserable insinuations against the best friend he had in the world. It was cruel enough that among them they had rendered necessary the sacrifice of that friend; he would show them that his faith in their victim was unabated. He visited no minister but Randolph. At his table Randolph had the place of honor, and was treated with a friendship which afterwards appeared to him as a mask. It was natural that it should so seem to the stricken statesman, but to share his view now were to fix on Washington a brand of treachery worse than any ascribed to Randolph. In fact, Washington's character is especially shown in this omitted passage of his history. Unable to rescue his friend, but prepared to utilize even that injustice for the security of his country, Washington afterwards refused to shelter his own personal reputation at Randolph's cost. He could not, indeed, then, or at any period, have confessed his disbelief in the charges, after having based a change of policy on the disgrace of the "French party" effected by those charges; but, the blow having fallen, Washington was prepared for any personal penance; nor would he allow Randolph's adversaries more than their pound of flesh. These desired to withhold from the forthcoming "Vindication" parts of Fauchet's dispatch involving Hamilton; still more they desired to suppress Washington's letter saying he would not sign the Treaty written just before he did sign it. Pickering, now in Randolph's place, removed this damaging letter from the State Department and insolently refused the ex-Secretary's demand for it. But Washington compelled its surrender. "You are at full liberty," he wrote to Randolph, "to publish without reserve *any* and *every* private and confidential letter I ever wrote you; nay, more,—every word I ever uttered to, or in your presence, from which you can derive any advantage for your vindication."

Pickering endeavored to make up for Washington's silence under Randolph's Vindication by bequeathing an "interview" much more discreditable to the President than to Randolph, and containing inaccuracies Washington could never have committed. Several historians have sought to show that Washington did not change front under menace of the intercepted letter; but the original documents which I have obtained from England prove that such was the case. Hammond, writing home August 14, 1795, gloats over the chagrin of Randolph, and ascribes his own victory to "the declining influence of that gentleman in the Councils of this country."

At no period up to his death could Washington have done justice to Randolph without seriously affecting the foreign relations of the country. If his treatment of Randolph was not hypocritical, he no doubt hoped that eventually his old comrade would see that during their last week together the kindness was real, the unkindness the mask. Those last actions would say to a calmer year, "I sacrificed you, but never doubted you." Even so, probably, it was. After fifteen years of freedom and happiness, Randolph's wife died, and his heart broke. Then, for the first time since they parted, did he refer to his trouble with Washington. On July 2, 1810, he wrote to Hon. Bushrod Washington, "If I could now present myself before your venerated uncle it would be my pride to confess my contrition that I suffered my irritation, be the cause what it might, to use some of those expressions respecting him which, at this moment of my indifference to the ideas of the world, I wish to recall, as being inconsistent with my subsequent convictions." He added that it was his hope that he might yet recover strength enough to leave the world his sincere homage to Washington, and it was partly fulfilled by a fine passage in his History of Virginia, never published, which presents a very realistic and striking portrait of the soldier and the man. This was the last work with which he was occupied. Randolph died September 13, 1813. Without a word of elation he had seen the recoil on his adversaries of the blow that struck him down. For there never was a more suicidal victory. In that favorite of Virginia they drove from public life the Southerner without sectionalism, the anti-slavery Virginian, the one republican able to curb revolutionary democracy. Randolph and moderate republicanism fallen, in their place rose Jefferson and a democratic imperialism under which those victorious federalists saw their party buried in the grave of their leader, with Aaron Burr's bullet in his breast.

Moncure D. Conway.

REMORSE.

NOT that I grieved you; no remembered thorn
 Left in your heart frets now my own repose.
 I only wonder—left so soon forlorn—

Whether I could have found you one more rose.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

*JOHN WILKES BOOTH: A TALK WITH THE MAN
THAT CAPTURED HIM.*

CAPTAIN ED. DOHERTY, the man who commanded the expedition which captured John Wilkes Booth, has lately received a government appointment as Indian post-trader in Dakota. He is a tall, straight, broad-shouldered man of forty-six years. He has a dark complexion inclined to be florid, a broad open face, a high forehead, and hair as black as a piece of cannel coal. He talks well, and chats very entertainingly about his experiences at the time of the assassination. He told me the story of Booth's capture not long ago.

Said he, "Twenty-one years ago! It does not seem as many days. The scenes of that time are photographed on my memory. I was sitting in Lafayette Park, talking with a brother officer. It was my day off, and I was rejoicing my soul in the bright rays of the spring sun. The trees had begun to leave. The first flowers were out in the park, and the grass was of its greenest. My friend and myself were talking to a couple of ladies, when an orderly came up and gave me a message. It was to report to Colonel Baker immediately. When I reached Colonel Baker's head-quarters I was directed to take twenty-five men and proceed on the track of Booth to Fredericksburg. A very short time after this I had my detail at the Sixth Street wharf at Washington: there I found a steamboat, the John S. Ide, ready to carry us to Belle Plaine. Here we left the boat, and, landing our horses, we struck across to the Rappahannock at Port Conway. At the house by the Port we questioned the people, and finally got them to admit that the men we were in search of had passed onward. They had been met there by three of Moseby's men, Bainbridge, Ruggles, and Jett, and had gone with them on to Garrett's and Bowling Green. The keeper of the house told us that he was accustomed to guide people to Bowling Green, but that Jett was in love with the daughter of a tavern-keeper there, and he had offered to guide them, as he was going that way. Herold was a friend of Jett's, and he told the men that Booth had killed the President and wanted to get on South. In a short time Booth came up on his crutch. It seems he had not been with Herold at this time, and he acknowledged to these men of Moseby's that he was the President's assassin. The party then went on towards Bowling Green.

"Between Port Conway and Bowling Green lies the Garrett farm. Its buildings were not far from the road, and they consisted of an old frame house with a barn and outbuildings. When the party reached this house Booth stopped here, and was allowed to remain over-night, while Herold continued on to Bowling Green with the rest of the party. We left Port Conway and rode on towards Bowling Green. As we did so we passed the Garrett house, and I learned afterwards that Booth saw us as we passed. He was looking out of the window as we came up, and he snatched his carbine and velled to Garrett to bring him his

pistols. We passed on, however, without knowing this, and reached Bowling Green. I found here that Herold had left, but that Jett was sleeping in the tavern. I went up to Jett's room, and told him that I knew all about his doings during the past few days; that I was going to catechise him, and if I found him lying we would take him out and hang him. He was badly frightened, confessed that he had been with Booth, and consented to guide us back to Garrett's farm, where Booth had stopped. We then started back for Garrett's, and reached there in the early morning. We surrounded the place, and I went up to the door and knocked loudly upon it. In a moment the old man Garrett appeared, in very light attire, carrying a candle. He told me that the man I described had been there, but that after the cavalry had passed he had taken his crutch and hobbled off to the woods. In the mean time my men had been hunting about the place, and one of them called out to me that he had a man in the corn-crib. I went to the crib, and found that it was Garrett's son, who said he was there to watch the men in the barn, fearing that they might steal the horses. I thus found that Booth and Herold were in the barn. Herold had returned from Bowling Green to Garrett's. We surrounded the barn, and Boston Corbett was stationed at a place where there was a hole in the boards about two feet square. As soon as we surrounded the barn we heard men moving about in the hay.

"I told Booth that I knew it was he, and we carried on a short conversation before he was shot. He first asked,—

" 'Who are you? You may be my friends.'

"On my answering, he replied, 'I am a cripple and alone. Give me a chance for my life. Draw your men up at fifty paces, and I will come out and fight you.'

"I replied that I did not come there to fight. I said, 'I came here to capture you. I have fifty men, and I propose to do it.'

"About this time he said, 'There is a man here who wants to surrender awful bad,' and with that the boy Herold came out. As Herold left, Booth made a movement as though to raise his carbine, and Boston Corbett fired. The ball struck Booth just behind his ear, in about the same place where he struck the President. The bullet lodged in the vertebræ of his neck, and this part of his anatomy was afterwards cut out, and the bone with the ball in it was kept in the Medical Museum at Washington. Just before Corbett fired, the straw at the back of the barn was lit by a detective, and as the blaze leaped upward I rushed in and seized Booth, throwing my arms around his waist under his uplifted arms, and dragging him out of the burning barn. We carried him to the porch of the Garrett farm-house, and he died within a few hours.

"We sent for a doctor; but he could do nothing. Booth's intellect was clear, but he was in great agony. He did not deny his crime. The only expression that he made was, 'Useless! useless!' He did not say, 'I died for my country,' nor, 'Tell mother,' as has been reported. At one time I offered him some water, and at another time brandy. He refused the brandy, but took the water. He could not swallow from a cup, and I soaked a towel and gave it to him to suck.

Notwithstanding Booth's rough travels, his clothes were at this time neat and clean. He had a fine physique, was tall and dark-faced. He had shaved off his mustache since he had left Washington, but his face was rough, as he had not used a razor for several days. His leg was in splinters, and the flesh was black. He had hobbled around upon a crutch of pine which a servant of Dr. Mudd's had, I think, whittled out for him. After he died I took a horse-blanket, and, having got a needle from Miss Garrett, I sewed the body up in it. I then borrowed an old rickety wagon from a neighbor and carried him back to Belle Plaine, where the boat was still waiting for us, on the following morning. I delivered the body to a naval officer on the Montauk, near the navy-yard. It was buried in the Capitol Prison; but it was afterwards exhumed, and it now reposes, I think, at Baltimore."

"Do you think Booth would have allowed himself to be taken alive?"

"No, I do not. He had told Herold that he would fight to the death; and I am sure he meant what he said. The reward for his death of seventy-five thousand dollars was divided among his captors in the same way as a naval prize is divided. I received seven thousand five hundred dollars, and the men under me got smaller amounts. They were chiefly young men from New York State, thrifty fellows, with a good deal of German blood in them. Most of them bought lands with their money, and are now well-to-do farmers with families."

Frank G. Carpenter.

UNREST.

ALL day upon the garden bright
The sun shines strong,
But in my heart there is no light,
Nor any song.

Voices of merry life go by
Adown the street,
But I am weary of the cry,
And drift of feet.

With all dear things that ought to please
The hours are blest,
And yet my soul is ill at ease,
And cannot rest.

Strange spirit, leave me not too long,
Nor stint to give;
For if my soul have no sweet song
It cannot live.

A. Lampman.

PRIZE ESSAY No. 6.

SOCIAL LIFE AT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

THE new student, who, after leaving his hotel, gets his first sight of Johns Hopkins University, finds a number of large, presentable buildings, containing the general halls, libraries, lecture-rooms, etc., right in the heart of the busy city of Baltimore. And no retirement of moss-grown fronts seems to hide their life from the passers-by, but their doors open upon the pavement with democratic heartiness. Here is no Campus, no belt of lawn and terrace around the buildings, nor rows of "immemorial elms" nor long avenues of approach. Probably the new man is used to such things in the home school or college which he has left to come here, and is struck with the splendid simplicity that greets him. As he enters the office in the main building, he meets the President of the university, who kindly welcomes him, and asks about his section of the country, and his studies and hopes, until he is somewhat at home. He is soon introduced to his professors, and in a few hours has a general course of study blocked out for the session.

Early in the first week of the year a general informal reception is given in Hopkins Hall, for the purpose of getting the new and old men acquainted with one another. In this large hall may be seen students from up and down the world. Strange faces and tongues greet the new-comer. The young Japanese who can barely break a few stubborn Saxon words in our presence may be escorted by his fellow-countryman who is at ease in French, German, or English, and who can meet on common ground with young men from Paris, Heidelberg, Bonn, London, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, or Toronto. The greater part of those assembled are "graduate students,"—graduates either of Johns Hopkins or some other good institution, who have come here to pursue independent courses of study, or work towards the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Besides these are the matriculates, or undergraduates. The unsophisticated collegian probably imagines that out of this gathering of men, graduates and undergraduates, is to be developed year after year the *esprit de corps* of the university life. What an effete idea these words convey to us! Our conceptions of university life change at every step. Our old epithets of recognition and description fail, and must be modified.

Here is something original,—a young university that has continued to live through its few years up to the letter and spirit of its ideal. Pioneer as the life is in a certain sense, let us look at it closely. It takes a number of weeks' residence and work here before a mere comparison of the customs of this place with his former associations ceases to confuse the new student.

Nearly all the old college backgrounds are changed or removed. That castle of the student's sovereignty, the dormitory, and its refec-

tory, are no more. We are cosmopolitans while we eat and sleep. We are out of reach of temptations to stolen visits to a chum's room, or midnight spreads whose greatest charm is that they are out of order. Inspection, "lights out," or such annoyances we are happily free from. The students have their rooms and boarding-houses all over the city wherever they may choose. The freedom, the comfort, and quiet of this fashion are soon appreciated by one who has lodged in a large building with fifty or sixty other students.

The Campus, or play-ground, is several miles off, on the grounds of Clifton, the estate of the founder of the university. This makes a quiet game, or an athletic match, somewhat like a picnic, a matter of a half-holiday. The half-hours or hours of exercise so necessary to the studious are passed in the gymnasium, after which those so inclined stroll out to the Parks or drop in at the libraries. Another feature that the visitor here does not find is a university periodical. The college newspaper or literary weekly has no existence.

There is no division of matriculates into Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes. The scope of privileges and strifes based on such a division is narrowed to a poor margin of differences so little emphasized as to furnish no comfort to even self-asserting superiority. The matriculate courses of study are marked out for three years, and when the student is ready to be examined, and try for his degree, he is free to do so. Class jealousies and impositions are unknown. There is no approach to hazing or the terror of forced speeches at the dead of night. So far as the present writer has been able to discover, there is no working chapter of any secret fraternity here. There are no rival debating or literary societies, hotbeds of enthusiasm, where the frenzied young speakers may defy and deify one another. There is, however, one very flourishing literary organization, called the Hopkins House of Commons, in which "bills" embodying various principles and public questions are passed under consideration according to the strictest parliamentary processes. The public session of this body in Hopkins Hall about once a year is a great treat to both university members and the general public.

Much as we may at first miss certain representative features of average American college life, we soon accommodate ourselves to our surroundings, and are easily taught the lesson for which we come here. Between the governing and the governed there is no worry of police surveillance. One great source of enthusiasm lies in our community of interest. The student has an open field and the free year to develop himself by whatever proportion of work and recreation he may allow himself. He is a visitor made welcome in the city, to enrich himself by the treasures of a corporate bureau which is enthusiastically concerned that his stay shall be profitable and pleasant. And all the forces of the city seem to co-operate in the design.

One great power of appeal playing between teachers and students is exercised through the "advisers." Each matriculate is expected to designate one of his professors whom he will consider his adviser while at the university. The professor is to be consulted by the student as a personal friend and guide, whom he will find to be interested in all

matters concerning his success as a student. In this way, more than any other, does the young man get a good view of the benignity and wisdom of his professor; as the latter also obtains a direct knowledge of the pupil's aspirations and fears, and is enabled to conform the impulsive ardor that meets him into a hearty co-operation with the university's efforts for its members. The "advisers" act very considerately, yet very heroically sometimes. Though once in a while a pair of knit brows coming out of a study may announce positively that at least one person "can't see it that way," on the other hand I have known a consultation to make sunshiny and hopeful what had seemed to one student a dark fruitless year, and relieve it of a trouble which, without the inducement of such confidential relationship, would never have been confessed through the whole college course.

After the session has worn on a little and every one is settled well to his work, a pleasant diversion occurs in a number of grand receptions given by the President at his residence. Through these, the professors and students are still more generally introduced to each other. It should be understood that as a rule the student has had neither time nor opportunity to meet more than a few professors outside his own special department of study, and a very small proportion of the great number of students that do not attend the same lectures and recitations. With this last large body of gentlemen, whose names are not yet known to him, he is thrown in daily contact, in the libraries, the gymnasium, or the business office. He wishes to learn their names, have some conversation with them, and feel quite at home whenever he meets them. At these receptions the opportunity is offered for becoming pleasantly acquainted.

Another friendly help by which this circle of acquaintances and pleasures is widened comes from the University Y. M. C. A. This association is very happy in entertaining all who come to its halls. On Sunday afternoons during the past year it has offered a series of entertaining and spiritual addresses by prominent clergymen and men of letters of Baltimore. Through earnest, devout students, this organization sustains an active interest in various kinds of mission-work. On Sunday, all through the city its workers may be found as Sunday-school teachers, visitors of the sick and the poor, lecturers in mission-churches, leaders of classes in the penitentiary and jails,—enjoying the work, and learning profound lessons from actual life.

A very interesting phase of our life here is the attendance of the students on the professor's "*Privatissima*,"—a good instance of how the American does sometimes import foreign customs to his own benefit. These are cosy meetings of students of some one department of study, usually held at the home of the professor of that study. His pupils gather around the doctor in his library, and listen to the statement of some new chapter of science, or the analysis of some complex philosophy. One of them will then probably present a paper, or give a review of a scientific journal or monograph. After about an hour the company moves to the drawing-room, where discussion is less formal, but where science is by no means ignored. Literature, music, and conversation is then the round for the evening, to which is added the corporeal com-

fort of refreshments. Patterned to some extent after the *Privatissima* are the meetings held in turn at the rooms of the several members of a special branch of study. Here is no professor to bless or restrain. Here the young gods, no longer over-modest, work their will, and discuss grievances to vary the quiet of the steady search for truth. These gatherings are Bohemian, sometimes even Philistine; proper always, but by no means staid. At these times there is no lack of panaceas to drive dull care away. The Kentuckian passes around his "vinaigrette," and all examine the curious device; the young American born in China brings out his jar of tea that he has brought straight from the heart of the Celestial Empire, and we make a simon-pure amber brew; the master of the evening then presents "substantials," with cakes and confections manifold; and finally the member from North Carolina bountifully furnishes us with his native country's golden tobacco, wherewith we proceed to make ourselves happy. These are our veritable *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

In the course of the year our hearts are made glad by an invitation to a reception given by some warm-hearted considerate citizen of Baltimore. Here we find, besides professors and students, ladies and gentlemen of this city, and distinguished visitors. Surely we are blest in having friends so full of encouragement and hearty cheer for our progress as we have found the people of Baltimore to be. We are welcomed kindly at their homes, are introduced to their guests, and warned of the futility of very hard study, to such good purpose that we often lose the distinguishing mark of the pale cast of thought upon our faces. Then there is another power which exerts a wonderful influence against a suicidal application to books. For the flower of an ideal social environment for a university, commend us to the young ladies of Baltimore. What is your taste? Transcendentalism? Literature? Special theology? Palmistry? You need not be surprised to find some wise Minerva to accommodate you. Will you discourse on yachting? driving? base-ball? or a military parade? Every girl may be a ready authority. Is not this as it should be? "The wheel is come full circle." Such light is quite approachable. It is no more difficult for a student of Johns Hopkins to become acquainted with any young lady than it would be for any other young gentleman residing in Baltimore to do so. In fact, the students are supposed to act in general as if this were their home city; and we think the idea well carried out. For we have never known a case of viciously obstinate homesickness in our midst; and in the high tide of the year all traces of regret are put away into cosey oblivion. To those who have ever had little twinges of homesickness, this should speak volumes.

The public lectures given during the fall in Hopkins Hall are of much interest to members of the university and their friends. The lectures treat of literature, science, and art, more or less exhaustively. They are delivered by both resident and non-resident lecturers on stated days during the week, and usually at five o'clock in the afternoon, when the regular lectures for the day are concluded. In the audience may be observed many a fair listener, intent on the matter under consideration, and expecting to be equal to discussion on the subject at the close,

whether it be the etiquette of the Nibelungenlied or the authenticity of some new archæological specimen.

Two Recesses are allowed during the year,—one in the fall, another in the spring. Each consists of about a week or ten days. On these occasions those who are not far from home like to take advantage of the opportunity and renew sweet memories by the family hearth. Others may accept the invitations of friends to spend the holidays with them, or else visit the Capitol, Mt. Vernon, or some of the many places and objects of national or special interest which are close at hand. Whatever he may do, the student need not feel at all lonely or abandoned, even if he cannot join the happy exodus. Christmas never comes to find his good-fellowship unchallenged. In spite of his local reputation, he is no hermit. He has usually gone abroad to come here; and he explores while here. Various are his discoveries. He is not hampered by prescribed hours. No beadle or proctor waits for him. He is not passported to his privileges, but is considerately permitted to be his own friend. Not as a stranger do the museums and libraries of the city know him. He shows the homelikeness of thorough and sympathetic use of gifts. However exorbitant his wants, be he epicurean and gourmand, he shall not go heartlessly through a Christmas or an Easter in Baltimore. The home of the soft-shell crab, the diamond-back terrapin, and the canvas-back duck scorns to harbor a connoisseur as a starveling; and the large parks, with their lakes, fountains, trees, and flowers, the grand churches, with their wonderful music, and the busy streets, with the numberless beautiful faces, would defy even a listless æsthete to remain dreary under their influence.

Two prominent days in the calendar are worthy of mention. The first is Commemoration Day. This falls on the 22d of February, and celebrates the inauguration of the President of the university. On this day the names of the successful candidates for degrees and honors are published and diplomas bestowed. A large audience is assembled, and listens to a formal address by the President, followed by one of the professors or a distinguished visitor. Often a grand reception in the evening prolongs the celebration and the day is rounded with great rejoicing. Commencement Day repeats this variously happy programme, and closes the work of the year.

There are no groups, sets, or cliques, into which the students might be classified. No matter whether certain signs might suggest such cues as "sport," "dude," "masher," or what not, still we are forced to acknowledge that those under criticism for the most part prove their right to the title student. Probably that is the reason why there is no luxurious indulgence of nicknames among us. A collegian represents his father's whole family. "Hic jacet Joe, hic jacet Bill," under these skies seems a barbaric "In Memoriam."

The haunts of the student are not very shadowy or mysterious. The undergraduates have a room for themselves, where they congregate and compare opinions at unoccupied hours. The graduate student, if not in the laboratory or lecture-room, may be found in the seminary-room of his department. The seminary is quite an institution among us. At stated times, usually every two weeks, the students of a de-

partment assemble in their seminary-room with their professor, for specially advanced work. Original studies are reported on by the members, and papers are read upon themes previously announced. All confer together in a friendly enthusiastic spirit for the mutual good of the members and the furtherance of scientific progress in the department. All conveniences, such as books or apparatus, for reference or illustration, are near at hand. These hours are full of suggestions for original investigation. Many a learned thesis has been evolved from some dark, irrelevant question that has troubled these circles. For those who will carry the war into Africa there is always some region of the dark continent still unsatisfactorily explored. Another resort of the students is the *club*; not one of those defamed thoroughly-equipped homes for bachelors, but a retreat where one can find pleasant company, or spend an ostensibly idle hour in a quiet corner over the latest magazine. Here are celebrated now and then the festivities of the *Kneipe*. The bibulous scholar boldly takes his plunge into the foam of old Gambrinus; and some venturesome comrades go down in the billowy sea, while the remorseless crew howl their requiem in barbarian song. It is given out that on rare occasions the forms of these unfortunates are caught from the depths in a comatose condition, and arranged supine upon the long table, whereupon the Babylonian or some other ancient and startling burial-service is intoned over them in all its severest and most classic detail. But we have not seen or heard this thing; and it may be a canard.

Athletics receives a fair and hearty recognition. The gymnasium is well patronized throughout the year. Base-ball, lacrosse, foot-ball, and the full round of field sports are cultivated at Clifton. Match games are frequently made up with other college teams, and the backing of the home-men is quite spirited. The exhibition of games and various athletic contests in the spring on the Clifton grounds arouses a lively interest, and is worthy of the enthusiasm that sustains it.

One's annual expenses as a student here are moderate. Probably the greater number spend between five and six hundred dollars. Some whose circumstances make it expedient engage as "coaches" for other students, or find academies in which to teach, or else deliver public lectures while they continue their studies. These give but an incomplete view of the many means by which deserving young men may meet a part of their expenses.

Such is our life. It is new in a number of ways. We have no encumbrances of legendary custom to burden or handicap us. We are as free as an Olympian runner in the first heat of his race. We cannot tell what this university's social life may be after fifty years have passed away. But we are willing to think it will be much as it is to-day. It is natural to suppose that as teacher or student friend passes away to meet those whom we already mourn, a mysterious body of council will appeal to our spirit of conservatism, and the words of every memorial tablet will read as a binding clause on our conduct.

James Cummings.

SONG.

GO not, O perfect Day !
 GO Day so beautiful, so golden-bright.
 A little longer stay !
 Soon in thy western window fades the light :
 Soon comes the Night !

Delay !
 Go not, O perfect Day !

Go not, dear Life, away !
 Dear Life, one's cheerful friend and guest of yore.
 A little longer stay !
 Soon wilt thou steal from us, and shut the door,
 And come no more !

Delay !
 Go not, dear Life, away !

Robertson Trowbridge.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PERHAPS that vast constituency of lay readers, of which you speak with such charming certainty, is entitled to a word in the controversy between editors and authors ; because it is to them the mighty hotch-pot concocted by the editor, the author, and the devil is served,—which they devour, too,—God help 'em !—to the bones and the rank dregs, whether they will or not,—a phenomenon as occult as the *raison d'être* of the black fly. In Japan I have eaten living fish, with the cold eye of the fish upon me in baleful melancholy,—because I was in the presence of royalty that loved live fish—because I was hungry—because I wanted to see what it was like—because I wanted to vaunt myself of the achievement to less ichthyic friends. But later, in the privacy of my bed-chamber, I cursed live fish loud and deep.

Is this parable a hint of the why we “peruse every line from the pens of authors of established reputation”?—in preference, too, to “the work of the cleverest tyros”?

Why should author and editor persist in serving us always hash because once, under the force of circumstances, we lied and said we liked hash? Or why, again, if they have once served us a rare tenderloin, over which we smacked our lips (metaphorically, of course), should they poke it at us with a shovel,—no longer rare, indeed, but common enough, and underdone, overdone, till we are wellnigh undone? I confess I like something verdant now and then, if for no other reason than to invent a new oath for the new writer ; for we soon exhaust

our Anathasian vocabularies upon the old ones. It is a question whether the second best of the literary hack is always ahead of the cleverest tyros. His work may be faultless in style; but, great heaven! *how* barren it sometimes is of ideas! Naturally, too, the galled jade must wince.

I do not sign this note, because I know some of the people I am going to name; and because I have not the fear of the waste-basket before my eyes; and because, after all, I have faith that I shall prick the tender cuticle which I have heard venomously called the editorial pachyderm, and this shall be glory enough. This leaves me free to cite *sans peur* the very cases upon which you have challenged the whole world,—as *I* see them, of course; leaving the rest of us to speak now or else forever hold their shameful peace.

Stockton: One may read his "Rudder Grange" again and again, and "The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke" (I believe that's right) at least twice, and "The Lady, or the Tiger," once or more; but "The Discourager of Hesitancy" and "The Transferred Ghost" not at all; unless one wishes, pre-pense, to suffer the chill of a futile jest. And the dreary stretches of "The Hundredth Man" make my feeble mind ache,—I presume from aggravated vacuity. Of this latter a dim idea has penetrated me lately that in its arid photographic imbecility it aims to parody Mr. James,—one of the *ad nauseam* sort of jokes that only the joker can appreciate,—a sort of humorous *solitaire*. If this be true, I hope Mr. Stockton will not fatuously attempt to explain the joke in the painful fashion that kills. Has he forgotten his "Bull Calf"? If not, perhaps he will be merciful; for even the judge who sends men to the scaffold begs the Lord to have mercy on their souls.

Howells: Perhaps the most delightful of American writers. Almost I am persuaded to call him altogether lovely. And yet, and yet—over against "A Modern Instance," "Silas Lapham," and "Indian Summer" stand "A Foregone Conclusion" and "A Woman's Reason." But when Howells does not write with a visible weariness of the pen he *is* delightful. If he photographs, his camera is steady, and gives us a true *genre* effect sometimes through the gauze that softens and harmonizes the hard angularities of this life of ours. But for the most part there are trees that sigh and whisper in our ears, turf that springs beneath our feet, and men and women whom we recognize for such through all their silly nothings, for of these—strange!—men and women are mostly made.

But, by way of contrast, take that society of New York into which Miss Magruder has just introduced Stella. Her camera was not steady. The features crop out at any place on the plate. No one, I think, would recognize the portrait. Its creation is clearly morganatic. And those cow-boys in knickerbockers and Tam O' Shanter caps!—shall we ever look upon their like again? Her camera certainly had uncontrollable recollections of former doings with lawn-tennis lads and lassies.

And what evil genius prompted the author of "Marse Chan" to write of "Soldiers of the Empire"? Did Mr. Page personally know this soldier? Sure no Frenchman ever knew such an one. And bad poetry? Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make to write poetry, I think. And of dialect stories generally might we not with profit have surcease? Is it not true that enough is better than a feast? And do not Mr. R. M. Johnston's people latterly talk as if they were stirred up with a stick and reminded of their proper business?

No, no, my dear sir: if you recruit your magazine largely from the ranks of authors of established reputation simply because of that reputation, and with-

out due regard to merit, you practise upon us the basest of false pretences. Look! You send us a great name, and behind it a tinkling cymbal or sounding brass. Is it not better to read behind an unknown name into such delights as "Marse Chan," "A Brother to Dragons," or "A Story of the Latin Quarter"?

St. Inier.

IN the July number of *Lippincott's* appeared one or two short articles from both authors and editors upon the difficulty of getting into print,—the biassed mind of the editor and his susceptibility to influence being the reason from the point of view of the author, and the number of contributions and their worthlessness in the long run, from that of the editor.

Both editor and author, however, were more or less down upon that wretched creature the amateur.

It is in the interest of this long-suffering devotee that I address the question, How can one cease to be an amateur? How become one of those professional and paid writers of whose contributions every editor will assure you he has a large stock always on hand?

The editor says, "Write as well as Howells and James and Stockton." But the trembling amateur acknowledges that he *can't*, and to encourage him I would humbly venture to remark that few *can*. Our magazines are not wholly supplied (more's the pity) by those gifted pens, but largely by others, and the amateur declares to himself he can write as well as these.

To the amateur I would say, Don't think to get in because you can write *as well*: you must write *better*. Also don't write to please what *you* think suits the public taste. The public taste will have time to change several times before your manuscript will, in all human probability, see the light, even after it is accepted. If you can find out what the editor individually likes, never mind the public. Write something that will please *him*!

An Amateur.

I HAVE been very much interested, instructed, and amused by your last "Monthly Gossip" article. Ah, you sly rogues of editors, how well you know what to put into your magazines! I turned at once to that article, and found it quite a tidbit. What! you really receive five thousand articles a year from contributors, or would-be contributors, and can accept only two hundred of them! Dear, dear me! What an amount of hope deferred, of heart-burning and bitter disappointment, is represented by these figures! Have you no poet to write an elegy or a lament on these unfortunate contributors,—these unsuccessful men of genius, shall I call them? How I pity them! I am awfully glad I am not one of them myself. I never offered you an article, thank heaven, and I probably never shall. Not that I distrust your judgment; not that I think you are not as fair as another; not that I wouldn't like to shine, like the others,—the successful contributors, I mean; but I don't care to let my poor literary bantling run the one chance in twenty-five of floating on your stream; I don't care to attempt something in which there is so little chance of being successful. I'd rather write for some less popular periodical, and be sure of having my articles accepted, than write with such a slim chance of acceptance for yours.

But, seriously, Mr. Editor, what, in the name of all that is sensible, drives so many people into such an unprofitable business? Is the hankering for literary fame such a wide-spread disease among Americans? Is it the desire of gain, in a country where there are so many surer and easier ways of making money?

What is it that has so drugged and glutted the literary market? Many persons imagine, I suppose, that this is an easy way of gaining money, and many others that it is an easy road to fame. For my part, I would rather be a successful pork-butcher than the most famous literary starveling alive. For what does the fame amount to, after all? Of all our literary men of the present day, how many will ever be mentioned, think you, a hundred years hence? Not one in fifty. And what is a hundred years to a race whose history is now counted by the ten thousand? "What fools," indeed, "these mortals be!"

By the way, Mr. Editor, wouldn't it be a good idea for these unsuccessful men of letters to club together and get up a magazine or a book composed entirely of "Rejected Contributions"? Suppose fifty such articles in a book with the title "Rejected Articles offered to Harper's, Scribner's, Lippincott's, and other Magazines." I should just like to see what stuff these articles are made of,—what those things are that you unfeeling editors have so unceremoniously rejected. The venture might pay, like the Smith Brothers' "Rejected Addresses." I know these were all written by two men, and were all in imitation of the style of various living authors; but might not these contributions be couched in a similar way? No doubt there are many pearls in the ocean of rejected literature. May not some of them have been "cast before swine"? Pray trot out some of these blue-pencilled articles, *verbatim et literatim*, that we may see what they are like, and whether the judgment of you editors, the Judicious, will be supported or confirmed by that of the multitude, the Vulgar.

Robert Waters.

IN the above three articles the Editor has given a selection from several communications received in answer to certain remarks made in our July number,—deeming it unfair that the other side should not have the opportunity to be heard. He has always sympathized with Miss Baylor's "Aunt Sukie" who joined the Methodist church because it gave her a chance to jaw back at the preacher. Neither preacher nor editor sums up in himself all, nor indeed any considerable proportion of, the wisdom in the world; but when these gentlemen occupy their respective pulpits they too often have all the jaw to themselves.

However, it is to be feared that St. Inier's amiable desire to pierce the editorial pachyderm has not been gratified. Nature is a kind mother. When a man first takes up an unfamiliar tool she sends him blisters to warn him that he should stop and think before he persists in its use. If she finds that he is in earnest, that he intends to persevere, she gathers up her energies and furnishes calluses that protect and strengthen his hand. The Editor of *Lippincott's* has gone through his blister period, and is now caparisoned with a defensive armor of calluses which the criticisms of his most esteemed contemporaries, the well-deserved rebukes of his correspondents, and even the stings of conscience, are powerless to pierce.

There is one point made by St. Inier which is well taken, though he has misinterpreted a sentence which the Editor acknowledges lends itself to misinterpretation. In speaking of authors of established reputation as compared with tyros, the Editor was right in classifying them as opposites, as the two great divisions of writers who submit articles to the magazines, but he might have paused to explain that there is an intermediate class, who are not yet "authors of established reputation," but who cannot either be called tyros or amateurs. Miss Rives was no tyro when she produced "A Brother to Dragons," nor Page when he produced "Marse Chan," nor Mrs. Burnett when she produced "A

Story of the Latin Quarter." Yet it was by these stories that these writers lifted themselves above the unknown millions and established their reputation. This may at first sight seem like the vicious logic known as reasoning in a circle. But in truth it is not so.

In no line of human work and endeavor is it more difficult to distinguish the professional from the amateur than in literature. In law, for instance, a student reads certain books with an attorney, passes an examination before a board of examiners, and receives a diploma which certifies that he is a member of the legal profession. In medicine, the student takes a prescribed course of study in a college, graduates, and is privileged to style himself a doctor. There are schools for artists, for actors, even for farmers; there are no schools for literary men. There is not only no school, there is no obvious curriculum which they can pursue. The mental training which produces the professional man of letters (professional as distinguished from amateur) is a purely subjective one, and it may make no sign until a poem, a story, an essay, proves that the man has not mistaken his vocation. This is true of the greatest artists, as well as of the humblest of those whom St. Inier calls "literary hacks." A man cannot learn how to put the best that is in him in a form that will be recognizable to the reader without long years of secret travail, of delight amounting to pain in the works of some great writer or writers, of despairing attempts at emulation.

Even a poet is made, not born, but he is made by such subtile and unconscious processes that they seem to date all the way back to his birth.

It is possibly on account of this difficulty in differentiating the amateur from the professional, on account of the want of some external sign for deciding his own status, that the young aspirant is so innocently, so delightfully vain. A young doctor does not say, "I can assure you without vanity that I would manage your case better than Dr. Weir Mitchell or Dr. Hammond." Nor does a young lawyer claim to be the superior of Evarts or Brewster. But a youth or a maiden making a first essay in literature sees nothing incongruous in assuring an editor or a publisher that, whatever its faults, the work is superior "to the dismal trash which Henry James is foisting upon the public," or "to the platitudes of Howells."

Goethe has an opportune anecdote in his autobiography. In early youth he had joined a party of boys who used to meet and compare verses of their own composition. "Here occurred something strange, which long troubled me. I could not help regarding my own poems, be they what they might, as the best. But I soon observed that my competitors, who produced very poor things, were in the same case and thought no less of themselves." He began, therefore, to doubt the soundness of his self-estimate, until the verses were all submitted to competent judges and his declared the best. This recognition of the general law of self-deception and its application to his own case is characteristic of Goethe, and it marks one great difference between the "born" author and the amateur.

St. Inier's criticisms, as criticisms, the Editor will not attempt to discuss. They are expressions of individual opinions, and nothing would be gained by asserting that the Editor's opinions are different. But when, on the strength of his own criticisms, the saint accuses the Editor of practising "the basest of false pretences," it is just as well to point out where he is wrong. St. Inier does not like "A Foregone Conclusion." Many people think it the best thing that Howells ever did. St. Inier does not like "At Anchor." The news companies will tell him that they have had unusual difficulty in supplying orders for the magazine

containing this novel. St. Inier does not like "The Transferred Ghost." It has been one of the most popular of Stockton's extravaganzas, has been copied and recopied, quoted, criticised, imitated. Supposing St. Inier had been the editor of a magazine, he would have made a mistake in following the dictates of his own judgment and declining it. The editor, too, must learn to recognize the law of self-deception. And this is where "An Amateur" is in error when she suggests that writers should try and find out what the editor individually likes, and write to please him. One editor of a magazine used to declare that he accepted the things he *disliked*, in the hopes of pleasing the public. And all editors make at least a conscientious effort to cater to the public. The formula, therefore, should be changed to read, "Try and find out what the editor believes to be the public taste, and write to suit that." Of course, editors are human and fallible. They may misjudge the merits of an article, they may misjudge its popularity. They may be imbecile, but why accuse them of baseness?

With regard to a large number of "authors of established reputation" there is a test of popularity which St. Inier entirely ignores. He intimates that many of their articles are read only because the base editor forces them down the public throat. But this does not explain why these same articles, collected into book-form, find a ready sale,—in these days, too, when publishers have learned by dreary experience that it is only in the case of very popular authors that collections of miscellaneous sketches and stories find any sale at all. Again, take a serial like "The Hundredth Man." St. Inier dislikes it. It is safe to predict that when published in book-form its sales will outrival those of many, many books that St. Inier does like. The masses may be wrong. St. Inier may be right. But magazines are published for the masses, and not for the saints. Remember that this entire discussion is based upon the merits of the editor as a caterer to the public, not as a patron of literature.

In answer to Mr. Waters (who will please "accept the assurance," etc.), the Editor would say that there *are* undoubtedly a large number of pearls in the ocean of rejected literature. He often has a severe struggle with himself before he decides that an article is too long or too short, too special in its interests, too severely learned, too tragic, or is for any other reason unsuitable for his purposes. A certain proportion of these articles are by authors of established reputation. A certain proportion, again, find their way into other magazines. What is unsuitable for *Lippincott's* may be suitable for *Harper's*, or the *Century*, or *Scribner's*, and *vice versa*. And as to what induces so many people to write, he has no doubt that they are all—successful and unsuccessful alike—impelled by worthy and proper aims. The desire of fame, the wish to earn an honest livelihood, or to amuse and instruct your fellows, all of these are honorable motives. Some succeed, many fail. But there would be fewer successes if fewer people were willing to take the risk of failure. It is true that the test of marksmanship is to hit the target, but it is better to begin by aiming high than by aiming low.

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

BOOK-TALK.

THE most prominent figure in the present literature of the United States is Mr. Howells. Even those who disagree with him cannot deny him that prominence so long as they retain their present fondness for disagreeing with him in print. In one of the most difficult and delightful walks of literature he is without a peer: he is the greatest American humorist. He has another of the rare marks of genius: he is sincere and genuine. His individuality breathes through all his writings. You can form from the latter some mental picture of the man. In this respect he differs from Henry James, who has progressed so far beyond "the confidential attitude of Thackeray" that his personality entirely eludes us. You may like or dislike Mr. James's writings without being either attracted or repelled by the man. Your feelings towards Mr. Howells, whether favorable or unfavorable, are distinctly personal ones.

The series of critical papers which Mr. Howells is contributing to *Harper's Magazine* are entertaining and instructive, even to one who does not accept his conclusions. He has thought earnestly, and he says what he thinks, without regard to the prejudices or conventions or established principles he may offend. He is not afraid to adopt a little of the infallibilist air; he is careless of the hard things that may be said against Sir Oracle. Towards the college of American novelists he cheerfully adopts the position of Dean. Above all, he is not afraid of being inconsistent,—the final test of genuineness and strength. Whether these papers have any great critical value may be doubted, in view of the frankness of their partisanship. A critic who "finds *no* fault" with Henry James's "Princess Casamassima" is certainly entirely alone in the present, and it is not likely that his solitude will be shared in the immediate future.

An amusing instance of Mr. Howells's inconsistency is afforded by his recent diatribes against critics and criticism. He says much that is very just. But his strictures on the limitations of modern criticism are strictures on the limitations of human nature. Critics are not very wise; but neither is the rest of humanity. All men talk an immense amount of nonsense; the wisest utters but one true word in a thousand. Critics, in order to have any influence at all, must be a little wiser than the unthinking masses whom they address. They can bring the masses up to their own low level and leave their higher education to higher influences. Human progress is not attained by leaps, but by slow toilsome ascent of the rungs of a ladder whose summit is hid far, far up in the future. The lowest rung is as necessary as its fellow above it. But modern criticism, Mr. Howells proceeds, only amounts to this,—the critic likes or dislikes a certain performance, and he says so. Well, it is a good sign that critics are independent. Only out of the clash of many discordant opinions can the truth be evolved. Mr. Howells's own criticisms are largely the announcements of individual preferences, and derive their chief value from that fact. Again, the utterances of critics frequently give pain to their betters. But warfare, whether literal or lit-

erary, involves the giving of pain to your opponents, and warfare is a necessary factor in the evolution of the race. An otherwise entirely amiable lady assured the Reviewer that Mr. Howells is the only person in the world to whom she would like to do a personal injury. He had only attacked her idols, but he must have inflicted much pain to raise such bitterness in so gentle a bosom. And still again, modern criticism cannot be content with disliking, it must make faces and call names. But Mr. Howells does not hesitate to stigmatize those who disagree with his estimate of Henry James as "critical groundlings," nor to speak disrespectfully not only of Rider Haggard, but of those who read his romances, "The world," he says, "often likes to forget itself, and he brings on his heroes. his goblins, his feats, his hair-breadth escapes, his imminent deadly breaches, and the poor, foolish, childish old world renews the excitements of its nonage." This looks like a neat method of making faces not only at Mr. Haggard, but at Andrew Lang, R. H. Hutton, and all his coterie of admirers.

To be quite candid, the Reviewer himself, much as he prefers the novel of incident and emotion to that of photographic "realism," has found himself yawning over "Allan Quatermain" (Harper & Brothers). Perhaps this is because it is inferior to "King Solomon's Mines" or "She." And yet, and yet—there is the same direct, vivid narration, the same passion, the same affluence of imagination, the same brilliant color just verging upon gaudiness. "Allan Quatermain" carries on the fortunes of the band of adventurers who discovered King Solomon's Mines. Somehow one gets weary of these tremendous Englishmen, who, with a dozen men or so, attack a camp of two hundred and fifty Maori and suffer not a savage to escape; who are sucked in by underground rivers, who are nearly killed by magnificent flaming jets of natural gas, who are attacked by monstrous crabs of almost human intelligence, who discover a strange and wondrous land inhabited by a semi-civilized white race, who excite love and jealousy in the two beautiful queens, and introduce strife and a tremendous civil war into the mysterious country,—until at last the curtain falls upon the leader of the enterprise, Sir Henry Curtis, calmly seated with his bride, Queen Nyleptha, upon the throne of a once more united Zu-Vendi-land. An old Zulu chief, Umslopogaas, who accompanies these heroes, is quite the most striking figure. He is drawn with all the careless vigor and generous, rollicking extravagance of the warriors in mediæval romance, and is as thoroughly delightful as any paladin of them all. In the caricature of the little Frenchman, Alphonse, Mr. Haggard has been tempted to display his humor. Now, Mr. Haggard has no humor.

To the end of "Allan Quatermain" Mr. Haggard has appended, under the heading of "Authorities," a list of the persons and the books that have been of any assistance to him in the preparation of his novel. This is done to ward off the attacks of the literary detective, but it will probably be fruitless; and in any event the literary detective is too small an animalcule to be deferred to in this way. What should be the main object of a writer?—a selfish desire to tickle his own vanity, or an altruistic pleasure in giving pleasure to his reader? If the latter, and if he succeeds, why should the reader inquire too curiously into the sources of his pleasure? In enjoying a dish you don't care to know where its constituent elements came from. The Reviewer confesses that it is difficult for him to summon up any indignation over the most flagrant instances of plagiarism. He is rejoiced that Shakespeare and Molière had so little literary con-

science,—Shakespeare whom poor Greene called “an upstart crow beautified with our feathers,” and Molière who “reconquered his own wherever he found it.” He is grateful to Owen Meredith for having transformed George Sand’s “Lavinia” into “Lucille;” to Charles Reade for having altered one of Maquet’s dramas into his novel of “White Lies;” to Thomas Hardy for having adapted a chapter from “Georgia Scenes” so as to fit it into “The Trumpet Major.” He is grateful to these authors for the pleasure they have given him, as it is more than likely he would never have come across the originals. And the original authors ought to have been unselfish enough to rejoice that their creations had given this additional delight. “What matters it to the world,” says Longfellow, “whether I or you or another man did such a deed or wrote such a book, sobeit the deed and book were well done?” And, *a fortiori*, what matters it who gets the credit? The perfection of form which the proverbs of all nations have attained is owing to the fact that their rough edges have been gradually smoothed and polished as they passed from mouth to mouth without any aurtorial vanity to hinder their progress. The same is true of the popular ballads and epics: it may even be true of the “Iliad” and the “Odyssey.” In modern times a large proportion of the wise sayings of great authors, which have become embalmed as familiar quotations, can be traced back through many hands to the rude quarry from which they sprung. And as to incident, any one who has the smallest familiarity with comparative folk-lore and mythology is well aware that originality is impossible. Wiseacres have begun to see a resemblance between “Allan Quatermain” and Mayo’s forgotten romance of “Kaloolah.” There is a resemblance, undoubtedly; but “Kaloolah,” in its turn, resembles “Peter Wilkins,” and “Peter Wilkins” resembles a number of mediæval romances, and they can be traced to Eastern sources, and so on *ad infinitum*. Very likely Mr. Haggard never read “Kaloolah,” as he asserts that he never read “Peter Wilkins” before writing his story. In his recent article on “Plagiarism” Mr. Andrew Lang says, “It lately happened to me to see an illustration of an unpublished work, in which a wounded and dying warrior was using his last force to break, with singular consequences, the weapon that had been his lifelong companion. I knew (being bookish) the incident was perfectly familiar to me, but I could not remember where I had met it before. It haunted me like the names which you try to recover from faithless memory, and one day it flashed on me that this incident was at least eight hundred years old. But I leave (not its source, for the novelist, who is no book-man, had probably never tasted of that literary fountain), but the place of its early appearance, to be remembered or discovered by any one who is curious enough to consult his memory or his library. But here another question arises: let it be granted that the novelist first found the situation where I found it, and is there any reason in the world why he should not make what is a thoroughly original use of it? The imagination or invention needed for this particular adaptation was at least as vivid and romantic as the original conception, which, again, might occur, and may have occurred, separately to minds in Japan and in Peru.” The novel in question is “Allan Quatermain,” in which Umslopogaas treats his trusty battle-axe, Inkosikaas, exactly as Roland in the Carolingian romance treats his wondrous sword Durandal. All which encourages the Reviewer to remark that if ever he finds it easier to steal brilliant things than to say them he may himself turn plagiarist.

Miss Evangeline O’Connor has compiled and the Appletons have published “An Index to the Works of Shakespeare,” which will be found invaluable to all

Shakespearian students who do not care for the larger and more exhaustive concordances of Mrs. Cowden Clarke or of Dr. Schmidt, and of the greatest assistance to the students who do possess those invaluable works. For, although in one aspect of the Index it is a concordance to the more important passages in Shakespeare, and so but a condensation of the labors of Clarke and Schmidt, it contains distinctive and original features. For example, it is a dictionary of Shakespearian characters, from Hamlet and Othello down to the nurses and lackeys who make but a single appearance, with references to all the scenes and acts in which they are on the stage, and with critical notices (not always selected with the nicest discrimination, yet useful and interesting, so far as they go) on the most important. Under the title of each play, also, critical notices are appended and a short *résumé* is presented of the history of the play,—the dates of composition, performance, and publication, the sources from which the plots have been derived, and other data of literary interest, in which the results of the most careful and recent Shakespearian researches have been turned to account.

Perhaps "The Yoke of the Thorah" may put an end to the criticism which has been fond of comparing Sidney Luska with Hugh Conway. The criticism was not only unjust in suggesting that an author of striking originality was an imitator, but also in subordinating him—as the imitator must always be subordinated—to a distinctly inferior writer. Sidney Luska is an artist, which Hugh Conway never was, though in "A Family Affair" he gave promise that he might become one. Luska's descriptions of phases of emotional feeling are unique in modern literature. His characters love, enjoy, and despair with a heartiness and an intensity that send the same thrill of emotion through the reader. When, for instance, he pictures his heroes under the spell of exquisite music, even the traitor, the strategist, and the despoiler to whom the concord of sweet sounds is an unknown tongue cannot help feeling strangely moved. He is almost the only writer now left who really respects a lover, who is willing to leave him to his illusions, who paints him in his divine innocence, naked and not ashamed in the Garden of Eden, without whispering to the spectator that the Garden is a fool's paradise after all. These excellent qualities are manifest—more strikingly than ever, in fact—in "The Yoke of the Thorah," and the gruesome or sensational plot which made the unthinking liken "As It Was Written" and "Mrs. Peixada" to the works of Conway has been abandoned. "The Yoke of the Thorah" is a realistic story of modern life in New York. The scene is principally laid among the Jews, and the interest is furnished by the unsuccessful attempt of the hero to throw off the yoke of the Thorah—i.e., of the Mosaic law—and marry a Christian. Elias Bacharach is only conventionally speaking a hero; his weakness and superstition prove his ruin; but he is always lovable, and is drawn throughout with a firm, strong hand. His uncle, the Rabbi, is delightful,—in his calm, remorseless bigotry lending a touch of unconscious comedy to the tragedy for which he is mainly responsible. The background of Jewish life is carefully studied, and to many people will let in new light upon the domestic manners and customs of a peculiar and picturesque people.

One of the literary authorities of Chicago, that Athens of the West, in a recent notice of Miss F. C. Baylor's "Behind the Blue Ridge" (J. B. Lippincott Company), thinks that "anybody who can read the story of poor old simple-hearted, shiftless 'Pap' without tears, better go sell himself for hayseed at once."

Perhaps the Reviewer might accept this counsel were he sure that in the present fluctuations of the grain-market he could secure his proper value. For, to tell the truth, he has read the book without tears, though not without laughter. Humor, indeed, he finds to be a far more prominent characteristic in this author than pathos, though pathos is not wanting, as it never is in the case of a true humorist. It is the humor of genuine insight, of patient artistic fidelity to detail, but it is the humor of observation rather than of sympathy. The artist gives us sketches of a primitive lot of people, shut out by the mountains from contact with the outer world, in whose quaint dialect, uncouth ways, strange customs, creeds, and superstitions she has found infinite delight, and she makes us sharers of her delight. Her style is still as witty, as full of epigrammatic surprises, as when we first made her acquaintance in "On Both Sides."

From the French publishers of *L'Art* (J. Rouam, Paris) a number of handsome illustrated books have just been received. The handsomest of these is entitled "Fantaisies décoratives," and consists of a portfolio containing forty-eight large engravings, printed in colors from designs by Habert-Dys, which can be used in the decoration of fans, parasols, baskets, and all manner of bric-à-brac, thus furnishing an agreeable diversion from the stereotyped designs now in current use, that are simply variations on the inventions of the old masters. M. Habert-Dys has a graceful fancy, a ready pencil, and an astonishing fertility of resource. The work, it appears, may be obtained in parts, with four engravings to every part, or the engravings will be sold separately. A large octavo, "Les Styles," by Paul Rouaix, is remarkable rather for the number of its illustrations (seven hundred in all) than for their excellence, but it affords a good *résumé* of the various styles, of architecture, painting, household decoration, jewelry, etc., which have in various ages prevailed among civilized nations. "L'Orfèvrerie française," by Germain Babst, is a handsomely-illustrated history of the goldsmith's art in the eighteenth century, as represented by the productions of the Germain family; and "Le Meuble en France au seizième Siècle," by Edmond Bonnaffé, is an interesting treatise on mediæval French furniture. Besides these works, the Reviewer must record his acknowledgments for a series of biographies, "Les Artistes célèbres," under the general editorship of M. Eugène Müntz, in which competent critics consider the lives and works of such artists as Donatello, Fortuny, Bernard Palissy, Jacques Callot, Prud'hon, Rembrandt, Boucher, Edelinck, Decamps, Phidias, Regnault, Fra Bartolommeo, etc. The series will be indefinitely extended. The illustrations that accompany these volumes are well engraved, and the selection of subjects is such as to do justice to the artist under discussion.

Of all the works that owe their origin to the Jubilee celebration, the most satisfactory—the only one, indeed, that has any permanent value—is "The Reign of Queen Victoria: A Survey of Fifty Years of Progress." It is in two large octavo volumes, illustrated with maps and diagrams, is edited by T. Humphrey Ward, and contains contributions on "The Army," by General Viscount Wolseley, "The Navy," by Lord Brassey, "The Administration of the Law," by Lord Justice Bowen, "Religion and the Churches," by the Rev. Edwin Hatch, D.D., "Schools," by Matthew Arnold, "Science," by T. H. Huxley, "The Drama," by William Archer, etc. The papers are all thoughtful and well written, and some of them are of unusual interest.

CURRENT NOTES.

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as I reckon any one could wish to. Shall continue the use of the Compound Oxygen. Will order again soon. *Have already been paid ten thousand times for the expenditure."*

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L. R. McCABE's article, "Literary and Social Recollections of W. D. Howells," which was promised for the present number, has been unavoidably postponed, by press of matter, to the October number.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE INVALUABLE.—Dr. B. A. Cable, Dauphin, Pennsylvania, says, "I find it invaluable in all cases for which it is recommended, and I cheerfully attest my appreciation of its excellence."

MR. WM. S. WALSH has written, and Mr. Hermann Faber has illustrated, a book on "Faust, the Legend and the Poem," which J. B. Lippincott Company have in press. It will be issued in handsome octavo form for the holiday season.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE MAKES A COOLING DRINK.—Into a tumbler of ice-water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.

THROUGH a curious misunderstanding with Mr. John M. Ward, the article "Is the Base-Ball Player a Chattel?" appeared in some of the Sunday papers almost simultaneously with its publication in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—Dr. J. C. Webster, Chicago, says, "I consider it valuable in many forms of dyspepsia."

PROFESSOR L. M. HAUPT will contribute an article to the October number of *Lippincott's* on "The Reorganization of the Government Bureau of Public Civil Works." Professor Haupt, who is a graduate of West Point, agrees with the recent strictures on the Academy made by Fred. Perry Powers, and believes that the corps of engineers in the government service can be reorganized on a far more efficient basis.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN HEADACHE AND MENTAL EXHAUSTION.—Dr. N. S. Read, Chandlersville, Illinois, says, "I think it a remedy of the highest value in mental and nervous exhaustion, attended with sick headache, dyspepsia, diminished vitality, etc."

J. HENRI BROWNE, journalist and essayist, will contribute to *Lippincott's* for October a literary autobiography under the title "The Lesson of Practicality."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE A GOOD TONIC.—Dr. R. Williams Le Roy, New York, says, "It is a good general tonic, and worthy of trial."

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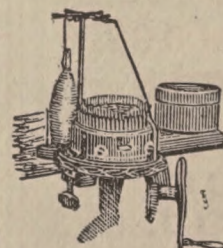
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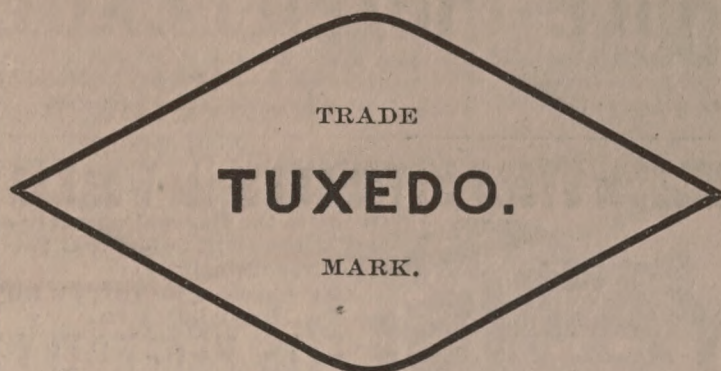
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FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

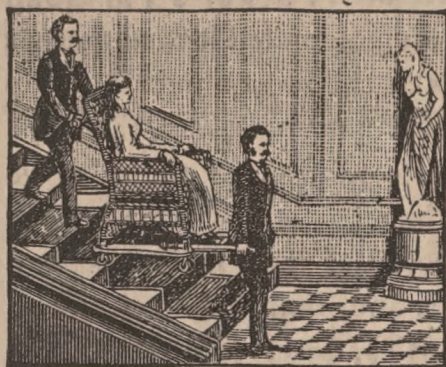


FIG. 3.

Figs. 1 and 2.—*Sargent's Monarch Reclining Chair*. As an ordinary easy-chair or for invalids' use it is the finest Reclining Chair in the world. Over 300 positions. Prices, \$50 to \$125. We have also a great variety of other styles of Reclining Chairs from \$10 up.

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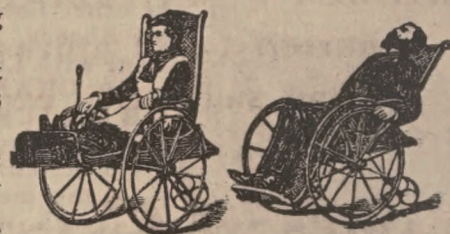


FIG. 4.

Fig. 5.—*Sargent's Invalids' Beds*. To form a correct idea of its completeness, you should send for our Catalogue.

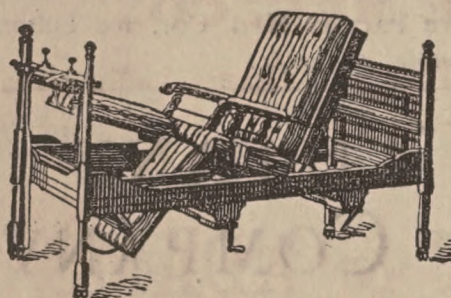


FIG. 5.

Fig. 6.—*Sargent's Solid Comfort Back Rest and Folding Bed Tray*. These are, indeed, of inestimable value in the sick-room. Prices: *Back Rests*, No. 1, plain, \$4; No. 2, with arms, \$5; No. 3, with head rests, \$5; No. 4, with both arms and head rests, \$6. *Trays*, No. 1, 15x25 inches, \$3; No. 2, 17x28 inches, \$4—in black walnut or ash. Mahogany \$1 extra.



FIG. 6.

Fig. 7.—*Earth Closets*. Made under the Moule patents, which are unquestionably the best. Price, \$35.

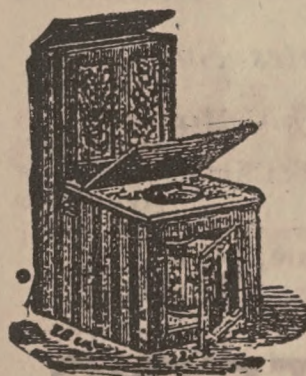


FIG. 7.

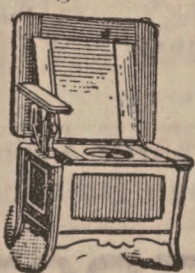


FIG. 8.

Fig. 8.—*Sargent's Sanitary Commode*. The only Commodes made which are absolutely odorless. We make all kinds as well. Prices, \$5 to \$25.

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FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11



FIG. 12.

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FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.

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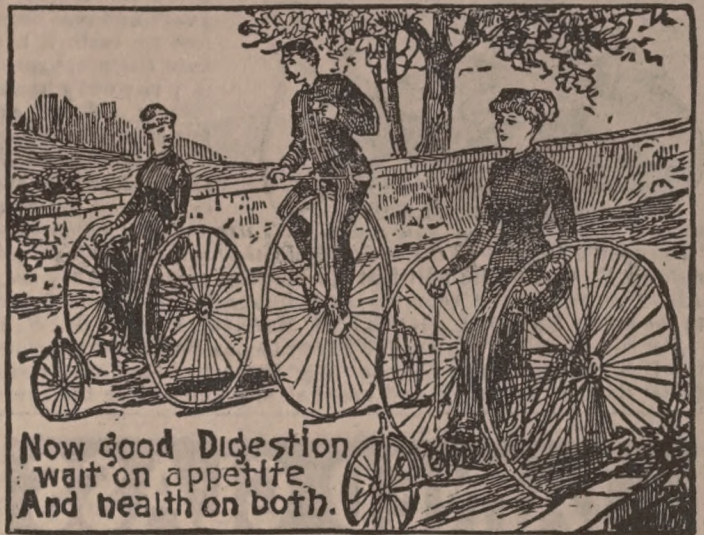
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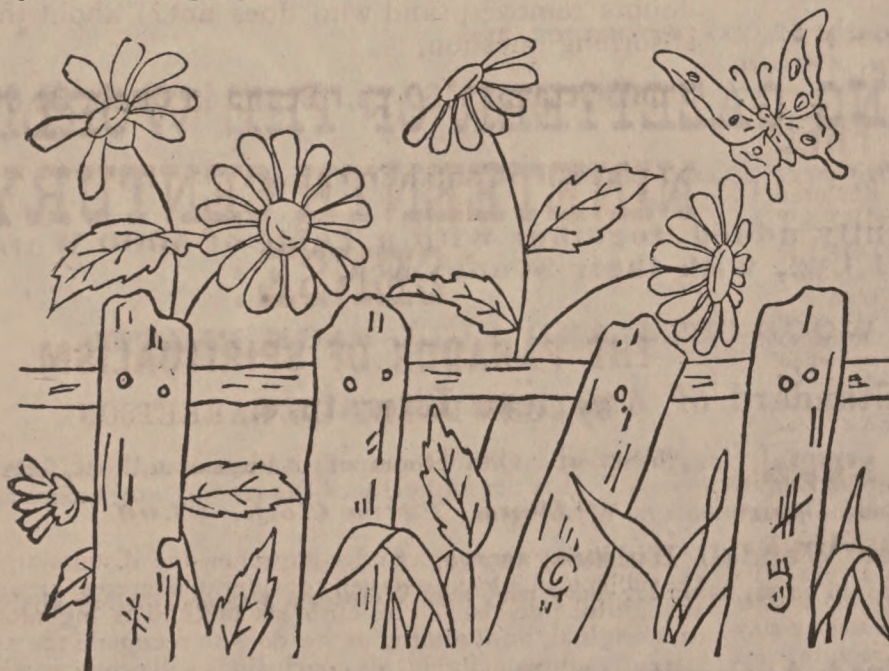
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MEDALLION HEAD, 4½x4½.
GIRL (outline), 2x4½.
BIRDS ON GROUND, 3x4.
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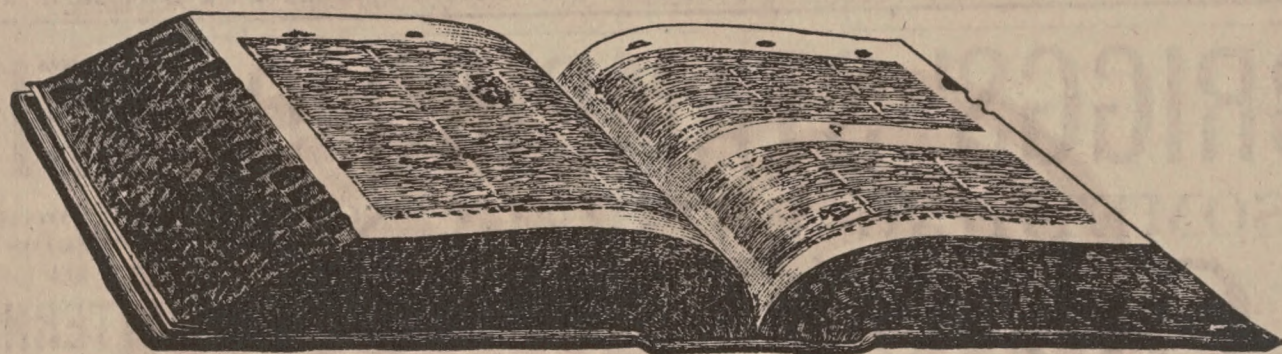
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ROSE BUDS.
WHEAT.
ACORNS.
WILD ROSES, 4½x5.
DUCK.
CHICKEN.
PANSY.
BIRD ON BRANCH, 3x5.
CAT.
GOLDEN ROD.

CHERRIES, 2½x4.
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FUCHSIAS.
LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.
CALLA-LILY, 3x4½.
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BIRDS.
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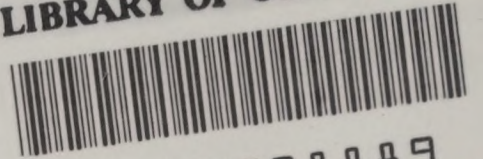
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